ANTON MAKARENKO

HIS LIFE AND HIS WORK IN EDUCATION



"In order to work with an individual personality, one must know it and cultivate it. If individual personalities are spread out in my mind like separate peas, without any collective dimension, if I approach them without this collective yardstick, I shall be unable to cope."

"Skill is something that can be attained, and, just as one can be a prominent and skilful turner or a fine and skilful doctor, so the teacher too can and must be a skilful craftsman...."

A. S. Makarenko



A. MAKARENKO
1888-1939

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ЖИЗНЬ И ПЕДАГОГИЧЕСКАЯ ДЕЯТЕЛЬНОСТЬ
На английском языке

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CONTENTS

I

V. V. KUMARIN. *TEACHER, WRITER, CITIZEN* . . 7

II

MAKARENKO ON HIS OWN LIFE 63

III

REMINISCENCES ABOUT ANTON MAKARENKO . . 101

M. Gorky.
An Excerpt from "Across the Soviet Union" 103

L. Stepanchenko.
Makarenko as I Remember Him . . . 117

G. Makarenko.
Reminiscences 129

N. Fere.
My Teacher 143

S. Kalabalin.
How Anton Makarenko Prepared Us for Life 164

V. Fink.
Restless Happiness 183

K. Chukovsky.
Encounters with Makarenko 193

IV

MAKARENKO ON EDUCATION 207

Lectures on Child Education 221
The Family and Child Care 291
Education at Home and at School . 321
On My Experience 339
Experience Gleaned from My Work . . 377

TEACHER, WRITER, CITIZEN

Anyone working in the field of education will be interested in the experiments carried out by Anton Makarenko, the outstanding Soviet educator, and the striking ingenuity of his innovations and methods.

All his adult life Makarenko devoted to the education and character-building of the younger generation. He evolved a system for bringing up children within a collective, a system of which he himself made skilful use in his own practical work.

His rich experience in the field of education provided the basis for much vivid writing: his works *The Road to Life*, *Learning to Live* and *Book for Parents* have been extensively acclaimed both within the Soviet Union and also abroad and they have been translated into many languages.

The ideas and the characters to be found in Makarenko's works and his writings directly concerned with problems of education make it

clear once again that the art of teaching depends to a large extent on the individual, and that the personality of the individual teacher always comes unmistakably to the fore in his work with his charges.

Makarenko's life was one of single-minded devoted work, work of a man whose every thought and emotion were directed into the future.

* * *

Anton Makarenko was born on March 1 (13), 1888 in the town of Byelopolye in Kharkov Gubernia. His father Semyon Makarenko came from a line of house-painters. Before settling in Byelopolye he had worked in Kryukov where he had married Tatyana Dergachova, the daughter of a soldier who had served twenty-five years in the tsarist army.

Recalling his father Anton Makarenko wrote: "For whole decades he used to get up every day at five o'clock in the morning as the factory hooter rang out. Fifteen minutes later he would already be striding along our sandy street bordered with grey fences, holding a red bundle with his lunch. At six in the evening he would come home from the factory gloomy and covered with dust and the first thing he would do was lay out on a stool in the kitchen the neatly folded red handkerchief, in which he used to wrap up his lunch." *

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* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow 1957-1958, Vol. IV, p. 28 (in Russian).

In contrast to her somewhat reticent, self-contained husband Makarenko's mother was a happy gay person. Being an excellent story-teller endowed with a rich sense of humour Tatyana Makarenko sustained the optimistic atmosphere in the household which her son would later in his books aptly describe as being "in a major key".

Although work on the railways was regarded as employment of a privileged kind, Semyon Makarenko's wages were by no means ample. It was only thanks to his wife's skilful house-keeping that he was able to feed and clothe his four children.

Anton was the second child in the family. He had an elder sister, Alexandra, a younger one Natalya and a brother Vitaly. As a young child Anton suffered from exceedingly weak health. Yet his frequent illnesses did not impede his general progress. At five he learnt to read. His appetite for reading was enormous and he soon came to put books before ordinary children's games. Even at that early age he soon stood out on account of his rare gifts of observation and his keenness for always probing to the heart of the matter which helped him to understand the new facts and phenomena he came across.

In 1895 he started school at the age of seven. By way of a send-off his father pointed out in the working man's straightforward language with no nonsense: "The town schools have not been built for the likes of us, but you just show them. You start bringing home bad marks and you'll wish you hadn't!... I only want the best, and get that straight!"

To comply with these admonitions was not difficult, for Makarenko was a highly intelligent boy and came top of his class right from the start. He also enjoyed working in the garden with his class-mates, singing in the school choir, drawing and learning to play the violin.

In 1900 large railway workshops were opened in Anton's mother's home-town, where Semyon Makarenko was soon transferred.

Kryukov with its population of 10,000 was for all intents and purposes a suburb of the industrial town, Kremenchug, situated on the banks of the Dnieper, the Ukraine's largest river. It was linked to Kremenchug by a long railway bridge which for the inhabitants or Kryukov also served as a link with the relatively developed urban culture of the larger town. At that time Kremenchug boasted a theatre, an operetta and a number of cinemas. Leading actors and musicians used to visit it and the inhabitants of Kremenchug gave an ecstatic welcome to such stars as Chaliapin and Anna Pavlova. For the Makarenko family, which often had no permanent roof over its head, there could be no question of such luxuries as the theatre. However, young Anton with his growing thirst for knowledge did occasionally manage to scrape together enough money for a gallery ticket.

In Kryukov Semyon Makarenko was appointed painters' foreman and after a short while he was put in charge of all the painting work. Anton started to attend the Kremenchug school which provided a six-year education. The curriculum appeared highly impressive at first glance; the boys were taught Russian, arithme-

tic, geography, history, natural science and physics. In addition there were draughtsmanship and drawing lessons, singing, gymnastics and, as a matter of course, religious knowledge. However as a result of the omission of foreign languages and the disparity between the courses in other subjects and those provided in the high schools or *gymnasia* of the time, even the most talented of pupils had no chance of entering the top classes at the latter and consequently of ever enjoying higher education.

Here, as before, Anton made startling progress. His wide reading and his detailed knowledge of Russian and foreign classical literature were quite extraordinary for a boy of his age. He was equally well-grounded in philosophy, astronomy and natural science: his passion for reading and thirst for knowledge filled his life to the exclusion of many other interests typical for boys of his age, such as sport or the usual outdoor pastimes. While well ahead of his class-mates when it came to his studies and his general knowledge, Anton had to stand down when it came to games such as gorodki (skittles), blindman's buff or catch.

In 1904 at the age of sixteen young Anton graduated from this school with distinctions in all subjects. Most of his class-mates chose to move on to technical schools to train for work on the railways. Certain of them chose a career in the army, while Anton enrolled for a one-year course to train as a primary-school teacher.

This course young Makarenko completed in the spring of 1905 and in the autumn of the same

year he started teaching at a two-class primary school for railway workers' children at Kryukov which was situated in the compound of the railway workshops where his father worked. The education provided at the school consisted of a five-year course: the first three years were spent in the first class and the curriculum for this class was the same as that devised for the first three classes at ordinary primary schools. Pupils then went on to spend another two years in the second class. At the end of this five-year course pupils were entitled to move on to the railway technical school.

In Makarenko's class, just as in those of the other four teachers, there were close on forty pupils, the majority of whom were boys.

Makarenko proved an excellent teacher. Not only was his range of knowledge extremely wide, but he also excelled in imparting it to others, encouraging his charges to think for themselves, to reason. However, when it came to discipline and technique Makarenko had to learn the hard way at first. During his third year, for instance, he was to make a false move that he bitterly regretted afterwards. In assessing his pupils' progress at the end of one term, Anton Makarenko decided to carry out an experiment: he worked out each pupil's average mark and on that basis drew up a list of all the pupils' places in the class. The label "37th and last" fell to a boy who, as it was later to emerge, was behind the others not because he was lazy but because he was seriously ill, suffering from tuberculosis. The boy was so upset at his disgrace that his illness took a sharp turn for the worse.

This case had a profound influence on Makarenko. It has been made painfully clear to him that to be a successful teacher, it was important not merely to be able to convey knowledge but also to forge his charges' characters, to single out their individual needs and capabilities. It may well have been that unfortunate incident which brought Makarenko round to the idea that work aimed at upbringing and character formation could not be reduced to a mere question of teaching technique, but was a specific field of education work involving special objectives and patterns.

The important political events of that period were to exert a powerful influence on the intellectual development of this novice teacher. The revolution of 1905 sent out threatening ripples to all corners of Russia, stirring men's minds and consciences, summoning them to take part in the struggle against the inveterate enemy of the peoples of Russia, the tsarist autocracy.

In Kryukov Makarenko and his fellow-teachers used to subscribe to the Bolshevik local newspaper, *Novaya Zhizn* (New Life). Gradually a political circle, with Makarenko as its driving force, started to grow up embracing the representatives of the local intelligentsia. In the evenings the members of the circle used to gather in one of their homes, indulge in impassioned argument on all manner of subjects, including political ones, and sing revolutionary songs.

In 1911 Makarenko was transferred to a new post at the railway school at Dolinksaya. The name used to designate Makarenko's new duties — that of overseer — hardly had a pleasant ring

to it, but at the same time there was nothing humiliating about it. In the teaching vocabulary of the time an "overseer's" work implied supervision, guidance, leadership. Makarenko soon came to grips with his new duties making of his work a creative and interesting undertaking. The young teacher succeeded in filling his pupils' free time with activities uncommon in their usual routine: he started putting on plays, organising fancy-dress parties and entertainments. The scope of Makarenko's ingenuity in fostering his pupils' imagination and talents was amazingly wide even in those early days. On the occasion of the centenary of the rout of the Napoleonic armies in Russia, for example, Makarenko put on a special theatrical entertainment which enthralled not only the local children but the adults in the railway-workers' community as well. The whole night through flames soared into the dark sky over the steppe from the tar barrels specially set alight for the occasion, the "volleys" of fire did not die down until dawn the next morning, nor did the ecstatic victory cheers. The "military operations" lasted till the following morning, when, to the accompaniment of ecstatic shouts from the victors and spectators, crestfallen columns of "enemy" prisoners were led down the street past the school.

Makarenko's techniques in the classroom were no less interesting. Here his main weapon was his masterly combination of instructional and emotional elements. After sitting in on a lesson given by one of his friends, another first-class teacher, by the name of Lavr Stepanchenko, who had been analysing Krylov's fable *The Dragon-*

fly and the Ant in keeping with all the rules of accepted techniques, Makarenko, who had been listening most attentively and approvingly, asked all of a sudden, just as the children were making ready to leave: "May I keep them back for a moment?"

"But of course!" his friend agreed.

"Well children, how would you like a bit of a game?" Makarenko asked.

"We'd love one!"

"Fine. You, young fellow, will be the Ant, and you, little girl, will be the Dragon-fly, and I shall be Old Krylov."

"I don't want to be the Dragon-fly!" objected the girl. Makarenko burst out laughing and soon the whole class joined him.

"That's my girl," he said to her after the laughter had died down. "I know that you don't want to be a lazy girl like the Dragon-fly. I only asked you to do it for our game. Come along over here."

The Ant, the Dragon-fly and Old Krylov stood up in front of the class and without any run-through started to act out the fable. The children enjoyed themselves immensely, chanting in chorus: "You managed all the singing, now give us a dance." *

Young Makarenko in those days was of more than medium height, rather thin but well-built, despite a somewhat disproportionately large head: his hair was clipped short and his irregular features were dominated by a large nose on which

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* From the manuscript *A Remarkable Giant Among Men* by Lavr Stepanchenko, pp. 44-45 (in Russian).—*Ed.*

he wore a perennial gold pince-nez, behind which twinkled his intelligent slightly straining grey eyes. Contemporaries add to these external details his sensitive intelligence, his ability to make jokes and enjoy other people's, his loyalty in friendship and expansive sociability.

In Dolinskaya, as in Kryukov, Makarenko was soon leading a political circle of a markedly revolutionary complexion aimed at bringing enlightenment and political consciousness to the men amongst whom he lived. Some of the members of this circle were workers from the railway workshops. It was by no means limited to educated members of the local population. Meetings were held on Sundays in the woods not far from the local railway station. As he addressed these meetings Anton Makarenko would vehemently criticise autocracy, and talk of the need for revolutionary change, freedom and democracy.

In 1914 Makarenko wrote a short story which he sent to the man who represented the leading literary authority of the time for him, namely Maxim Gorky. The great writer replied that, although the story had an interesting subject, it was weak in style and there was little cogency in the drama and the dialogues lacked tension. At the same time, however, Gorky suggested that Makarenko should try his hand at another piece of writing.

The only comforting aspect of such a piece of criticism was Gorky's friendly directness in this reply to an unknown correspondent. "With no particular regrets", Makarenko gave up the idea of a future in writing there and then.

In 1914 an education institute was opened in

Poltava to train teachers for elementary schools. Makarenko whose passion for study remained unchanged sent off an application to Poltava at once, and after passing the entrance exams with flying colours he was taken on.

Makarenko entered higher education already an experienced teacher at the age of 26 and he embarked at once on a profound and systematic study of education theory and techniques, history and philosophy. His keen interest in problems of education and philosophy was quite natural in view of the wide school experience he had already had.

In the autumn of 1916 Makarenko's course of study was unexpectedly interrupted: despite his serious short-sightedness he was called up for military service and sent to Kiev. Barrack life complete with lice and bed-bugs, the humiliating treatment of the soldiers by their superiors and the futile, senseless waste of time led Makarenko to despair, as he wrote to his friends in the "outside world". His friends hurried to Kiev, arranged for a second examination by the medical board and after it had declared Makarenko unfit for military service he returned to Poltava to take up his studies once more.

In the summer of 1917, after rapidly catching up the year he had lost, Makarenko graduated with distinction, obtaining the best marks that year. This meant that he not only had the right to teach but that he could also take up senior administrative posts in extended primary schools. In the reference he was given by the Poltava Institute Makarenko was described as an "outstanding student as regards his aptitude, knowl-

edge, maturity and diligence, his keen interest in education and the humanities, in which fields he has read a great deal and submitted excellent compositions. He will make an extremely good teacher in all subjects but particularly in history and the Russian language."

A new chapter began in Makarenko's life with the victory of the October Revolution, as it did indeed for millions of others. Mankind was suddenly confronted with all that Makarenko and other members of the Russian intelligentsia had spent so many long years dreaming about. In those years memorable for the enormous scale of labour exploits and the legendary five-year plans, men and women were themselves born anew. They abandoned once and for all blind belief in the omnipotence of individual wealth, and meanwhile mutual help became the guarantee for joint achievements in the years to come. They were confident of their future. Together with his fellow citizens Anton Makarenko spared no effort in his work to further the revolutionary cause.

At the beginning of 1918 shortly after graduating from the Poltava Institute Makarenko went back to the very same school where he had first started work as a teacher thirteen years before. By that time the primary school in Kryukov had been reorganised as an extended primary school, and Anton Makarenko was appointed its new director. Yet at that time the Civil War was still raging and the area where Makarenko was working was infested with counter-revolutionary bandits, German occupation forces and anarchists. It was not until the end of 1919 that the Red

Army finally liberated Kremenchug and Kryukov; at the beginning of 1920 Soviet power was established throughout the Ukraine.

In August 1919 Makarenko moved to Poltava where he was put in charge of a primary school. In 1920 because of a severe shortage of office space the gubernia department of national economy was housed in the school headed by Makarenko. During the first half of the day the school was full of department officials and after lunch it was used as a school. Ordinary work let alone interesting innovations were extremely difficult in such conditions. In September 1920 Makarenko was offered a post as warden of a reorganised colony * for juvenile offenders, which he accepted without the slightest hesitation.

The early period of Makarenko's work in this colony was incredibly difficult. The five box-like brick buildings that had been used to house the inmates before the revolution were quite empty. All the rooms were bare. Doors, windows and stoves had all been broken, ripped out, dismantled and carried off to the nearby kulak farms. Even the trees in the garden had all been dug up.

Two months later when one of the buildings had been made more or less habitable, the colony's first six inmates arrived. They were youngsters of 16 or 17. They were ostentatiously dressed, insolent and cynical young criminals, who did not even insult those put in charge of them, choosing to ignore them instead. Soon afterwards one of Makarenko's first charges committed rob-

* Reform school of a new progressive type complete with its own production units and mixed farm.—*Ed.*

bery with murder and was arrested by a member of the criminal investigation force summoned to the spot.

Having little idea of how they should handle their charges Makarenko and his small group of helpers turned to books on education. However education theory was of little help in their efforts to solve urgent practical problems. It was soon quite clear to Makarenko that it was not bookish formulas that he needed, which anyway would not have been applicable to the situation facing him. Rather he would have to make his own concrete analysis of the problems he was up against and take immediate action.

It was one of the young law-breakers, Zadorov, who led Makarenko to make one last desperate attempt to gain control of the situation. When the former was asked to go and chop logs, seemingly oblivious of his provocative insolence, he calmly answered back: "Go and chop logs yourself, there are a lot of you here for the job!" Later in his work *The Road to Life* Makarenko was to write: "That was the first time any of the boys addressed me with such disrespect. Desperate with rage and indignation, driven to utter exasperation by the experiences of the previous months, I raised my hand and dealt Zadorov a blow full in the face. I hit him so hard that he lost his balance and fell against the stove. Again I struck him, seizing him by the collar and actually lifting him off his feet. And then I struck him the third time." *

* A. S. Makarenko, *The Road to Life*, Moscow, Book One, p. 41.

It was of course an emotional outburst that many theorists would have regarded as absurd strategy. Yet it was precisely the emotional impact of this incident which overcame the indifference and insolence of Makarenko's charges. They saw for the first time that for their sake, for the sake of a last chance of making them human again, the man in charge of them was ready to stake the last thing he had left to stake, namely his own life.

Taken quite unawares by this outburst the youngsters acted as was to have been expected of people from the criminal world — they yielded to force, did not sense any humiliation in face of it, but rather happy relief. The occasion proved a shared victory for both teacher and charges, although there still remained a good deal of work to do to consolidate the victory. What was the next step Makarenko should take?

That testing encounter with Zadorov convinced Makarenko once and for all that by methods such as that, or by bringing his influence to bear first on one of his charges and then on all the others in turn, he would achieve nothing. But if there was no other method he could think of what should he do? The answer was only too obvious: he would have to evolve new methods of his own, on the spot then and there, together with the teachers and staff immediately at hand.

The bare outlines of the new methods they would have to use were already taking shape in the context of both Makarenko's own experience and also that of other teachers elsewhere.

In order to accomplish something with all his charges, not each one separately, it was important to conceive an ultimate goal or programme comprehensible and useful for everyone. In the given situation rapid improvement in the "economy" of the colony and the complete satisfaction of the inmates' immediate material and cultural needs could provide such a programme. Organisation had to be of such a kind as to ensure that *the children themselves took responsibility for everything*: for property, the production plan, allocation of income, order and discipline. They themselves would have *to mould each other for a decent life*: to demand, to toe the line, to respect others, to command respect, to show concern for others and help them. Finally the colony was to be not just a haphazard collection of individuals, but *an integrated social unit* to which both teachers and children would consider it an honour to belong, in other words, it was to be a true *collective*.

Initial theoretical principles were borne out by subsequent practical experience. First of all privation had to be put behind them. By March 1921 the number of young people under Makarenko's care had risen to close on thirty. Many of them were homeless, in rags, half-starving and plagued with scab. Makarenko knew all too well that, goaded by hunger, they often used to slip out into town using all manner of excuses and indulge in thieving at the local market. Yet realising that it was useless to prohibit this type of scavenging, at first he did not ask questions about where his charges procured the occasional jar of sour cream or bubliki (bread rings).

In order to be able to put a stop to this thieving once and for all Makarenko waited patiently for a suitable moment to make his point.

Meanwhile thieving started up within the colony itself. In February money disappeared from one of Makarenko's drawers, a sum that was to have paid six months' salary for all members of staff. After calling a meeting of all the inmates Makarenko made a request for the money to be returned where it belonged, otherwise he himself might be accused of embezzlement. After the meeting two of the boys, Taranets and Gud confided in their teacher to the effect that they knew who had stolen the money but were not prepared to give away the culprit; instead they would try and persuade him to return the money. The next morning it was found thrown into the stable.

Two days later someone forced the lock on the cellar door and made off with all the food stocks and several tins of wheel grease, which were infinitely precious for the running of the colony.

Makarenko paid careful heed to the conversations among his charges and listened to their views on the subject. As yet there was little public censure to be heard, things were still at the level of sporting interest — who was the real thief after all? The youngsters were surprised at the thief's deftness, but the fact that they themselves were being robbed was something they had not yet realised.

Makarenko, together with two of his charges, went on a tour of supply centres to beg for some new rations to take the place of those stolen. Finally they obtained not only lard but also sweets.

The rations were brought back to the colony and locked up in the cellar. But the very same night they were stolen again.

Makarenko, surprising though it may sound, took heart at this brazen theft, supposing that the interests of the collective would be appreciated at last and that the colonists themselves would become indignant at the theft. Yet once again he had miscalculated. The children were sad, admittedly, at the loss, but were not infected by the indignation of their teachers. Sporting interest as before still won the day: who could the deft thief have been?

Thefts had become an everyday occurence by now. Makarenko tried keeping watch, but could not keep it up for more than three nights. Watching the unequal struggle their mentor was going through, and secretly sympathising with him the boys and girls started suggesting that he take on a watchman. Makarenko explained to them in a matter-of-fact way that watchmen would have to be paid and funds were meagre enough without that, and, still more important, the children themselves should be running the place.

The thief was caught at last. It was Burun, one of the original six youngsters placed in Makarenko's care. It then became clear that all Makarenko's earlier efforts to remould and redirect the outlook of his charges in the common interest had not been in vain. When Burun attempted to object to the censure of the other children saying it was not their business to accuse him, "public opinion" emerged at last at the colony's first "popular court".

"What d'you mean it's not our business!" Kostya Vetkovsky protested, jumping up from his seat. "Lads, is it our business or not?"

"Of course it is!" cried all the others in one voice. After waiting patiently for the right moment and achieving his first victory, Makarenko started putting into operation more and more new methods, which he had been "keeping up his sleeve". In order to achieve his overall aim he tried to work towards a victory at the all-important stage of the "battle", to ensure that the concept "ours" would at last become firmly engrained in the minds of the boys and girls and provide a starting point for subsequent work in their education.

Under the influence of the convincing arguments put forward by Makarenko, the youngsters at last started taking an interest in the general running of the colony and started working in the colony's fields, allotments and orchards. As the concept "ours" gradually became broader and broader, the boys started keeping guard over the public-owned woods next to their grounds and putting up look-out posts on the roads leading to the colony, where almost nightly robberies and murders were perpetrated: they also started waging an active campaign against the local kulaks and distillers of home-made vodka.

The lessons the inmates were given, particularly those in reading, played an important role in their re-education. They used to read a great deal, and sometimes aloud to each other in the dormitories to the light of oil lamps. The very first winter they "devoured" numerous works by Pushkin, Korolenko, Mamin-Sibiryak, Veresayev

and especially Gorky, and were impressed by Gorky's autobiographical stories *Childhood* and *My Apprenticeship*. They listened to them with bated breath forgetting about everything else as they did so. Makarenko told his charges the story of Gorky's life. At first they could not believe what they heard but then exclaimed joyfully: "So that means Gorky's like one of us? That's splendid!"

In his work *The Road to Life* Makarenko wrote: "Maxim Gorky's life seemed to become part of our life. Various episodes in it provided us with examples for comparison, a fund of nicknames, a background for debate, and a scale for the measurement of human values." *

The new and highly original methods used for organising the collective soon proved highly effective. The main unit within the colony (when it came to educational activities, the main structural unit remained of course the class) was the detachment consisting of between 10 and 12 children and headed by its commander. Apart from permanent detachments which made up the backbone of the collective, so-called combined detachments were also used. These were not formed for more than a week to carry out tasks of short duration and were disbanded once the task in question had been carried out.

These new organisational principles employed by Makarenko made it possible to go on to the solution of other highly subtle and complex problems connected with his charges' rehabilitation.

The council of commanders appointed all the

* A. S. Makarenko, *The Road to Life*, Moscow, p. 109.

boys in turn as commanders of the combined detachments, apart from the least suitable. Thanks to the existence of these combined detachments the role of commander for permanent detachments was kept in proportion, for these commanders would take part in the work of combined detachments as rank-and-file members and while the specific task in hand was being carried out they would take orders from the commander of the combined detachment, often a member of his own permanent detachment. This flexible organisational structure made it impossible for even the most forceful of personalities to dominate the collective.

The practical work undertaken in the colony was so interesting and instructive that Makarenko realised after a mere two years that it was imperative for him to provide a serious theoretical foundation for it.

He expounded his views on the fundamental aspects of education theory in an *Application to the Central Institute of Organisers of People's Education* dated August 24, 1922. This document contained the following words: "I regard the following to be the fundamental aspects of the science of education:

1) The formulation of a scientific method of educational research. At the present time it is regarded as a self-evident fact that the object of educational research is the child. This I would suggest is not correct: from the scientific point of view the object of research should be educational facts (phenomena);

2) More attention should be paid to the children's collective as an organic whole. To this

end it is imperative to reorganise the outlook of the school teacher;

3) The idea that good methods within the classroom are the most vital necessity for a good school should be rejected out of hand. A scientifically organised system incorporating all influences should be made the first essential of a good school;

4) Psychology should not provide the basis for educational theory but rather the continuation of educational theory in the process of implementing educational laws in practice.

5) Russian schools based on labour activity should be completely reorganised, for at the present time they are essentially bourgeois in character. Labour as a step towards concern for one's fellow men should replace the concept of labour as mere work. Only the running of schools as economic units can make them truly socialist." *

At that early stage Makarenko had already decided to expand these views in the form of a comprehensive paper, and to this end he set out for Moscow to engage in a course of study at the Central Institute of Organisers of People's Education. However his sojourn in Moscow was to prove a short one. He was literally inundated with letters from the children at the colony begging him to go back. Finally a telegram was sent to the capital from Poltava's Department of Social Education recalling Makarenko and to the great joy of his charges he arrived back at the colony.

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* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. VII, p. 402 (in Russian).

By the summer of 1925 the Gorky Colony had reached the zenith of its educational and economic achievement so to speak. By this time Makarenko's colony was a flourishing institution adequately provided for materially and characterised by a rich cultural life for both teachers and children alike. School lessons alternated with work in the fields and in the colony's own pig farm. The colony also boasted its own theatre, various hobby circles and a brass band. The garden was a carpet of flowers and the rooms were kept immaculately clean. Yet the most inspiring sight of all was provided by the children themselves. They were tidily and attractively dressed, friendly, cheerful and disciplined, they appeared to have nothing in common with the homeless waifs who had originally been sent to the colony individually or in groups at periodic intervals in the past.

The political core of the colony was provided by the Komsomol organisation. Makarenko and his pupils had to fight a long battle before the authorities, to which they were affiliated, decided that former law-breakers from the colony could be accepted into the Komsomol. It was only in 1925 that a favourable decision was reached, and it was after that that the first political instructor, T. I. Koval, was sent to the colony. Under his guidance the colony's Komsomol group swelled to the large number of 250 by 1928. This was the core which provided the force of ideological and cultural cohesion for the whole collective.

In the autumn of 1925 the colony celebrated its fifth anniversary. Makarenko wrote to Gorky

on the occasion: "We were fêted most grandly. Guests came over from Kharkov and eight members of staff were there who had been with the colony ever since it was first opened. They were presented with gifts. The Commissariat for Education conferred on me the title 'Red Hero of Labour' and the Poltava people are sending me on a two months' 'Sabbatical' to Moscow and Leningrad." *

Dynamic progress was the collective's guiding principle and any standstill would have meant "certain death". This fundamental law of society and education Makarenko was to discover when the institution he had been running appeared to have achieved everything it had set out to achieve, and when all that remained to be done appeared to be extending the system that had already been built up. Makarenko, who always kept a careful check on the mood of the collective and all the fluctuations in the climate of its day-to-day life was surprised to note that the members of the colony had grown stale, so to speak, had ceased to take such a keen interest in what the future held for them all. Being an experienced strategist in his field Makarenko realised at once what this, as yet almost imperceptible, but none the less highly dangerous symptom might mean. A new, attractive and demanding goal was required at once for the members of the collective, just as a powerful athlete requires physical exercises and competitors that are a match for him in order to keep in trim.

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* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. VII, p. 323 (in Russian).

The question as to the colony's future and the new paths it might follow were discussed at a general meeting and for a time everyone was preoccupied with the question as to which of the possible alternatives should be chosen. The most attractive of these seemed to be a move into the wide open spaces of the fertile Zaporozhye steppe. There it was planned to cultivate large tracts of arable land and engage in intensive stock-farming. Yet the upshot of all the discussion was that they should move to Kuryazh.

Kuryazh was four miles from Kharkov which in those days was the capital of the Ukraine. A large children's colony had been set up in the buildings of a former monastery there and was in a state of dire neglect in this suburb of the city. In a letter to Gorky Makarenko described the colony in the following words: "It is difficult to imagine a worse degree of neglect, both as regards the running of the place, the education and the general care provided. The two hundred children living there never used to wash, indeed had no inkling of what soap and towels were for, and reduced the place to a filthy pigsty, since there were no lavatories and they had long since abandoned any form of work or discipline." *

Makarenko's collective set out to turn this filthy dungheap into a normal children's institution and rescue the children swarming in it, putting an end to the thieving and banditry that

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. VII, pp. 334-35 (in Russian).

were thriving on Kharkov's very doorstep. This was the decision reached which illustrated the degree of social awareness the boys from the colony had achieved.

Makarenko drew up a detailed, meticulously elaborated plan for "taking Kuryazh". On May 9, 1926 he set out with four teachers and eleven of the boys to Kuryazh, and this small detachment managed in no more than a week to repair some of the rooms and carry out an important part of the preliminary work required, above all that of a psychological variety. On May 15 the Poltava colony arrived at Kuryazh in full marching order. A hundred and twenty boys from the Gorky colony, welded together in a close-knit, single-minded unit, brought startling changes to life in Kuryazh thanks in good measure to their complex yet highly efficient organisational network.

A notable role in the "taking of Kuryazh" was played by the Komsomol members from the Gorky colony led by Koval. A model combined detachment was set up from among them, which was to provide the political and organisational nucleus of the whole outfit, both initially and afterwards as well when they joined detachments of the newly amalgamated expanded colony.

How was it possible that boys who but recently had been law-breakers characterised by go-getting, egoistic habits and an anarchistic outlook on life all of a sudden started setting an example to their fellows? Of course the new socialist world they lived in was a decisive factor in this volte-face, and likewise the thrill of creating a new order and the general mood of purpose-

ful striving towards a brighter future, which gripped the land. However at the same time there were still institutions like the original Kuryazh to be found in the country. It was also undeniable that the conditions in Kuryazh were a good deal better than those that had pertained in the Poltava colony when Makarenko first started work there. It was near a large city, material subsidies were more forthcoming, and it was possible to bring the children into contact with a rich urban culture. The original teachers in Kuryazh had had all these advantages, yet they had not been using the methods on which Makarenko had based the training of the collective from the Gorky Colony.

Makarenko's practical achievement was undeniable yet his methods were still often subjected to severe criticism. This applied particularly to his organisational innovations. Why did he base his organisation on "detachments" instead of classes? Why did he introduce "commanders" instead of the customary monitors? Why did he have a council of "commanders" instead of a pupils' committee? These were some of the questions which education officials levelled at Makarenko, not to mention education theorists and even certain Komsomol leaders. Makarenko patiently explained to them the advantages of his methods: sometimes his points were appreciated, but more often than not the opposite was the case, and he was obliged to fend off persistent questions born of dilettantes' idle curiosity.

Among those who appreciated and admired the innovations in education theory formulated by Makarenko was Galina Salko, a senior official

from the Ukrainian Commissariat for Education. She went out of her way to help him and devoted much energy and fervour to the defence of his conceptions, encouraging him like a true friend. In 1927 she was to become Makarenko's wife.

The impressive success achieved in the Kuryazh "operation" convinced Makarenko once and for all that the methods which he had evolved in the Poltava colony were far more effective than those which had been suggested by various official bodies. Being quite convinced of the effectiveness of the education system he had evolved, Makarenko came forward in 1927 with a proposal for the amalgamation of all 18 juvenile colonies in the Kharkov region in a single integrated network. This proposal represented a social re-education scheme of unprecedented scale and significance. Initially all went very well and approval was given for the inauguration of a Department of Juvenile Colonies.

Galina Salko was put in charge of the new department, her husband was appointed as her deputy for questions of education and Nikolai Fere head of the production side.

However Makarenko's opponents succeeded in making certain highly placed and influential civil servants most hostilely disposed to the experiment.

Makarenko was later to write: "We were not without supporters but I really did not have a single free minute to wage a real campaign. This meant I had to leave the Juvenile Colonies Department." *

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. VII, pp. 341-42 (in Russian).

In the summer of that same year Makarenko also started to deputise for the head of the newly organised Kharkov production commune named after Dzerzhinsky. His final transfer to this post Makarenko postponed a little for the sole reason that Gorky was expected to visit his original colony. Makarenko could not bring himself to relinquish the honour of welcoming such a long-awaited guest.

Gorky visited the colony on June 8, 1928. It was the most memorable occasion there had ever been in the lives of the children, the teachers and Makarenko himself. Who but the author of *The Road to Life* was best fitted to relate the details of that memorable day.... "And now the days were splendid, happy days. Our weekdays were adorned as with flowers, by labour and smiles, by our clear prospects, by warm, friendly words. Our cares hung over us like rainbows, our dreams, dreams like searchlights, thrust themselves skywards.

"And, as joyously confiding as ever, we advanced towards our holiday, the greatest holiday in our history.

"At last this day arrived.

"From the early morning there was a kind of encampment around the colony—townsfolk, motorcars, authorities, a veritable battalion of pressmen, photographers, movie-men. The buildings were adorned with flags and garlands, boys were drawn up at wide intervals, horsemen sent out on the Akhtyr highway, a guard of honour placed in the yard.

"The tall Gorky stepped out of the car, cast a look around him, passed trembling fingers over

his generous, working man's moustache, and smiled. He was obviously moved—this man with the face of a sage and the eyes of a friend.

"'How d'you do! Are these your lads? Yes? Come on, then!'

"The salute to the colours, the swish of the boys' hands, their glowing eyes, their open hearts—all these were laid at the feet of our guest like a carpet for his feet.

"Gorky moved along the ranks...."

Gorky spent three days in the colony, and the whole of that time he spent in the midst of the young people. In the evenings Gorky and Makarenko had long talks on questions of interest to the two men.

On September 3, 1928 Makarenko started working full time for the Dzerzhinsky Production Commune.

This new educational establishment had been conceived of as a monument to the ardent revolutionary Felix Dzerzhinsky, the first leader of the Cheka * and initiator of the enormous state programme for the campaign to make sure that all homeless children were provided for. The commune consisted of a number of buildings erected specially for the purpose on the outskirts of Kharkov. It provided light, spacious classrooms, shower facilities, storerooms filled with everything required for the children's day-to-day life and for their lessons. This fairy-tale treasure was placed in the hands of sixty former members of the Gorky Colony, who moved into the

* Abbrev. for Extraordinary Commission for the Struggle against Counter-revolution, Sabotage and Speculation (1918-1922).—*Ed.*

commune together with Makarenko and continued to live the life of the previous collective in this new setting.

Much to Makarenko's surprise those who had set up the commune and had gone out of their way to provide all that was necessary to ensure the efficient and happy ordering of the children's lives, had forgotten about the vital production basis. The primitive workshops built to supply the commune's own needs were the only place where the commune members were able to engage in work. Yet a solution was found for this problem too. Makarenko asked along to the commune an experienced economic administrator who quickly installed facilities in the modest workshops and started production of certain commodities then in short supply. The commercial success of this enterprise was so great that from June of 1930 onwards the commune was completely self-supporting.

After another year the commune obtained a bank advance and in the space of a few months built a real factory for the production of electric drills. It took the commune members only six weeks to master the production techniques required to put out these new, and for those days, highly complex tools which previously had always been imported from abroad. The children manning the machines to produce these drills were aged no more than 13 or 14.

The next year the commune members built a large new enterprise for the production of 36 mm FED cameras. On December 28, 1932 just before the commune celebrated its fifth anniversary the first batch of cameras was produced.

Once these factories had been built the re-education through labour provided within the commune had become re-education through production, that is it had attained the very highest educational level.

While alternating their school work with production (spending four hours a day in the factories and five in the classroom) the commune members not only made good academic progress and became industrial shock workers, but also found time to read a good deal, go in for sport, and attain a high level of political awareness.

Since the commune was run in such a way as to ensure it was self-supporting, its members were able not only to live interesting lives but to create considerable wealth as well. Their work brought the state an annual five million rubles in pure profit alone. In addition it covered all the expenses connected with the running of the school, the payment of the staff, food and lodging, grants paid to former members of the commune studying at university and the maintenance of the factories themselves.

The children at the commune were neatly dressed and boasted one of the best brass bands in the whole of the Ukraine; they used to invite first-class actors, musicians and painters to advise them in the running of their amateur arts activities and were able each year to spend two hundred thousand rubles on summer expeditions and excursions and forty thousand rubles on theatre tickets.

Just as in the Gorky Colony so here in the Dzerzhinsky Commune the main political education was provided by the Komsomol organisation

set up in the commune on January 15, 1928. By March 1930 the number of Komsomol members had reached seventy and Makarenko recorded that the Komsomol organisation had become the guiding light of the commune collective.*

The numerous guests, who visited the commune from both other parts of the Soviet Union and also from abroad, drew attention to distinctive features of the children's way of life such as the highly developed system of self-government, the ability of the young people to put the interests of the collective before their own individual ones, their sense of dignity, the pride they took in the collective, their efficient organisation and optimism. These and other features showed that the social maturity of the commune was far ahead of the times, as indeed were the education techniques innovated by Makarenko by as much as whole decades.

A key to an understanding and correct evaluation of Makarenko's achievements in the field of education both at the Gorky Colony and in the Dzerzhinsky Commune was without doubt the scientific theory of the collective which Makarenko worked on, in particular during the period 1927-1935. Some of the basic tenets of this theory are well worth dwelling on in detail.

Back in the twenties Makarenko had singled out a fundamental social law, which can be summed up as follows; in the relationship between the individual and society there must of necessity exist an intermediate link. The functions of

* See A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. II, p. 424 (in Russian).

this link are carried out by a specially created social cell, the collective. It is in this social cell that we find the seeds of the essential components of socialist society as a whole. This means that the collective provides a concrete example of the socialist way of life and thus brings its members to an awareness of the interests of society as identical with the interests of the individual, or, in other words, paves the way for the formation of the collectivist outlook.

From Makarenko's point of view the collective was a new phenomenon, just as socialist society itself. Before the advent of socialism the collective had not, and indeed, could not have existed. This conclusion Makarenko drew in 1932 on the basis of a detailed analysis of various types of social groups.

Makarenko was to write that the presence within society of certain dependencies between its members determines the nature of education required by society.

Socialist society was founded on the collective principle, according to which the prosperity of each member of society was directly dependent on the prosperity of all, and the prosperity of all was directly determined by the prosperity of each member. The preparation leading up to such social relations and such interdependencies was to be implemented first and foremost through the collective.

Makarenko approached the collective as a social micro-structure in which were reproduced relations typical of society as a whole, and he proceeded to distinguish between the concepts of society and the collective. Unlike society as a

whole, the collective constitutes a unit based on direct contact, that is the members of the collective are linked with one another through direct relationships and dependencies.

This essential feature of the collective as a cell within socialist society possessed not only academic, but also highly practical significance. The collective, whose members are linked to each other by direct relationships and interdependencies, possesses tremendous potential for ensuring care is shown to each individual and the principle of "reaching out to everyone" is put into practice.

Makarenko demonstrated that the collective can only be set up on a basis of activity which is undeniably useful for society. Units set up for the purpose of anti-social activity cannot be regarded as collectives.

In keeping with the Marxist principle to the effect that men themselves shape circumstances, under the influence of which they are moulded themselves, Makarenko went on to consider the collective as a cell which does not take shape spontaneously, but which is set up as a result of deliberate and purposeful human activity.

Another of the essential features of the collective is its right to protect its common rights, to demand that individual interests be subordinated to social ones. This right Makarenko termed the sovereignty of the collective. In the process of the assertion of this sovereignty the problem of the individual and the collective is solved. The question of the collective's sovereignty is sometimes not interpreted quite correctly. Some educators consider that Makarenko's de-

mand for unconditional subordination of individual interests to those of the collective is an encroachment on the rights of the individual, on individual freedom.

It goes without saying that this incontestable principle of Makarenko's was based on and borne out by life around him. If a collective ceases to respect and defend its joint interests, and starts to do no more than distribute benefits without demanding anything in return or without asking anything of those who enter its ranks, then it loses its collective essence. It disintegrates and perishes, which leads inevitably to many sad consequences, above all for the individuals involved. There are cases when a collective has virtually ceased to exist, when demands are being made on the individual member all the time, so that his freedom and rights are being encroached upon, while no thought is given to his interests or needs. Yet the true collective stands apart from the sham one precisely on the strength of the fact that while making large demands on the individual and insisting upon the pre-eminence of common interests it ensures for the individual optimum conditions for the satisfaction of his various needs.

For Makarenko the highest goal of the collective is to create conditions for the all-round and free development of the individual, for the education of collective-minded members in the widest sense of that word: "In order to work with an individual personality, one must know and cultivate it. If individual personalities are spread out in my mind like separate peas, without any collective dimension, if I approach them without

this collective yardstick, I shall be unable to cope." *

Makarenko was perplexed and worried by any organisation of the education process, under which school-children were continually being dragged round from one collective to another. A boy would find himself in one collective at school, in another at home, in a third at his sports club and a fourth at the Pioneers' Palace. "He is wandering about between these collectives and can choose one in the morning, another in the evening and a third at lunch-time."** No boy felt he was held responsible before any of the collectives and therefore he lost sight of and failed to recognise all interests other than his own personal ones. This created a major obstacle in the way of efforts to mould collectivist attitudes and behaviour patterns. If an individual is always trying to look out for the place where he will be best off, and if he is not part of any permanent established collective, then it will be difficult for him to learn correctly to reconcile his personal interests with the interests of the collective, not to mention the interests of society.

In education, just as in any form of responsible work, the decisive voice should be vested in one central body, and there is no doubt about the fact that the school is best suited to the exercising of this right. In the schools are concentrated the most highly qualified education experts and it is the schools which embody more fully than anything else the very concept of social

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. V, pp. 173-74 (in Russian).
** Ibid., p. 123.

education. The existence of one basic collective representing the sovereignty principle rules out once and for all the risk of depersonalised teaching.

Makarenko started out from the essential interests of communist education and character-building, when he substantiated his call for an extension of the school collective's rights. He was aiming at a system in which the school would also provide guidance in matters of upbringing in the context of the family, and would have the right to apply sanctions to negligent parents. "This right should be assigned not to the militia, but specifically to the schools." *

According to Makarenko's scheme of things the school collective should give assistance to parents in the form of books and brochures on education, by organising lectures on education topics, and through a system of incentives and punishments, making parents jointly responsible for the upbringing of the children in their particular block of flats, and constant liaison between teachers and parents.

Teaching in extra-curricula subjects at Pioneer Palaces, Makarenko suggested, should also be carried out with the guidance of school authorities, and likewise educational activities in amateur arts societies and sports clubs and in Pioneer holiday camps. Makarenko was convinced that assigning the right to direct educational activities to schools and the exercising of that right through the scientific organisation of the edu-

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. VII, p. 392 (in Russian).

cation process would ensure an education process based on logically integrated principles and would make that process easy to apply both within the classroom and outside it.

As he worked towards the setting up of an optimum model of a collective, Makarenko started out from the principle that the quantity and nature of relations that take shape between children in a classroom context are insufficient to ensure a comprehensive fulfilment of all education (in the wider sense of the word, not merely academic! — *V. K.*) goals aspired after by Soviet schoolteachers.

A search for organisational forms that would organically supplement those of the classroom, so that together they would constitute the organisational skeleton of the new type of relations, was, as pointed out earlier, something that Makarenko had already embarked on in the Gorky Colony. In those days he had experimented with detachments, permanent and combined ones and councils of commissars. However it should be borne in mind that work in the Gorky Colony had been of a highly specific kind: there had only been comparatively small differences in the ages of the pupils and academic subjects had been assigned only a subsidiary role in the overall programme, while the Dzerzhinsky Commune incorporated a complete ten-year school and special classes to prepare young workers for higher education (*rabfak*), and the range of ages corresponded more or less to that of the intake in an ordinary secondary school. These changes left their mark on the structure of the collective. The functions of the primary collective were transferred

from the original "detachments" as found in the colony to detachments comprising children of different ages, a new brain-child of Makarenko's during his experimental work at the Dzerzhinsky Commune.

The everyday life and the organisational principles for these new detachments had much in common with those familiar in a close-knit family. The elder members took care of the younger ones, helped them do their homework, taught them to look after themselves and stood up for them against those who tried to bully them. Meanwhile the younger members of the detachment emulated the older ones: with their help they extended the frontiers of their knowledge, and imbibed traditional patterns of social behaviour.

Reorganisation of the commune using primary collectives—that is, collectives comprising children of varying ages—opened up still wider scope for *parallel educational impact*, the essence of which lay in the fact that public opinion was shaped not in relation to one or other individual pupil, but first and foremost in respect of the primary collective.

Unlike other units within the collective the detachment with a wide age range did not organise any joint activities in the commonly accepted sense of the word. There were no visits to the cinema, outings to the country or even games. Each member of such detachments was free to make use of his own free time as he thought fit, but at the same time each had to inform the commander which pieces of his homework he had completed and which sums had been mastered, that everything would be ready for the next

school day and that all assignments would have been completed.

In the Dzerzhinsky Commune, just as had been the case in the Gorky Colony, the main executive body for purposes of self-government was the council of commanders.

Education theorists differ widely in their interpretation of the authority and influence of this principle first evolved by Makarenko. Some maintain that his "secret" was to be found in the actual contingent of his charges, while others held that the all-important factors were the romantic inspiration of the revolution and the Civil War, the associations linked with the word "commander", and that while in the hands of a teacher of Makarenko's calibre any form of self-government would have been just as effective.

To find the truth behind this important academic controversy it is necessary to probe far deeper. Unlike pupils' committees, children's committees, monitors' councils and other organs of self-government Makarenko's council of commanders in the Dzerzhinsky Commune was set up in such a way as to ensure that children of different age-groups were drawn into it. Since for the most part the primary collectives were led by older pupils, who were drawn into the council of commanders, this assured the collective of true leadership while on the other hand it proved a basis for natural authority.

Organisation of a collective starts from the formulation of common aims. Makarenko wrote in this connection: "I am convinced that if a collective does not set itself a clear goal, then it is impossible to find an organisational prin-

ciple for it. Each collective should be working towards a common collective goal—common not just for a specific class, but for the school as a whole." *

This elaboration of the common collective goal is traced through three stages in accordance with three stages of the collective's development.

At the initial stage when a collective is being first set up the organisational aspect of the goal makes itself felt mainly in the process of the proposal of various goals—*short-term prospects.* An example of a short-term prospect for a group of school-children might be the organisation of a hike or excursion, a group visit to the cinema or theatre, the drawing up of an organisational system to ensure interesting activities in hobby circles. "However it would be a serious mistake to evolve short-term prospects based only on the pleasure principle, even if useful elements are to be discerned in the pleasurable. This would mean that we were encouraging the unforgivable in the children under our care, namely a spirit of Epicureanism". ** Short-term prospects should include such as demand of a certain amount of diligence and exertion, of labour expenditure.

Once a collective has taken shape and been consolidated, once public opinion within it has become more mature and demanding, then the time has come for the all-out introduction of *mid-term prospects.* The collective needs to prepare itself for those events that constitute the nucleus

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow 1957-1958, Vol. V, p. 76 (in Russian).
** Ibid.

of their mid-term perspectives over a long period and in a planned way. As a preliminary to this end a number of supplementary undertakings might be got underway such as reports on current achievements, meetings with visitors, special decorations for rooms, etc.

Preparations for solemn occasions (there should not be more than two or three of these a year) should become an integral part of the life of the school collective and involve almost all pupils and teachers in intensive creative activity.

The nature of *long-term prospects* should be distinguished mainly by active concern of each school-child for the future of the collective and the future of the whole country: "The future of the Union, its advance constitutes the highest step in the organisational work as we organise a collective's prospects. Not only should we know what that future holds or talk and read about it, but also apprehend with all our senses the advance of our country, its work and its successes. The young people being brought up today in Soviet children's institutions should be well aware of the dangers that face our Homeland and who its friends and enemies are. They should be unable to imagine their own lives other than as a part of the present and future of our society." *

An individual's ability to guide his steps in life by a set goal was something Makarenko regarded as an essential criterion for judging whether he had been well and properly trained for life.

"The most important attributes that we usu-

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow 1957-1958, Vol. V, p. 81 (in Russian).

ally value in man are strength and beauty. Both of these are determined by his attitude towards the ultimate goal he sets his sights on. A man who gears his behaviour to a short-term goal, is the weakest of all. If he is satisfied with aspiring after no more than a personal goal, however long-term it may be, he may appear strong but he does not evoke among those who behold him admiration for his fine personality and its real worth. The broader a collective, whose goals represent an individual's personal goals as well, the finer and more upstanding that man will be." *

Of course this result of education is not achieved only thanks to the setting of socially significant and noble goals or to the breaking down of such goals into several stages. The moulding of men, for whom collective and personal goals are identical and who are able, when it is required of them, to subordinate their personal interests to communal ones is achieved with reference to experience of life accumulated within the collective; at the same time in order to move that far, as was noted earlier, a collective must be correctly organised, lead a rich and interesting life and be caught up in an uninterrupted process of development.

When explaining the successes he had achieved in his work Makarenko was to write: "Do not forget that I was working in conditions very different from those pertaining in a school, because the children were living on a communal basis, engaged in production work and for the most

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. V, p. 74 (in Russian).

part had no families, that is had no other collective. Naturally, I had greater opportunities for collective training at my disposal than there would be in a school." * However Makarenko was to demonstrate that, given correct organisation, a collective worthy of the name could be educated and trained not only in the conditions of a colony or commune, but also in an ordinary school.

For the normal life and development of a collective Makarenko attributed decisive importance to a strict dialectical balance between administration from above and self-government. Any disturbance of that balance would lead to the most unfortunate consequences. Underestimation of the significance of self-government or an absence of salutary and untrammelled public opinion can lead to an exaggerated, and therefore detrimental, intensification of administrative power, can turn the collective into a means of suppressing the individual. On the other hand, if the collective has too weak a centre and leadership as a result of the activisation of anarchistic tendencies, this can disrupt vital links within the collective and bring about "decay" of the collective organism.

Makarenko defended the principle of power vested in one individual: he pointed out that the legitimate leader of a school could only be the director and that all other teachers should "perform identical parts, and maintain identical relationships with each other." **

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* Ibid., pp. 120-21.
** Vol. IV, p. 491.

It was in his opinion imperative to concentrate administrative functions in the hands of the school director and free other members of staff from such functions, so as to foster as much as possible initiative and independence among pupils, and to involve school-children as quickly as possible in the active process of administration of a collective, in the process of education and self-education.

The school collective should be "permeated" with a spirit of play. Play in the children's collective was not only a vehicle for extremely subtle and discerning influence exerted by teacher over pupils, but also provided a means of organising them. Every game has its rules, and children, more so even than grown-ups, respect rules and keep to them. In the Dzerzhinsky Commune a large number of such rules lived on as traditions. Whatever the commune members did, plotted or devised, all their ideas found very gay, attractive and playful outlets. Yet at the same time in these games there was always an element of true seriousness, undoubted respect for work and responsibility with regard to that work.

"Nothing welds a collective together as well as tradition." This saying of Makarenko's served to express one of the most fundamental principles for the organisation and work of the collective. The experience of earlier generations is consolidated in traditions, and with reference to the latter respect for the collective's past can be fostered, and guidelines for patterns of correct behaviour evolved.

Makarenko also turned his attention to ques-

tions of upbringing within the new socialist family. His views on this subject he expounded in his *Book for Parents* (1937) and his *Lectures on Child Education* (1938).

First and foremost Makarenko defines in precise terms the role of the family within the system of Soviet public education. He saw the task of the family and its educative role to lie in the constant and expert regulation of the influences to which a child is submitted at every moment of his life and which he himself renders more complex as his physical and intellectual stature increase.

Makarenko approached the educative functions of the Soviet family as a continuation of those exercised by society. In order to perform their duty to society and in order to make themselves and their children happy, parents should in the first place learn to ensure correct regulation of children's needs. It would be wrong to regard child's every wish as a need. That would be tantamount to indulging whims and cultivating tendencies for tantrums complete with all the sad developments that result.

As a rule it is the only child who becomes the victim of the satisfaction, or over-full satisfaction of all his needs, even the most exaggerated. "In such cases only unnatural weakness of parental 'love' can to some extent diminish the danger." *

A decisive factor for the successful upbringing of children in the family context is the overall

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. IV, p. 111 (in Russian).

atmosphere of family life. However correct and sensible education methods may be, they prove powerless if the relationship between the parents lacks mutual respect or is coloured by too little warmth, tenderness and consideration. Indeed parental authority is rooted in their behaviour and the family's life-style, which embraces work, ideas, habits, emotions and aspirations. In order to possess authority parents must themselves "live a full, aware and moral life as befits a citizen of the Land of Soviets. This means that even in relation to their children they must be set apart at a somewhat higher level, although that higher level should be a natural, humane one, not one created artificially for dealings with the children." *

In addition to all other favourable preconditions for a healthy upbringing it is indispensable to have a close knowledge of children's psychological make-up, the world of their emotions and inner experience. If parental authority is like a "mummy, an ornate and immobile part of a child's life, if a child's face, a child's gestures, smiles, thoughts and tears pass you by unnoticed, if the child does not sense the socially-conscious citizen in his father—then authority is meaningless, whatever anger or strap it might be armed with."**

From an extremely early age Makarenko held that children should be taught to live in keeping with a well and precisely organised time-table. The habit of keeping to a preordained schedule fosters a man's demanding attitude to himself.

* A. S. Makarenko, op. cit., pp. 150-51.
** Ibid., Vol. IV, p. 212.

"Punctual rising is a most important means of training will-power, that ensures against molly-coddling, empty day-dreaming under the blankets. Punctual appearance for meals is a sign of respect for a child's mother, his family, other people and of self-respect too. Indeed all punctuality means discipline and respect for parental authority, and therefore sex education as well." *

The ultimate goal of all education including that within the family is to foster correct moral concepts and good behaviour, which in all cases should correspond to the norms of communist morality. To achieve this aim is within the grasp of any family, if the mother and father are fully aware of the noble responsibility of their education mission, if in this task as well their work is based first and foremost on precise knowledge.

In September 1935 Makarenko was transferred to Kiev as deputy head of the section of the Ukrainian People's Commissariat for the Interior in charge of production communes. Makarenko went out of his way to ensure that his experience gleaned at the Gorky Colony and the Dzerzhinsky Commune were put to good use and made available for reference by other institutions providing similar education and rehabilitation facilities. While engaged at this new post he wrote his famous *Methods for Organisation of the Education Process* providing a vital reference manual.

While living in Kiev Makarenko did not sever his ties with the Dzerzhinsky Commune and he led the detachment of children from the commune at the special parade held to mark the All-Uk-

* Ibid., p. 249.

raine Olympiad for amateur arts societies from the production colonies affiliated to the People's Commissariat for the Interior.

The years he had spent in the commune had been a period of intensive academic and literary work for the great educator.

It was during the autumn and winter of 1930 that he had written *The March of 1930*, a collection of sketches devoted to life in the Dzerzhinsky Commune. The book was published in 1932 and Gorky's review of it was expressed in moving terms. From far-away Sorrento he wrote: "Dear Anton Semyonovich, yesterday I read your *March of 1930*. It moved me and filled me with joy. You depicted the commune and its inmates most vividly. Each page throbs with your love for the youngsters, your tireless efforts for their welfare and your subtle appreciation of children's hearts and minds. I must congratulate you most heartily on this book." *

In 1932 Makarenko completed work on his story *FD-1* in which he described a later stage of life in the commune. In 1933 Makarenko wrote a play entitled *In Major Key* and entered it for the All-Union drama competition. The jury commended this play and in 1935 it was published. Throughout these years Makarenko worked steadily away at his central work *The Road to Life*. In February 1933 he received a letter from Gorky full of friendly concern: "Dear Anton Semyonovich, I have been hearing that you are beginning to flag and are in desperate need of a

* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. VII, p. 353 (in Russian).

rest cure. Actually I myself should have guessed as much, since in a way I am keeping a fatherly eye on you and should have realised certain simple facts. You have been working away for twelve years and the results of your labours are quite priceless. No one has any idea of just how precious, nor will anyone ever know if you fail to tell the story yourself. You must take a trip to some warmer clime and write a book, my dear friend.''*

Not stopping at mere moral support Gorky sent Makarenko a large sum of money, namely five thousand rubles, insisting that Makarenko should not let himself be distracted by any other project from the task of writing a book describing his experiences.

At the end of 1933 the first part of *The Road to Life* was completed. It came out that same year in an almanac entitled *The Year 1917* which was edited by Gorky.

In the autumn of 1934 Makarenko completed work on the second part which was published in the almanac *The Year 1918*.

The third part of the book was written in a mere eight months, between January and September 1935. After reading it Gorky wrote to his friend: "The third part of *The Road* seems even more precious to me than the first two. I found the scene of the meeting between the children from the colony and the commune quite enthralling, and indeed the whole book is impossible to put down. I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart.'' **

* Ibid., p. 355.
** Ibid., pp. 370-71.

Other readers were also to congratulate Makarenko. From all over the country, from adults and children letters came flooding in, expressing deep sympathy and respect for the author.

Makarenko's literary efforts were now receiving due recognition. On July 1, 1934 he was made a member of the Union of Soviet Writers.

Makarenko spent the last years of his life in Moscow. It was there that at last he was able to devote himself entirely to academic and literary pursuits. His labours were most intense and proved highly fruitful. His vivid and interesting articles pointing to the future of Soviet schools and education practice followed one after the other in the pages of *Pravda*, *Izvestia* and other newspapers. In response to countless requests from his readers Makarenko gave numerous lectures. In 1937 alone he visited the pupils of the top three classes at Moscow's School No. 310, the teachers and students of the Moscow Regional Education Institute, readers, writers and critics at the Moscow Writers' Club and members of the staff from the Communist Institute of Education.

In the autumn of 1937 Radio Moscow broadcast eight lectures by Makarenko on problems of education within the family. In January 1938 he delivered a whole series of lectures to representatives of the People's Commissariat of Education of the RSFSR.

In 1937 Makarenko's *Book for Parents* was published in the journal *Krasnaya Nov.* The same year the work was also published as a separate volume. In this original work, which like so many of Makarenko's undertakings repre-

sented a new departure, Makarenko discussed problems of education in the new socialist family and provided pointers as to how these problems should be solved.

Another major work of Makarenko's dating from that period was his *Learning to Live*, which can be regarded as a sequel to *The Road to Life* describing life in the Dzerzhinsky Commune which emerges as a close-knit collective distinguished by impressive moral stature and is shown as constantly aspiring after new goals.

On January 31, 1939 Makarenko was awarded the Order of the Red Banner of Labour for his "outstanding services and achievements in the advancement of Soviet literature".

These last years Makarenko was living an extremely intense creative life. Over a short period he had written a number of major articles on education and literature including those entitled *On Communist Ethics* and *Literature and Society*. He intended to expand his *Book for Parents* and complete his novel *The Paths of a Generation*, write several film-scripts, and counted on devoting three years to a fundamental work on communist education.

In February 1939 Makarenko applied to be admitted to the ranks of the Communist Party. The question of his membership was included on the agenda for the party meeting to be held at the Union of Soviet Writers that was scheduled for April 4, 1939.

At the beginning of March 1939 Makarenko went to Kharkov where he delivered a lecture at the Institute of Education entitled *My Views on Education* and met former inmates of the Dzer-

zhinsky Commune. It was to be his last public appearance.

On April 1, 1939 Makarenko died suddenly from a heart attack while travelling on a suburban train back to Moscow from the nearby village of Golitsino.

* * *

Nowadays, as never before, every thinking member of our society feels a sense of responsibility towards the rising generation. If we turn to the life and work of Makarenko and to the pages of his works it is possible to find answers to many questions relevant today.

Each of the young people who spent part of their youth under the guidance of Anton Makarenko was approached by this great teacher as an individual rich in vision, a potential creator of material and cultural wealth, capable of moral integrity and happiness. Indeed Makarenko went out of his way to teach them the art of happiness: "Find within yourselves the strength to think about tomorrow, about the future." *

It was with his sights set on the future that Makarenko lived and created, and the men and women living today in the future of which he dreamt pay him grateful tribute for his noble vision and achievement.

V. Kumarin

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* A. S. Makarenko, *Collected Works*, Moscow, 1957-1958, Vol. V, p. 431 (in Russian).

MAKARENKO ON HIS OWN LIFE

AN EXCERPT FROM MAKARENKO'S *BOOK FOR PARENTS*

A long time ago in my youth I was called upon to coach a somewhat unsuccessful little boy in a prince's family before he retook his exams at the end of the summer which they all spent in an estate not far from the capital city of our province. The good wages and the opportunity to see how people lived from day to day in a prince's household decided me. A long glistening barouche was sent to meet me at the empty, hot station. The pair of black trotters drawing it and the broad back of the coachman also impressed me, I remember: I felt a certain sense of awe before this world of the nobility, about which I had only read previously.

My shabby little suitcase bounced brazenly on the carriage floor and a mood of sad melancholy came over me: what on earth had made me come to this world of princes, complete with its own laws, carriages and silent coachmen, who, like the horses they drove, seemed to have adopted aristocratic airs?

I spent two months on the estate and the melancholy which had come over me as I approached it on the first day I was unable to shake off until my departure. It was only when I was setting off home in the same carriage that the same shabby suitcase started bouncing merrily again and nothing oppressed me any more: neither the carriage, nor the coachman, nor the whole of the immensely rich prince's world, so resplendent and so impossibly out of reach.

The world had not appealed to me. The prince himself, a major-general in the Tsar's entourage, was "working" somewhere at court and did not appear at the estate even once. It was his tall, thin wife with the large nose, and his two large-nosed daughters in their teens, and the equally large-nosed twelve-year-old cadet, my charge so to speak, who spent the summer there. Apart from them usually about twenty other people sat down to meals, but I never really found out who they all were. Some of them lived on the estate and others used to turn up for visits lasting two or three days. The latter were usually neighbours, some of whom were titled persons; until that experience I never dreamt that so much human scum nestled within our province.

The whole company, every man-jack of them astounded me by their spiritual poverty. Never in my life before had I come across such a collection of dispensable people. Perhaps that was why I was not in a state to notice any of their possible merits.

As I watched them I could not help thinking back to my own father. For whole decades he

used to get up every day at five o'clock in the morning as the factory siren rang out. Fifteen minutes later he would already be striding along our sandy street bordered with grey fences, holding a red bundle with his lunch. At six in the evening he would come home from the factory gloomy and covered with dust and the first thing he would do was lay out on a stool in the kitchen the neatly folded red handkerchief, in which he used to wrap up his lunch. A far cry from all those princes and counts, major-generals from the Tsar's entourage, their visitors and hangers-on who were hardly likely ever to have given any thought to what a simple red cotton handkerchief might have cost, how carefully it had to be looked after and how carefully it had to be shaken out after lunch and folded first in four and then a third time.

When I think back to that experience now I see the prince's family as some monstrous caricature: it was like some gang of criminals, a band of idlers clustered round their leader. It was with repulsion that I observed all the details of that way of life: the stupid, meaningless and quite futile primness, the sumptuous dinners and suppers, the cut-glass and the endless rows of knives and forks at every place, and the meek footmen that were an insult to the human race.

Even now I cannot imagine how much time it is possible to live that sated, inactive life without turning into a mere animal. A year, two or perhaps five, but surely not for generations?

Yet they did go on living like that for generations, even centuries. For whole days on end they used to chatter on about people's successful enter-

prises or their intrigues, marriages or deaths, rewards or thwarted hopes, about tastes and strange ways of other idlers like themselves, about the land they were buying and selling.

My charge was a mentally retarded boy. Yet it seemed as if his sisters and his mamma the princess were almost as mentally retarded as he was. Yet they had no essential need of real mental development or indeed even of simple arithmetic. Wealth, titles, a position of some sort in the courtiers' world, the long established, petrified moral and aesthetic canons for daily living and the basic family upbringing, determined from the very start the young prince's future.

Despite all that the true essence of their lives was nothing but greed, incessant, unabating concern for accumulating money, avarice of the most primitive, ugly and repellent variety, thinly concealed behind a veil of etiquette and primness. What they possessed already did not satisfy them! News that railways were being built, that a company was being set up to build china factories, that someone had sold some shares at a propitious moment was of great interest to them, could rouse them out of their apathy, tantalise them; prospects of opportunities or risks were continually enticing or unnerving them, they suffered from indecisiveness and were unable to put an end to this indecisiveness which was at the root of all their suffering. The most surprising thing of all was that the family was even prepared to make certain sacrifices! The princess used to talk at great length and with infinite regret about the fact that she would have to write to Paris and cancel the order she

had placed for dresses, as the prince required the money for his "affairs", while my charge reminisced sadly about the yacht they had planned to buy the previous year but which had not in the end been purchased after all.

When I returned to my working family I felt profoundly convinced that I had been in a world of opposites, so alien and repellent were those people for me that it was quite impossible to compare them with anyone in the working-class world, which was immeasurably richer and more vivid. Here I was among the true creators of human culture—workers, teachers, doctors, engineers, students. Here I was amongst real personalities with convictions, aspirations, in a world of discussion and struggle. My father's friends, old "masters" of their trade like himself were more intelligent, more sharp-witted and more humane by far than those aristocrats. One of the family friends, a house-painter by the name of Khudyakov visited my father one Sunday soon after my return, sat down facing me and said ironically with a wry twist to his mouth with a missing front tooth: "And you ask if I want to have anything to do with them? To hell with the lot of them! Even if you have one of those cannibals coated with honey and his pockets stuffed with gold, I still wouldn't be seen dead drinking a single glass of vodka with him. When I come round and see your father we sit down for a chat and have a look around us: well, what do we see, people can get along without princes all right, but without house-painters

like us, well, that would be quite a different story. The Devil take them all! What kind of life would people have without painters? Drabness all the way!"

Later when I had grown a little more intelligent and started to take better note of life around me, and particularly after the October Revolution, I realised that there was something in common between the lives led by the prince's family and our friends. In our village there was no one else on a par with the senior conductor Novak, except perhaps the station-master himself. Yet the station-master owed his authority not so much to his wealth, as to his sleek appearance, his glistening uniform and the secretive luxury of his official quarters, the extent of which was something all of us could only guess at.

Novak was undoubtedly rich. The life his family led and their comings and goings in the large garden in front of his house were hidden from the outside world by high fences. His two-storeyed house bulged over the garden wall like a shapeless brick stomach. Trading in groceries was conducted in the ground floor in a shop which also belonged to Novak. We were slightly acquainted with this trading for, from our very earliest childhood, our parents had sent us there to buy kerosene, sunflower-seed oil and cheap tobacco. The other riches stored there were concealed from my humble gaze by tulle curtains. The word "tulle" we would use to describe quite inaccessible luxuries.

Senior conductor Novak was a thin man with

a stern little grey beard trimmed with the utmost precision. Twice a week he used to ride past our gate on a light, well-sprung carriage and next to his glistening boots there always lay an equally glistening, brown leather travelling-bag in which, rumour had it, he used to keep the money he had obtained from passengers found travelling without tickets, known as "rabbits". While still a small boy I used to think of those "rabbits" as mysterious beings like gnomes who might bestow happiness.

Novak had a number of well-dressed, upstanding children, the sight of whom was a bitter reproach to my parents. They were always dressed in immaculate uniforms of the local *gymnasium*, later university monograms were to appear on their shoulders. They used to walk proud and unapproachable down our streets, surrounded by the offspring of other rich families like their own: the priest's children, the sons of the head book-keeper, the local policeman, the local surveyor and road inspector.

Despite the utter inaccessibility and the aura of mystery surrounding this "aristocracy", it was precisely from them that ideals and norms of everyday living penetrated the ranks of our working families, including the standards that applied to education, from those elevated spheres, with which I had by chance come into contact during that unusual summer. There was an unbroken ladder leading down from the princely mansion to the simple hut inhabited by the house-painter Khudyakov, down which styles of

family life or rather the laws of capitalist society were conveyed to us. Of course, there was not only a quantitative but also a qualitative gulf between the one group and the other—a class gulf. The proletariat lived by a quite different moral and ethical code, which in its essence was profoundly humane. Yet while the large-nosed daughters of the prince knew that they would inherit titles, landed estates, diamonds and could dream of their private yachts, on the other hand Dunya, the daughter of a humble craftsman Khudyakov, knew she also had an inheritance coming to her: a "wardrobe", a sewing machine, a bedstead with nickel-plated knobs and dreams of a gramophone.

Old established families, including those of the artisan or petty official, were, in accordance with the above laws, units of material accumulation. Of course, what they accumulated was different and the results of the accumulation likewise. Novak made money out of the "rabbits'" fines, the ganger by paying unfair wages to the workers which were not subject to any controls, and the house-painter Khudyakov thanks to the toil his fifteen-hour day involved. After his shift at the workshop he would paint the floors of rich men's houses or gild Christ-figures wrought in iron at gravesides. Such money was essential to educate the children, provide money for daughter's dowries, to ensure a "peaceful old age" and to lend an air of respectability to family enterprises. Thanks to the amount certain families succeeded in accumulating they managed to climb up into that social stratum where not only did they cease to be exposed to the constant threat

of poverty but where there was even a chance that they might be able to prove themselves as "real" people.

Extract from Makarenko's "*Application to the Central Institute of Organisers of People's Education*"

I request to be enrolled as a student in the Institute's main department. I was born in 1888 and am the son of a railway-worker. After completing a two-year course in teacher's training, in 1905 I started work as a primary school teacher. In 1914 I entered the Poltava teachers' training college from which I graduated with distinction in 1917. From 1917 to 1919 I was in charge of a school for railway-workers' children attached to the Kryukov railway workshops (catering for up to 1,000 pupils). In 1920 I was entrusted by the Poltava provincial education authorities with the organisation and administration of a colony for juvenile offenders.

The two years which I spent in that colony together with five members of staff and eighty boys in the heart of a large pine forest gave me an opportunity to set up a most interesting educational establishment in incredibly difficult conditions.

At the present time the colony is flourishing but I am anxious to make a scientific analysis of the enormous amount of experience gleaned during those two years which raises a large number of major questions. Working a regular sixteen-hour day here, far away from any academic

centres, I am not in a position to do that while still in the colony. As is clear from the enclosed papers I have been made a number of most flattering offers, but it is only the chance of engaging in education research in Moscow that I should consider sufficiently important to justify my leaving the colony.

Unfortunately I do not feel in a position to take oral examinations. I do not know what ground they would cover, however the intense work of recent years has naturally robbed me of any chance to refresh my memory with regard to those facts from various branches of learning which I commanded in the past, particularly since I have had very little actual class-room experience in certain subjects of late. It is thus highly probable that I should not be in a position to answer a good number of the questions put to me by the selection board, when it comes to formal disciplines. To return from Moscow having achieved nothing I would find a most bitter blow: it would not merely be a matter of ambition, but the energy which is indispensable for me in the future, even if I do nothing but continue working in the colony. In addition I do not have the money for the journey, for this reason as well I would ask the selection board to accept me without an oral examination. So that the board might gain an overall picture of my academic grounding I enclose a short outline of the studies I have already carried out entitled "In Lieu of an Oral Exam".

With regard to the fundamental disciplines required, I received a systematic grounding in these at a teachers' training college.

I have never taken any particular interest in *mathematics* and for this reason I am acquainted with arithmetic, geometry, algebra, trigonometry and physics only to the extent to which they were included in the curriculum for teachers' training colleges before the revolution. At the present time I can only remember the basic principles of trigonometry, have forgotten many algebraic theorems and laws of physics, and I should most likely be unable now to use logarithms.

Natural History. I feel completely at home when it comes to the field of animal and plant physiology. My knowledge of anatomy is weak. I have forgotten many details of geology. I am well versed in astronomy and engaged in a practical study of this science at the Poltava museum. My knowledge of astronomy and cosmography is the fruit of boyhood interest.

I have a good grounding in *biology*. I have read and re-read several times the whole of Darwin, am acquainted with the works of Schmidt and Timiryazev, and with the new variations of Darwinism. I have read Mechnikov and various other writers in this field.

My knowledge of *chemistry* is negligible; I have forgotten many reactions, yet I am well acquainted with overall principles and the latest philosophy of chemistry. I have read works by Mendeleyev, Morozov and Ramsey. I am interested in radioactivity.

I have a first-rate knowledge of *geography*, in particular world industry and comparative geography. I feel at home in the field of economic policy, and am acquainted with its history and

the seeds of its future forms. This knowledge does not of course come from text-books. I am particularly interested in Australia and New Zealand.

History is my favourite subject. I know Klyuchevsky and Pokrovsky almost by heart. I have read Solovyov several times from cover to cover. I am well-acquainted with monographs by Kostomarov and Pavlov-Silvansky. Foreign history I have studied with the aid of numerous books by Wipper, Alandsky, Petrushevsky and Kareyev. Broadly speaking I am acquainted with all works on history that exist in Russian. I am particularly interested in the history of feudalism in all its historical and sociological aspects. I am well versed in the period of the French Revolution. My study of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* introduced me to Homeric Greece....

In the field of political economy and the history of socialism I have studied Tugan-Baranovsky and Zheleznov. I have read certain works by Marx, but have not read *Das Kapital* except in the form of a résumé. I am well acquainted with the works of Mikhailovsky, Lafargue, Maslov and Lenin.

I am well versed in logic and my knowledge is based on the works of Chelpanov, Minto and Troitsky.

I have read all that there exists in Russian on psychology. In the colony I set up a laboratory for psychological observations and experiments, but I am profoundly convinced that psychological studies must be organised from scratch.

The most valuable contribution made so far in this field is the work of Petrazhitsky. I have

read many of his works, yet, unfortunately, I have not managed to read his *Outlines of a Theory of Law*. I myself regard "individualised psychology" as something quite unfeasible ... this was brought home to me in particular by the academic fate of Lazursky himself. Despite all the points I made earlier I consider that it is to psychology that the future belongs.

My knowledge of philosophy is highly unsystematic. I have read Locke's *Critique of Pure Reason*, Schopenhauer, Stirner, Nietzsche and Bergson. Among Russian philosophers I have made a particularly conscientious study of Solovyov, I have only read résumés of Hegel's works.

I am a great lover of literature. The works of Shakespeare, Pushkin, Dostoyevsky and Hamsun enjoy my highest esteem. I am very much aware of the tremendous power of Tolstoi, but I cannot tolerate Dickens. When it comes to recent works I now know and have come to understand both Gorky and Alexei Tolstoi. When it comes to literary characters I have devoted a great deal of thought to that topic and am therefore now able to reach independent assessments and draw meaningful comparisons. In Poltava I was called upon to draw up question sheets relating to specific works of literature which proved fairly successful. I think that I possess a certain (though not great) flair for literary criticism....

In my own special field of education I have read and pondered a great deal. At my teachers' training college I was awarded a gold medal for a long essay entitled *The Crisis in Modern Education*, on which I worked for six months.

AN EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO A. P. SUGAK

Gorky Colony.
March 24, 1923

Dear Antonina Pavlovna,

I hasten to write to you while your letter dated March 13th is still fresh in my mind.

Do you remember how I used to work in Kryukov? Perhaps you can even imagine how I was working away last summer. Well, that work was becoming more and more difficult, and more and more testing. At the moment I have even reached the pitch where for about six weeks I have only been sleeping every other night and have even grown used to not sleeping. You must also put down to this situation the fact that I am writing to you in such unseemly fashion, namely resorting to a typewriter. It is all a question of my race against time. I even surprised myself by the way I have learnt to do three or four things at once.

Your letter was a veritable song of triumphant love, and bore very little resemblance to any ordinary letter. It was a triumphant letter in the sense that you would have me believe Makarenko is coming to grief, only because he went off to some colony or other and abandoned happy Kryukov, etc....

I am very touched at this persistently high opinion of my person that people at Kryukov come forward with. I also rejoice in the fact that there is a possibility open for me to return to Kryukov and helpout my mother. But finally, for how long am I to stay in the colony and come to grief

as you all insist? A man must see something of life, and so on and so forth.

The whole trouble is that this question is not merely a matter of my wishes. I have gained new strength here, far more than you would have ever thought possible. For this I have the colony to thank. You, Madam, ask in dramatic tones: "But what has the colony done for you!?" It has done far more for me than you, Antonina Pavlovna, would have ever dreamt possible. I am quite a different person now, possessing a sense of direction, an iron will, persistence, boldness and finally confidence in myself.

The three years out here in the colony provide the foundation for my future work. Whatever I might come to do later, my first steps I shall always trace back to the colony. Not only in the sense that I have learnt something and experienced a good deal here, but also because I have conducted an important and all-embracing experiment on myself....

Your main contention, that a man is coming to grief here is quite a mistake. I consider that out here we have a more rational and happy way of life than many people in towns. Last but not least we enjoy a far freer and more independent life. Yet not even this is the crux of the matter. Most important of all is the fact that we are able to work here in such a way that ensures our work, brings us satisfaction.

Nor must you think that my energy is misspent here. Nothing of the kind. Here we are engaged in an experiment which will be of tremendous importance and not only for this particular colony of juvenile offenders. Our organisa-

tion has already attracted the attention of the authorities. At any rate our colony has already been recognised as the most important in the Ukraine; it now caters for 120 children and we are directly affiliated to the People's Commissariat for Education. Our education programme is being discussed in the press and I have been permitted to invite as many teachers as I wish to come here for practical experience, before they are sent out to other parts of the province. I have already been granted permission to invite teachers of my own choice. I am sure that in another year's time the colony will have acquired still further importance and precisely because it is developing apace. Yet you speak of the colony as if all we did here was vegetate.

You say that it is not necessary to waste a "wealth" of talent on the colony but rather it should be spent on Kryukov.... It is not a question of Kryukov and the colony but rather the organisation of a new experiment in education.

So now I have explained everything; to leave for a new post in Kryukov would be deliberately to destory the colony and scatter the pupils to the winds, back to the desert of aimless wandering, back to thieving and looting. Well then, Antonina Pavlovna, help me solve the problem, after all you have a woman's compassionate heart.

There is no need to refer so disparagingly to our campaign for sowing the land. This work is true poetry, of which you in Kryukov have not the faintest inkling. The air here, the work, the diligent young hands, the songs, the horses! We now have a trained agronomist, our own

seeds and machinery, our own plan, and everyone in Poltava pays heed to what we have to say.

I should never have written such a long letter if I had not been typing. So this should make you all the more willing to forgive me for this Americanised style of communication.

Yours, *A. Makarenko*

LETTER FROM ANTON MAKARENKO TO GALINA MAKARENKO

Gorky Colony: Kuryazh
July 1927

It is now eleven o'clock. I have just driven away the last person keen to pick my teacher's brains and now stand alone, able to contemplate. My World, created after seven demanding years.

Do not think this is a small world. It is a thousand times greater than the universe of Flammarion and what is more it lacks many of the superfluous things to be found in that universe, such as the Dog-star, yet on the other hand in my world there are a multitude of objects, which not one astronomer would ever be able to measure, even with his finest telescopes and mirrors.

My world is made up of people, it is this well-ordered life, created for them thanks to my will-power, and the never ending, complex and subtle battle with the elements of emerging personalities to be found here in this colony.

My world is a world where man's organised creative efforts reign supreme. It is a world run

by Lenin's exact logic, a world of its own; it is my world....

I have always been a realist and at this moment I have reached the sober conclusion that I must bring my "colony" period to an end, because I have been moulded anew here and I must reorder my life. At times I feel I ought to take a close look at the changes that are taking place within me and foster what has emerged, yet I am loath to shatter the enchantment of the present. Life is splendid here and now and all my life so far has been splendid in that it has led me up to this, the present day.

A. Makarenko

MAXIM GORKY'S PART IN MY LIFE

In the backwater where I spent my youth, literary events made themselves known only long after they originally occurred.

This made the simple, challenging name of *Maxim Gorky* catch our attention all the more strikingly and unforgettably.

It was only with great effort that we were able to lay our hands on his books. It was extremely rarely that we were able to light on something that he had written; yet after the fiery arrow had flashed across our grey sky, the horizon would seem almost bleaker than before. We were well aware though that Maxim Gorky was not just another writer who composed stories for our entertainment, or for our advancement, as the saying goes. Gorky's work was infinitely relevant to our lives as human and social beings.

The Lower Depths possessed incomparable significance for us. Nowadays I still consider this work the supreme achievement of all Gorky's creative writing. I still regard it as the most perfect play of modern times in the whole of world literature. I apprehend it as a tragedy and to this day still do, although on stage its tragic moments are usually muted, most likely because they are misinterpreted. Crafty old Luka comes forward with his cold comfort, and, precisely because he is gentle and powerless, serves in the most frightening way to underline the desperate hopelessness of the whole world of the doss-house, the terrors of which he perceives all too clearly. Luka is a character endowed with profound dramatic tension expressed in the rare power of the contradiction between his wise, pitiless knowledge and his no less wise, compassionate gentleness. This contradiction is tragic and in itself gives the play an all-important message. Yet there is another still more tragic motif to be observed in this play, namely the gulf between the pitiless despair and the inspiring human potential of the men and women whom "society" has "forgotten" and cast out. Various facets of Maxim Gorky's talents come into their own in this play, and throughout his gifts are equally impressive. His talent shines in literally every word, and each word is a work of art in itself; each word summons forth ideas and emotions. The fact that Gorky portrayed the doss-house completely cut off from the outside world always helped me, personally, to form an idea of that "world"; I could always sense beyond the walls of the doss-house that so-called world,

could hear the bustle of trading, see in my mind's eye the overdressed, well-to-do gentility and idly chattering intellectuals, saw their palaces and "apartments" and was filled with ever greater hatred for them, the less the inmates of the doss-house actually talked about them.

The Lower Depths is a play which stresses above all the idea of responsibility, or in other words, revolution. This probably comes over more clearly to me than to many others since the whole of the rest of my life was devoted to those people who in the old world would have been bound to end their days in a doss-house. While in our new world ... well, there is just no comparison. In the new world some of our leading national figures, leaders of millions, come to visit our Dzerzhinsky Commune, former potential inmates of the doss-house show them round the production palaces they work in, bedrooms filled with sunlight and happiness, acres of flowers and a conservatory.

Yet that is the position nowadays when "society's" responsibility has been fulfilled through revolution's sentence. In the old days though, things were very different. Before the revolution the petty bourgeoisie was anxious to see in the play nothing more than a group of "bare-footed" vagabonds, a naturalistic picture of the way they lived, an opportunity for compassion and point of departure for worldly wisdom and offering up the prayer: "God, I thank thee, that I am not as those men are." The very phrase "the bare-footed" was used as a convenient shield to conceal the true essence of Gorky's tragedy, for that word appeared to contain some soothing

drug, it implied censure and a dividing line.

Maxim Gorky was more than a mere writer for me, I looked to him for guidance as to how to lead my life. I in my turn was a "teacher of the people", as primary teachers were referred to in those days, and in my work it was impossible to ignore all that Maxim Gorky had to say. At the railway school where I had held forth at the blackboard, the air had been incomparably fresher than elsewhere; that truly proletarian society of workers made sure that the school was in their hands and the *Union of the Russian People* * was afraid to lay a finger on it. Later many of its pupils were to become Bolsheviks.

It was Maxim Gorky who introduced both me and my pupils to the Marxist world outlook. While we may have come to our understanding of history by different routes, through Bolshevik propaganda and the impact of revolution, and in particular through the conditions in which we lived, it was Gorky who taught us acquire a sense of history, who infected us with his passion and hatred and led us to demand with still more confident optimism and joy that the "storm rage still more fiercely!"

For us the path Gorky had traversed as both man and writer provided a model pattern of behaviour. In Gorky we perceived tiny reflections of ourselves, perhaps even sensed at some unconscious level that one of our kind had broken through into the previously inaccessible sphere of true

* This was a monarchist, Black-Hundred organisation, founded in October 1905 to combat revolution in Russia. The Union was liquidated during the bourgeois revolution of February 1917.—*Ed.*

culture. All of us felt we should follow him in order to consolidate and extend that victory. Indeed many did follow and help Gorky in this way.

I, of course, was among their number. For some time I believed I could only do this through literary work. In 1914 I wrote a story entitled *The Foolish Day* which I sent to Gorky. I had described a true incident concerning a priest jealous of his wife's affection for the local schoolteacher and the fear of the latter two of the priest. Gorky sent me back a letter in his own hand which I still remember word for word:

"Although the subject of the story is interesting, it is weak in style and there is little cogency in the drama of experiences described, while there is no background and the dialogues are slack. Try your hand at another piece.

"*M. Gorky*"

I found little comfort in the remark that the subject was interesting. I realised that writing required considerable technique, that it was important to know something about background and that dialogue needed to be worked on and polished. Finally, real talent was vital and mine was obviously on the short side. Yet Gorky taught me the importance of a sense of pride, and gradually I let this pride come into its own. I thought to myself that it would of course be possible to "try my hand at another piece", yet it had already been made quite plain that nothing worthwhile would come of any such attempt. It was without any real suffering that I said farewell to my dreams of writing, and indeed all the more so since I held the calling of a teacher in such high esteem. Fighting cultural backwardness

was also possible in the role of a teacher. Gorky had indeed encouraged me by his friendly directness, a quality which I should also have to work to acquire.

My work as a teacher proved by and large successful and after the October Revolution new unforeseen prospects opened up before me. We teachers were quite giddy at these prospects, so much so that we often forgot ourselves and, to be quite honest, often became carried away with all manner of new schemes. Fortunately in 1920 I was put in charge of a colony for juvenile offenders; the task before me was so difficult and so urgent that there was no opportunity for me to get carried away. Yet neither did I have any clear course of action to follow. Previous techniques used in work with juvenile offenders were of no use to me: no new experience had been gleaned as yet, nor were there any books to turn to. My position was very difficult, almost hopeless.

I was unable to find any "scientific" answers. I had recourse to my general ideas on man as such, and for me this meant turning to Gorky. I did not actually need to reread any of his books though, I knew them like the back of my hand, yet all the same I read them once more from cover to cover. Today I would still recommend anyone starting out as a teacher to read Gorky's works. Of course there was no hard and fast method laid out in them, and they do not proffer solutions for any specific day-to-day questions, yet they are filled with a profound knowledge of man with his tremendously wide potential; at the same time they depict man not in a naturalistic

way. Meaningful conclusions are drawn on the human condition as such and, what is particularly important, conclusions from a Marxist angle.

Gorky's characters are always depicted within society, their roots can always be discerned; first and foremost men are social beings and if they suffer or encounter misfortune, it is always possible to decide whose fault it is. Yet this suffering is not the most important element. It is, I think, possible to maintain that Gorky's heroes suffer against the grain, and for us teachers this is extremely important. I find it difficult to explain all that in detail, specialised research would be necessary for that. In this context the decisive factor is Gorky's optimism. Gorky is an optimist, not only in the sense that he looks forward to an era of man's happy future, and not only because in the storm he finds happiness, but also because he discerns the good in every individual. Good not in the moral nor in the social sense, but in the sense of beauty and strength. Even characters from the enemy camp, the most violent "enemies" of all are depicted by Gorky in such a way that their human strength and their finest human potential come to the fore quite unmistakably. Gorky demonstrated most effectively that capitalist society meant ruination not only for the proletariat but also for members of other classes, that it meant ruination for all, indeed for the whole of mankind. The characters of the Artamonovs, Vassa Zheleznova, Foma Gordeyev and Egor Bulychov bear the imprint of the curses of capitalism, which corrupts and

distorts these fine human beings by the chasing of profit and gain, by undeserved power and social influence, by the experience of having others work for them while they stand idly by.

It is always difficult to discern the good in man. In men's everyday comings and goings, and still more so in any group that is corrupt in some way, it is almost impossible to discern the good, for it is concealed by the petty concerns of day-to-day "battles", it is lost in the conflicts of the moment. The good in man always has to be "projected", and this it is imperative for the teacher to do. He must approach the individual with an optimistic hypothesis, even if this involves the risk of a certain amount of error. Precisely this ability of "projecting" and bringing out the finest within man, that which is strongest and most interesting, this is what we should learn from Gorky. Particularly important is the fact that Gorky achieves this by far from simple means. Gorky is able to discern positive potential in man, but he never extols him so much as to lose his sense of proportion, he never lowers the standards by which he judges man, and is ready when it is justified to resort to the harshest censure.

This approach to man is a genuinely Marxist one. Our socialism, young as it is, points this out better than anything else. There is no doubt that the average level of moral and political consciousness reached by the Soviet citizen is incomparably higher than the average level of a subject of tsarist Russia or the average level achieved by his West-European counterpart.

There is no doubt that the reasons for these developments are to be sought in the very structure of society and its activity, and this is all the more striking in view of the fact that no special education techniques and methods have been evolved in our country. The transition to the Soviet order went hand in hand with an all-out shift of the individual's attention to questions of wide national importance. In the Soviet Union, the individual does not waste his energy on everyday conflicts and clashes of interests, and this means that his finest human traits come to the fore all the more clearly. The heart of the matter is that it is easier for positive human potential to come into its own and it has far freer scope to do so than was the case before. It is here that we have the supreme significance of our revolution and the supreme achievement of the Communist Party.

Nowadays all this is understandable and obvious, but back in 1920 I was only just starting to become aware of it and since elements of socialist education had not started to make themselves felt in our way of life, I sought them in the wise and penetrating works of Maxim Gorky.

I spent a great deal of time at that period pondering over the meaning of his writings. Only on rare occasions did these ponderings bear fruit in the form of clearly formulated ideas; I did not take any notes or make definitions, I simply looked and saw.

I saw that "life's wisdom" was to be gleaned from a combination of Gorky's optimism and demanding standards; I felt the passion with which Gorky picked out the heroic element in

man, and how he admired the modesty inherent in man's heroism, and how new heroism can take shape and blossom forth within the human race (*Mother*). I saw that it was not difficult to help a fellow-man if we approached him leaving aside all false pretences, and that tragedies arise in this life when the "human element" is lost.

Then I turned to my first charges and tried to look at them through Gorky's eyes. I must admit frankly that I did not succeed in doing so at once; I was not straightaway able to generalise from the dynamics of life around me, I had not yet learnt to discern the axes and mainsprings in human behaviour. I was not yet a true follower of Gorky's in my actions and behaviour, only my aspirations were in the Gorky mould as yet.

Yet I was already taking steps to see that the colony should be named after Gorky, and eventually I achieved this. At that stage I was carried away not only by the methods implicit in Gorky's attitude to his fellow-men, but I was also intrigued by a historical analogy: the revolution had entrusted me with work in the "lower depths" and naturally I thought back to Gorky's *Lower Depths*. However this analogy was to prove relevant for only a short period. "Lower depths" of the type described by Gorky were quite impossible in the Land of Soviets and my charges in the Gorky Colony were very soon firmly resolved not merely to stop at surfacing from those depths, but to set their sights on the mountain tops, and of all Gorky's heroes it was the Falcon who impressed them most of all. There were of course no "lower depths", yet there still re-

mained the example of Gorky's personal achievement, his *Childhood* and the profound proletarian kinship between the great writer and these one-time law-breakers.

In 1925 we wrote our first letter to Sorrento and with little hope of receiving an answer, for there must have been no end of people writing to Gorky in those days. However Gorky wrote back immediately, offered his assistance and asked me to remind the boys and girls that they were living at a time of historic importance.

After that a regular correspondence was soon under way. It continued uninterrupted until July 1928 when Gorky came to the Soviet Union and made a point of visiting the colony almost immediately upon his arrival.

In the course of those three years the colony had grown into a close-knit collective of truly fighting spirit, and its cultural level and social significance had been enhanced beyond measure. The successes scored by the colony were a source of true joy to Gorky. The boys' letters used to be sent to Italy in enormous envelopes because each detachment used to write to Gorky separately, for each one had its own tasks and concerns, and there were as many as thirty detachments in those days. In his letters Gorky referred to many details in the detachments' letters and wrote to me saying that the touching letters from the children in the colony were of great interest to him.

During those three years the colony was busy in obtaining approval for a transfer to a new site. Gorky took a keen interest in our plans and always offered his assistance. We never accepted

his offers of help, because, in a spirit worthy of Gorky's heroes, we had no wish to ask a great writer to be petitioner in connection with our insignificant concerns and it was imperative that the boys from the colony should learn to rely on the potential of their own collective. Our move to Kuryazh was a difficult and dangerous undertaking and Gorky sincerely rejoiced with us at its successful completion. I shall quote here in full the letter which he sent to us twenty days after the "taking of Kuryazh":

"I sincerely congratulate you and ask you to congratulate the children in the colony on the occasion of your move to a new site.

"I wish you all new strength, good heart and faith in your endeavour!

"You are engaged in truly noble work, and it should bring forth splendid fruit.

"Our native earth is in truth ours now. It is we who have rendered it fertile, adorned it with towns, traversed its wide open spaces with roads, and wrought all manner of miracles within it, we men, who in the past at first were nothing but worthless scraps of shapeless and dumb matter, then we were little more than beasts but who now are the bold founders of a new life.

"Keep in good health and show respect for one another, remembering that within every man there is a wise strength of the true builder and that this strength must be given free scope to develop and flourish, so that it might enrich the earth with still greater wonders.

"Greetings.

"*M. Gorky*"

Sorrento, June 3, 1926

This letter like many others which I received at that period was of particular importance for me in my work as a teacher. It gave me strength in the unequal struggle, in which I was then caught up, over the basic methods according to which the Gorky Colony, should be run. This controversy was not only over my particular colony, yet it was particularly intense in connection with the Gorky Colony, since the contradictions between the sociological and pedological approach to education came particularly strikingly to the fore in my work. The latter approach was put forward as truly Marxist, and it required a lot of courage on my part to reject it and defend my relatively narrow experience against the awe-inspiring authority of "accepted" theory. Since my experiment was being conducted in a context of drudgery it was not easy for me to verify my own syntheses. In the truly generous spirit so typical of him Gorky prompted me to make broad socialist generalisations with which to support my ideas. His letters multiplied my energy and faith tenfold, and of course literally wrought miracles when read to the boys at the colony, since it is a far from simple task for a man to discern within himself the "wise strength of the true builder".

The great writer Maxim Gorky started to take an active part in our struggle, became an active member of our ranks. It was only at that period that I reached a full understanding of much that I had only dimly sensed before and was able to define in precise terms my creed for teaching. Yet my profound respect and love for Gorky, my concern over his health, stopped me from involv-

ing him in those wrangles with my enemies in the educational world to the end. I went more and more out of my way to see to it that all that strife placed no additional strain on Gorky's nerves. Yet amazingly Gorky noticed this new tendency in my attitude towards him and in a letter of March 17, 1927 he wrote:

"This is not the way to go about things! If you only knew how little my other correspondents take all that into account and the requests which they are addressing to me! One asked me to send him a piano to Harbin in Manchuria, another asked which factory in Italy produced the best paints, whether white sturgeon is found in the Tyrrhenian Sea, how long oranges take to ripen, etc...."

Later in a letter of May 9, 1928 he pointed out:

"Allow me to give you a friendly rebuke. It is quite wrong of you not to inform me of how I could best help you and the colony. I understand, understand so well your pride as a true fighter for your cause! Yet I am in some way connected with your cause and I feel awkward, even ashamed about remaining a passive onlooker at this time when help is needed."

When Gorky came to the colony in 1928 and spent three days there, after it had already been decided that I was to leave, and consequently that "pedological" reforms were to be introduced in the colony, I did not tell our guest of this. While Gorky was in our midst a prominent representative of the People's Commissariat for Education appeared and offered to make minimal adjustments to my system. I introduced him to Gorky. They talked placidly enough about the

children and sat down to a glass of tea, before our visitor took his leave. When I saw him out I asked him to bear in mind that there could be no, not even minimal adjustments to my system.

The days of Gorky's visit were the happiest there had ever been in my life at the colony and also in the lives of the children. Indeed I looked upon Gorky not as my guest but the children's, and went out of my way to see to it that his contact with them should be as close and as joyful as possible. However in the evenings after the children had gone to bed I had the opportunity of talking to Gorky on my own. Naturally enough we talked mainly about educational topics. I was very happy to note that all our collective's innovations met with Gorky's whole-hearted approval, including what my enemies referred to as the "militarisation" of the colony, for which I am upbraided to this day by certain critics. Gorky on the other hand had succeeded in observing in the space of a mere two days that it entailed a harmless element of play or make-believe and added an aesthetic touch to the children's daily work routine, which when all was said and done was a tough and relatively poor one. He realised that this element merely enhanced the children's life and he saw nothing regrettable in it.

The day after Gorky's departure I too left the colony. This blow for me was not something I felt would be impossible to get over. I felt sure in my heart of hearts that Gorky's moral support was still mine, now that I had shown him my principles in action and been assured of his unqualified approval. His approval was not some-

thing he expressed just in words, but it was also reflected in the sense of involvement with which Gorky followed the life of the colony on the spot during those truly heart-warming celebrations which I could not help but see as celebration of our new socialist society. Indeed Gorky was not alone in his approval, for bold members of the security organs, who would have no truck with pedology, not only "rescued" my methods for the rehabilitation of homeless youths but made sure they continued to flourish: they let them be put to the test once again, using them as a basis for the successful organisation of the Dzerzhinsky production commune.

It was at that period that I started work on *The Road to Life* and timidly mentioned my literary plans to Gorky. He tactfully encouraged me in my new undertaking. The book was written in 1928 and then was to lie in a drawer of my desk for five years, so much did I fear placing it before Gorky for his verdict. In the first place I still remembered his reaction to my *Foolish Day* and his "no background". Then secondly I did not want Gorky to start thinking of me as an unsuccessful writer, as opposed to a competent teacher. During those five years I had in addition written a short book about the Dzerzhinsky Production Commune which I was also reluctant to send to my great friend, referring it instead to the State Literary Publishers. They hung on to it for over two years and then all of a sudden, and quite unexpectedly, as far as I was concerned, they printed it. I had not encountered it in any shop, read a single line about it in journals or newspapers, or seen anyone reading it, indeed I

thought that the book had been quietly consigned to oblivion. For this reason I was quite amazed and thrilled when in December 1932, I received a letter from Sorrento opening with the following sentence: "Yesterday I read your *March of 1930*.... I read it in a state of excitement and with delight."

After that Gorky refused to leave me in peace. For about another year I continued to hold back, still reluctant to show him *The Road to Life*, the book about my own experiences, my mistakes and my own modest struggle. However he insisted: "Set off for some warm spot and write a book...."

I did not leave for any warm spot—there was no time—yet Gorky's encouragement and insistence did enable me to overcome my timidity: in the autumn of 1933 I brought him my book, or at least the first part. The next day he assured me of his unqualified approval and the book was submitted for inclusion in the next issue of the almanac entitled *The Year 1917*. The remainder of the work also passed through Gorky's hands. He was less satisfied with the second part, reproached me for certain weak passages, and insisted that the educational controversies alluded to should be elaborated in full. I, for my part, was still fearful of the pedologues' reactions, ndeed I attempted to avoid using the actualword anywhere in my book. When I dispatched the last part to Gorky in the Crimea,I even requested that the chapter '"At the Foot of Olympus" should be deleted, however Gorky would have none of it: " 'At the Foot of Olympus' should on no account be deleted...."

All that was in 1935. Indeed right up to his very last days Maxim Gorky was to remain my teacher: despite the many years I was to glean knowledge from him, there was always something more to learn, right up until the very end. His wide culture and noble human qualities, his uncompromising stand in all his struggles, his amazing astuteness in regard to any note of falseness, to all that was cheap, trivial, or smacked of mere caricature, his hatred for the old world and love for man, that "wise builder of life" are bound always to remain an inexhaustible source of inspiration for many millions of men both today and in the future.

REMINISCENCES ABOUT ANTON MAKARENKO

Maxim Gorky

AN EXCERPT FROM *ACROSS THE SOVIET UNION**

It had been the summer of 1891 when I first visited the Kuryazh Monastery, where I had the chance to talk to the then famous Ioann Kronstadtsky. Yet it was only on my third day there whilst living among my four hundred hosts, former "homeless" and "socially dangerous" youngsters with whom I had first made friends by letter, that I remembered I had been there before....

I had been carrying on a correspondence with the young people there for four years keeping track of how gradually their spelling and grammar improved, how their social awareness grew and their knowledge of the world around them widened—in a word how young tramps, thieves, anarchists and prostitutes were turning into upright working men and women.

The colony had been in existence seven years, the last four in the Poltava Gubernia. During those seven years several dozen of the inmates

* This essay was written in 1928.

had gone on to take pre-university courses for workers (*Rabfak)*, entered agricultural or military schools or moved on to other colonies, this time in the capacity of teachers. The gaps they left would soon be filled by more young boys sent in by the criminal investigation department, or brought along by the militia straight off the streets. Indeed a good number of the homeless children appeared of their own free will. The overall number of boys and girls was never less than four hundred. In October of last year one of the school's inmates, by the name of Denisenko had written to me in the name of all the colony "commanders", in the following vein:

"If you only knew how everything has changed here since your departure. Many of those then at the colony have embarked on an independent life of their own, in industry, at pre-university courses for workers or in factory schools. Only a very small number of the old contingent is left, nearly everyone here is a recent arrival. Of course it is more difficult to keep things ticking with all these new arrivals than with those who were used to the working life of a community. Discipline started to slack off when many of the old hands left. Yet those of us who remained had to make sure things did not slide. Now the whole of our colony's school has been completely rearranged, the seven-year school has been reorganised and a manual training school has also been set up for the elder boys who have missed their chance. The urge to learn is not as strong as it might be, yet not one of our four hundred members walks past the school door."

There are now sixty-two Komsomol members at Kuryazh; some of them are studying in Kharkov, and one has got as far as his second year in medical school. Yet they all live in the colony (it is eight versts from the town). They all take an active interest in the day-to-day work of their comrades.

The four hundred youngsters have been divided into twenty-four detachments: carpenters, plumbers, detachments to work the fields and vegetable patches, to tend the sheep and pigs, tractor-drivers, medical orderlies, watchmen, cobblers and so on. The estate consists of 43—if I am not mistaken—hectares of land put down to cereals and vegetables, 27 hectares of woodlands and there are cows, horses and seventy pedigree pigs, whom the peasants are always very eager to buy. They also have their own agricultural machinery, two tractors and their own electric generator. (The carpenters are working on a special order from a local explosives factory, twelve thousand crates.)

The whole of the colony's economy and the running of it is virtually in the hands of twenty-four elected heads of the working detachments. They have all the keys to the storehouses, it is they who draw up the plans for their work, supervise it and without fail take an active part in it on an equal footing with all the other members of their detachment. The council of commanders discusses such problems as whether those who come along of their own accord should be accepted as members of the colony, and sits in judgement on fellow-colonists guilty of slipshod work or of a breach of discipline and "traditions".

The director of the colony, Makarenko, announces the resolution reached by the council of commanders to those pronounced guilty: usually public censure or extra work shifts are resorted to by way of punishment. More serious or second and third offences such as laziness, regular shirking of heavy work, insulting of fellow-inmates and any encroachment on the interests of the collective are punished by exclusion from the colony. However such cases are extremely rare, for each member of the council of commanders remembers only too well his life outside and so do the offenders at the thought that life in a children's home, an institution none of them have a good word for, might be in wait for them.

One of the traditions in the colony is that when a new boy or girl is brought along by the criminal investigation people it is strictly against the rules to ask them about their background: who they are, how they lived before, what offence they were held up for by the criminal investigation department. If a "new arrival" starts filling in the details of his own accord, no one pays any attention, if he boasts of his exploits he is not taken seriously, but merely laughed at. This always has a profound effect on these boys and girls. They are told that the colony is not a prison, that other boys and girls like themselves are running it. "Come along to live, learn and work alongside us but if you don't like it here you may leave."

The new arrivals soon have occasion to see for themselves that all this is true and they are soon made to feel they belong in the collective. In the seven years since the colony was founded I

don't think there have been more than ten cases of people "backing out".

One of the "commanders", D., appeared at the colony when he was thirteen. He is now seventeen and for the last two years has been in charge of a detachment consisting of fifty people most of whom are older than he is. I have been told he is a good comrade, a very strict and fair commander. In his autobiography he writes: "While a member of the Komsomol, I became infected with anarchism and because of that was expelled. I love life and best of all music and books. I adore music."

At his suggestion the boys and girls at the colony made me a magnificent present: two hundred and eighty-four members of the colony wrote their autobiographies for me. D. for his part included some lyric verse in Ukrainian. Indeed several of the colony's inmates write poetry. They put out an impressively illustrated journal entitled *Promin (Ray of Light)* which a group of three edit and which is illustrated by another of the colony's "commanders" C., who, while clearly talented and serious in his intentions, is most modest and diffident with regard to his ability.

He is a refugee from Poland and started out on his homeless wanderings at the age of eight. After running away from a children's colony in Yaroslavl he started pickpocketing in trams. Later he was taken in by a dental technician and at that stage developed an urge for "reading and drawing". Yet the pull to return to the streets proved too strong and he ran away from the dental technician, making off with several pre-revolutionary gold coins. These he spent on books,

paper and paints. After spending some time as a stoker's mate sailing the White Sea, because of his poor eye-sight he was obliged to return to the mainland. He then found employment as an instructor in the "collection of taxes in kind" in the River Pechora area among the Zirians, learnt their language and lived among the Samoyeds; he crossed the Urals on a dog-sleigh as far as Obdorsk, then made his way to Arkhangelsk, where he lived by thieving and slept in doss-houses, before he took up sign-writing and scene painting. He took art lessons, at the same time covering the seven-year school programme and then after forging his papers, was taken on at the Vyatka arts and crafts school. "I passed the exams better than most and was singled out as a talented drawer and painter, but found it difficult to believe." He was placed in charge of cultural activities by the student committee. However in the winter during the holidays "I was arrested, since it had come to light that my documents were forged and till the spring I was in a detention centre." But even there he did a lot of reading, and was again put in charge of cultural activities. Later he became a reporter for the paper *Severnaya Pravda.*

All this was recounted without any ostentation and of course without the slightest trace of a desire to arouse pity. It was recounted in simple everyday words: I made my way through a swamp, then a wood, lost my way, came out onto a sandy track where the going was hard.

It would take a long time to reproduce the whole of C.'s biography. So far it takes us up to the moment when he appeared on his own free

will at the colony in Kuryazh and started to live there, working energetically, studying and then taking charge of the young fry. "As before I want to become a real man, I love books and drawing," he writes. He is a good-looking, well-built youth wearing glasses: he has a proud face and a brief, controlled turn of phrase. He is astonishingly considerate and attentive towards young children, and very mild in his dealings with comrades of his own age. Perhaps this is because in his own life there was an incident in Arkhangelsk when he "got to know another fellow, also an artist, and, what's more, one who simply adored literature. His name was Vaska but we had little time together because he hanged himself after pinning to his chest a note with the words: 'I owe the landlady eight kopecks, if you get hold of any—pay them back.'"

C., there is no doubt, has been generously endowed by Nature with talent and now I feel sure there is no danger that he will come to a sorry end. His biography is no exception, most of those sent me from Kuryazh in letters and recounted to me there were very similar.

Where did all these homeless children come from? They were children of refugees from the Western provinces scattered through Russia by the tide of war, orphans whose parents had perished in the years of the Civil War, epidemics and famine. Children with unfortunate heredity and ill-equipped to withstand the temptations of the street, had for the most part come to grief in those hard times; those who survived were those

capable of standing up for themselves, fitted for the struggle for survival, tough little characters. They were ready to undertake any work, found it easy to submit to labour discipline, if tactfully treated and if what they saw as their personal dignity was not encroached upon: they were anxious to study and study well. They understood the importance of collective labour and how advantageous it was. I should have said that life is a first-class, though stern teacher of the strong among us, and brought up those children to be collectivist "in spirit". Yet at the same time almost every one of them was a real personality, already more or less clearly formed, an individual with a "face of his own." The young people from Kuryazh make an unexpected impression of being "well brought-up". This was particularly noticeable in their attitudes to the "youngsters" and to the "new arrivals" who had either turned up on their own accord, or been brought along. The young children found themselves in an amazing atmosphere of kind concern created by youths and girls who out in the world of the street would have seemed infinitely intimidating. After all it was these boys and girls in their teens who used to strike them, exploit them, teach them to steal, drink vodka and many other things besides.

I felt amazingly at ease and relaxed amongst them, although I find it hard to talk with children and am always afraid of saying something that goes too far, a fear which keeps me tongue-tied. Yet the children from Kuryazh did not arouse that fear in me. Incidentally there was no need for me to make a special effort to talk

with them, because they themselves could tell fine stories and all of them had countless adventures to tell.

The highly developed sense of comradeship that exists between them is to be felt among the girls as well (there are over fifty of them in the colony). One of them aged sixteen, a cheerful girl with reddish hair and intelligent eyes, talked to me about the books she had read and suddenly started up in a thoughtful voice: "Here I am talking to you, and yet I was a prostitute once for two whole years."

Those unnerving words were said in such a way as if she was thinking back to a nightmare she had. I realised at once that her words were no more than an unexpected parenthesis, included by chance in the lively flow of her story.

Just like the boys, the girls there were healthy ones and appeared equally "well brought-up", worked with the utmost energy and enthusiasm which made of even the heaviest work a light-hearted game. They were the "housekeepers" of the colony, also divided up into detachments, each with its "commander". They washed, sewed, mended, worked in the fields and in the vegetable gardens. The canteen and the dormitories in the colony were always clean, and although simply and modestly furnished, the rooms had a homely air. It was the girls who added touches of greenery to the corners and walls, or even bunches of wild flowers or sweet-smelling dried herbs. Everywhere you could feel that real care was taken and that the girls went out of their way to enhance the lives of the four hundred young people.

Who could have changed beyond recognition and re-educated hundreds of children who had been dealt such cruel and humiliating blows by life? The organiser and man in charge of this colony is Anton Makarenko, undoubtedly a great teacher. The boys and girls in the colony clearly love him and talk about him in tones of such pride as if they themselves had created him. His exterior is a little stern—a somewhat taciturn man in his forties, with a large nose and sharp intelligent eyes; he resembles an officer or a village teacher with a deep sense of vocation. He talks with a slightly hoarse or croaky voice as if he had a cold, has slow movements and manages to be everywhere, see everything; he knows each of the children at the colony and can sum them all up in half a dozen words providing an instant photograph of his or her character. He seems to feel the need to turn to the youngsters with a kind word, to flash them a smile in passing, or pat their closely cropped heads.

At the meetings of the commanders when the progress of work and the questions of food supply at the colony are being discussed in business-like fashion and they point out to each other shortcomings in the work of the various detachments, mistakes and omissions, Makarenko sits to one side and only on rare occasions puts in a word or two. His additions are nearly always in the form of reproaches yet they are uttered as if by an elder comrade. The commanders listen attentively to what he says and feel no qualms at arguing with him, as if he was another of their number, the twentyfifth commander recognihsed bythe

other twenty-four as the most intelligent and experienced.

Makarenko introduced to the daily pattern of life in the colony certain military elements and this lies at the heart of his differences with the Ukrainian education department. At six o'clock in the morning the bugle sounds the reveille in the courtyard. At seven o'clock after breakfast, there is another bugle call and the boys and girls form up in a square in the middle of the courtyard; in the centre of the square the colony's banner is held aloft, and to each side of the standard-bearer stand two other youngsters with rifles. Makarenko announces in brief the order for the day's work and if misdemeanours have been committed public censure is pronounced, as previously agreed upon by the council of commanders. Finally each detachment is led out to work by its commander. This whole ceremony seems to be enjoyed by the children.

There was still more ceremony, if not ritual, connected with the delivery by the colony of the five rail trucks of crates to the representative of the factory that had ordered them. The colony's orchestra played away with all its might, speeches were made on the great significance of work that serves to create cultural values, on free collective labour which helps men to lead a just life, and only the abolition of private property fosters friendship and brotherhood among men, wiping out life's sorrows and dramas. It was impossible not to be moved as we watched those rows of endearing, serious little faces, those four hundred pairs of eyes, when, with proud smiles, they looked over towards the carts load-

ed with crates worked by the colony's carpenters. A splendid, exultant "Hurrah!" burst forth from those four hundred young throats. Makarenko is able to talk to children about work with a quiet, controlled strength, which they understand and appreciate far more than any fine phrases. A vivid example of this is to be found in my opinion in the following excerpt from a short preface he wrote to the biographies of his charges.

"After I had printed the hundgredth biography, I realised that I was reading the most remarkable book that I had ever had the good fortune to read. Here in concentrated form was an account of children's suffering told in the simplest, starkest words. Each line made me feel that the stories were not aimed at rousing anybody's pity, or making any particular kind of impact but were straightforward, sincere accounts by small people abandoned and isolated who had not been used to relying on sympathy but only to exposure to a hostile world and who had learnt to accept that situation. Here of course was the terrible tragedy of our times—yet this tragedy was only visible to us, while the children from the Gorky Colony were unaware of it, for they were used to having the world treat them in this callous way.

"For me, perhaps, there was more suffering in this tragedy than for anyone else. Over the course of eight years I had to witness not only the hideous suffering of these children who had been thrown into the gutter, but also the severe psychological distortions resulting from that suffering. I did not have the right to limit my

attitudes to them to mere sympathy and pity. I had long since realised that in order to rescue them I had always to be most demanding, stern and firm. I had to be as much a philosopher in regard to their sorrows as they were towards themselves.

"It was here that my tragedy lay and I feel this particularly now as I read these notes.... And this problem ought to be a tragedy for all of us, a tragedy we have no right to ignore. Those who are only ready to taste the sweet balm of pity and the shallow desire to give children a certain amount of pleasure are merely masking their hypocrisy with empty talk of children's suffering, that is so commonplace for them as to represent no more than cheap children's woes."

Apart from the colony in Kuryazh I also visited the Dzerzhinsky Commune near Kharkov. There were only 100 or 120 children there at the time and it seemed to have been set up in order to demonstrate what, ideally, a labour colony for young law-breakers or socially dangerous elements should be like. The inmates are housed in a two-storey building specially built for the purpose which has nineteen windows in the front wall. It also has three workshops—for woodwork, shoe-making and for training mechanics and metal workers; they are equipped with the last word in machinery and a wide variety of tools. The workshops are well ventilated and very light because of the large windows. The children are in comfortable overalls, their dormitories are spacious and the bed-linen of good quality, the same applies to the baths and showers,

the spruce well-lit classrooms, the assembly hall, the well-stocked library, the plentiful supply of text-books. Everything is sparklingly clean, a quite exemplary establishment and the children look so healthy it is almost as if they had been specially picked for display purposes. Founders of such establishments would find a good deal to learn from within these walls.

Lavr Stepanchenko*

MAKARENKO AS I REMEMBER HIM

1. THE THREE MUSKETEERS

It was in the autumn of 1912. At the time I was a young stripling of twenty straight out of the Novobugsky teachers' training college and had been recommended to the inspector of public schools as a possible principal. I was assigned to my first post in a one-class school at the village adjacent to Dolinskaya Station on the Southern Railway.

...

The school was housed in a rented building. It consisted of a large room containing fifteen desks. Next to it was a tiny room for me, the principal. It was there that I was to meet a man with short cropped hair, short in height in comparison with myself, whose sharp, slightly narrowed eyes gleamed out from behind his pince-nez perched on his large nose, and whose ironical smile never left his lips. The prickly tone in

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which he talked to me suited his "hedgehog" hair-cut most aptly.... But I should start from the beginning....

Being a village boy, the son of a farm labourer, I was shy to the point of embarrassment. Well aware of the limitations of my own education, I used to avoid encounters with people who might outshine me and thereby wound my highly vulnerable pride. That was why I was in no hurry to make the acquaintance of teachers from the large railway school.

One evening I was engrossed in violin exercises, so that either I must have failed to hear the knock or the entrance was not preceded by one, since all of a sudden peals of laughter burst forth and the unexpected noise made me turn round abruptly to find three people. In front stood a dark-haired giant fixing me with a hypnotic glance. Still roaring with laughter he turned to his companions and said: "Have you ever seen the like? It appears he is even a fiddler! There's a find for you! My dear, with talents like that you'll soon have us all dazzled! Why do you hide yourself away like this?"

When I refrained from replying, and just stood there and shyly shrugged my shoulders, another man in the group, a short fellow with close-cropped hair and caustic smile, remarked with what I then took for blatant condescension: "He obviously prefers the company of rats, who have gathered in this "castle" in great numbers, for with their sensitive hearing they can take delight in his music."

He scrutinised me as if he was ruling with his nose an invisible but highly unpleasant line

right down me from head to foot, and stretched out his hand; then finally he gave me a disparaging "hem" and moved over to one side.

I was immediately filled with violent hatred for him. "You stick to a fellow like a leech, you do!" I thought to myself. "Anyone would think I had asked you to come and see me! The sooner you vanish into thin air the better."

"Don't be surprised and don't take offence. That's our mustard-paper of an Anton, and as you very well know mustard-papers not only scorch you but also do you good," said the third member of the group. He won me over with his kindness that seemed positively to shine forth out of him and astonished me with his enormously long moustaches. His moustache also served as an object of irony for the "mustard-paper". On that occasion as well he did not let the opportunity pass him by.

"You be on your guard, cockroach, or I'll pull out those "feelers" of yours and you won't know where you're going any more!"

As I was later to learn the trio consisted of laughing giant Mikhail Kampantsev, "mustard-paper" Anton Makarenko and "cockroach" Georgi Orlov who were later to become my good friends.

2. THE MIRACLE-WORKER

One day I was sitting outside on a bench with Makarenko when a man in rags came up to us. "Sir, spare a crust of bread!" At that Anton said to him: "It's not bread you want but

vodka." "But you're right, Sir! How did you see through me!?" asked the cadger. "Here's three rubles: go and buy however much you need, but bring me back the change," came the answer.

The fellow took the three-ruble note with a preoccupied look in his eye, as if he was looking at one for the first time, scrutinised it, then peered at the amazing "Sir" and walked off. He did not hurry as he walked away, but seemed to drag his steps somehow, as if he was finding it heavy going; nor did he pocket the money at once but went on holding it on his outstretched hand. When he was lost from sight I turned on Makarenko calling him a raving lunatic. He answered with a smile: "Are you familiar with the scriptures? Remember how it is written that with faith man can remove mountains. Well I wish to remove mountains."

Those words were far more than a passing jest. The whole of that creative teacher's life, the life of that connoisseur of the human heart, the subtle, and I would say unsurpassed, psychologist, was truly spent in moving mountains, in creating a new system of communist education.

To be brief, as we sat there discussing this question we noticed all of a sudden that the cadger was on his way back.

"Take your money back, Sir" said the man with an awkward look as he held out the note.

"But why didn't you have a drink?" asked Anton in artless fashion.

"I have!... You got me real tight, Sir. Thank you! I'll remember it for as long as I live! Take it," he insisted.

I looked back at Anton. He was beaming!...

"I shan't take the money: you need it very badly, and it wasn't the last I had."

"Yes, I do need the money," he said lowering his head dejectedly and then after a pause added: "Down at the station I have a child."

Quickly taking out his purse, Anton gave him another note. I also handed him something. The man was so much at a loss that he could not even bring out a "thank you". He looked at us as if stunned, took his leave with a silent bow of the head and walked away in the direction of the station.

"You see!" the "miracle-worker" remarked in excitement.

"I saw," I replied. "But you should have made sure he did have a child."

"How dare you say that! Yet I suppose children should test all their knowledge out in practice after all," he said with a laugh.

I did not take offence at the comparison but I could not stop myself making sure nonetheless: I was so intrigued. Down by the station building I came across our friend of that morning and with him were a woman and a young child. The adults were hungrily devouring some bread and washing it down with hot water, while the child was holding some sausage in one hand and a long sweet in a striped wrapper in the other....

3. HOW THE GLUE WAS FOUND

The children all adored him without exception. And it was hardly surprising, for he used to spend all his time with them. In the autumn

and spring, there were always ball games, skittles, tugs-of-war. There was no end to the laughter and merriment. Then in the winter evening parties and concerts were held: large numbers of children always took part and the occasions were always interesting and colourful. Makarenko was always in the centre of things, witty, tireless and with zest for life.

Once I happened to be present while preparations were in full swing for a school party. Material and paper were being cut out, people were sewing and sticking together costumes and decorations and building wierd and wonderful wire constructions. What a gay mood reigned and how absorbed they all were in what they were doing! Armour, halberds, shields sprang to life and suddenly...the Sindeticon glue disappeared, which brought all work to a halt. What was to be done? One of the pupils suggested that a search be organised. Other suggestions were also put forward but Anton just sat there in a stubborn silence. An oppressive hush fell over the assembled company.

"A search is an insult to man's sense of dignity, a humiliation. None of the other suggestions are suitable either," he declared quite categorically. "We must think up something else."

With impatience I waited for his decision, which sure enough came in the end.

The classroom where the incident took place was large. What was more some of the desks had been taken out of it earlier and many chairs brought in their place. Then came an order, not a request but precisely an order, that the

chairs be arranged in a circle and everyone sit down. That decision immediately added a note of alarm to the proceedings, or at least added to the significance of the moment and what was to follow. Everyone sat down. Each person was told to step forward into the middle of the ring and after turning round look everyone else in the eyes.

Some of the children stepped forward calmly and looked into the eyes of those seated with a cheerful smile. Then one of the boys rose from his chair with a muffled sigh. Dejectedly he walked to the centre of the ring and looked at me with a dull gaze. I grasped his clumsy manoeuvre: I was a stranger and it was easier to look at me. Then came a command for him to turn round. After me his gaze met Makarenko's and he blushed and hung his head. The next minute he took out the ill-starred glue from his pocket, but the others made him finish his turn full-circle. The unfortunate thief turned round and wept. I sat there amazed and downhearted.... When he had stared hard at the boy there had been both sadness and triumph in Anton Makarenko's gaze.

After the ensuing indignation had died down followed by a whole shower of suggestions as to how to punish the culprit one of the girls protested. He had already had a strong dose of punishment and there was no need to go too far. Makarenko told her she was a bright girl and that he agreed with her.

4. THE JOLLY TEACHER

After asking what letter I planned to introduce to the children the next day, he left the room. The next morning, to my great astonishment, Makarenko appeared again before lessons started and asked for my permission to take the class in my place.

"I want to be in your shoes for a bit," he explained.

I found it interesting to see how a man who had never worked with three groups in one classroom before would cope with the situation.

After giving the two elder groups work to be getting on with on their own, with a broad warm smile Makarenko approached the first-class pupils.

"Well then, friends (not children or my children, but "friends"), what and how are you managing to read so far."

The "friends" of course were at once aware that the teacher was not an angry man: they broke into smiles and, interrupting each other as they went, started to announce for all to hear what they had accomplished.

"Sh-sh-sh..." said Anton putting a finger to his lips and pointing to the elder groups, as if to warn against disturbing them.

The children of course quietened down. For some reason Anton went up to the desk right at the back and put his hand on one of the girls' head: "Let's have you read for us, Anechka."

"But my name's Sonya," the girl declared standing up and turning a trustful gaze at her teacher.

"Oh, I'm sorry Sonya, I got muddled: it's the girl next to you who's called Anechka, isn't it?"

"No, my name's Vera," chirped the girl at the desk in question.

"Oh, it is, is it? I've been muddling things up again. I'll remember now that you are Sonya and you are Vera. Come on then, Sonya and Vera, out front with you, I want you to read aloud for the rest of us."

All the pupils in turn were called upon to read after that, and they all did so willingly and with gay enthusiasm. To my surprise he even called upon one small boy to read, who had considerable difficulty in making out the words. The boy managed to read his lesson.

I listened to them reading away and thought to myself: he will not have time to introduce a new letter. Yet I was soon proved wrong.

"Well my friends, your reading is coming along fine! Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed and then after a pause he asked: "Now what was that last word I used?"

"Ha, ha, ha," came back the merry reply in chorus.

"That's right. I used the word 'ha' three times. Now let's say it again altogether."

Keeping in time with the teacher's clapping the children repeated it.

"That's the way. And now I shall say the word again without you, but listen carefully." This time Makarenko came out with just a wide "A-a-a..."

"But you didn't say it all!"

"You didn't do it right!"

"You didn't put the 'huh' in!"

There was a whole barrage of protests.

"What was it I didn't say?"

"Huh!" the children blew back at their teacher.

"The 'huh' must have been such a mouthful that it got stuck in my throat and didn't manage to keep pace with the 'a'."

At that the children burst into happy laughter of course, and the teacher laughed with them. Yet Makarenko as he laughed stressed the 'h' sound at the beginning of each of his "ha's".

"Well, my friends, that word 'ha' we can print up on the board right away and read it back.... You know the letter 'A', and here's the letter 'H' for you. Up you go to the board, Vanya, and write it up and then we'll read it." With obvious enjoyment the children started "ha-ha-ing" for their teacher.

"You see you're laughing now and we can write down your laughing and read it back. People laugh with different words: ha-ha-ha, hee-hee-hee, ho-ho-ho...."

There was no stopping them by this time....

"There you are. We've only got 'ha-ha-ha' down on the board so far and that's enough for the moment," said Makarenko, coming out with another "ha-ha-ha" for the class. He then walked up to the blackboard and asked if any of the pupils wanted to write up the new word on the board. Of course there were plenty of eager volunteers and soon another "ha-ha-ha" went up onto the board. The children laughed with their teacher. Then of course they copied down the new letter.

Makarenko had spent about thirty minutes working with these youngsters (in those days each lesson used to last about fifty minutes). The children wished the teacher a friendly goodbye and all started enquiring if he would be coming back and go on teaching them.

When I asked Makarenko later why he had called upon all the children to read, and in front of the whole class what was more—for I used to ask only a few pupils to read, as I had been instructed during my training—Makarenko exclaimed in astonishment: "But you must! Why on earth hurt any of the youngsters? Didn't you see how pleased they were?"

"Yes, of course I did."

"Reading before the rest of the class adds a note of solemn importance to the task somehow, it enhances the occasion and, if you like, seems to give the children more of a sense of responsibility. A sense of responsibility is something that should be fostered from the nappy stage onwards."

I must confess that in the past I did not give much thought to such things in my work with children. Indeed we were not encouraged to do so while training. There all the lessons were arranged according to plan and all that mattered was whether the plan was fulfilled. We were never called upon to give more serious thought to the lesson or the children. Either our own teachers never gave thought to such things or they were reluctant to encourage us to give thought to such matters, since that might, God forbid, lead to all kind of seditious ideas.

At that I asked in what books on education Makarenko had come across this approach.

"This one and that one," he replied prodding at his forehead and heart, smiling the while. "Our profession after all is a highly creative one. We must think and feel—deeply, responsibly; after all it is *man* we are trying to build!" All that was like a revelation for me, it sounded so fresh and new.

I did not analyse Anton's lesson, and ponder as to whether it had been a good or a bad lesson from a strictly professional point of view. I was preoccupied with its newness and originality. The children took that task upon themselves. When I went back into the classroom alone, they at once started bombarding me with questions, and asked why the "jolly man" had not come back too and whether he would be coming again.

"That's not just a 'jolly man', that's Anton from the railway school: everybody knows him," announced a boy from Group III in an authoritative tone, with a hint of respect, almost pride, in his voice.

Yes, almost everyone did know him....

Looking back to those distant days and recalling my work in my school, I shall always see before me our Anton, that rare, gifted man, whom everyone loved.

Galina Makarenko*

REMINISCENCES

I caught my first glimpse of Anton Makarenko in the Ukrainian People's Commissariat for Education in 1922. At that time a great deal was already being said in Ukrainian education circles about the Maxim Gorky Colony near Poltava and the reports were most conflicting ones.

I visited the Gorky Colony for the first time in the spring of 1927 in the company of one of the commissariat's inspectors, when it had already been transferred to Kuryazh near Kharkov.

It was an overcast day with a storm blowing when we drove into the grounds of the establishment.

There were large trees growing round the edge of the courtyard and between these were neatly arranged small white houses with inviting wooden porches. Flowerbeds were laid out in the front gardens and in the middle of the grounds

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there loomed the huge building of the erstwhile monastery's main church. The grounds and the church were so enormous that three cars standing there in a row looked like toy ones. Our car drew to a halt in that improvised car park and we stepped out on to the firm gravel of the courtyard.

It was interesting to meet the organisers, custodians and commanders of that obviously well-ordered way of life. I should point out that I arrived at the Gorky Colony in a mood of cool scepticism and did not look forward in the least to the next few hours of official tedium, so often experienced during short visits to children's establishments.

By that time I had already visited about two hundred orphanages, had myself run an orphanage for 150 children, knew the workings of such organisations and the immeasurable problems and work involved and the relatively modest standards—maximum and minimum—which had by then been achieved thanks to our efforts in the majority of such establishments.

There is no denying that my mood at that moment was by no means receptive for what I thought lay in store for me. However the order within the extensive grounds of the Gorky Colony was of itself remarkable for a start. There were five hundred young boys and girls resident in the colony at that time and at least thirty members of staff together with their families. From my own experience I knew all too well that in children's establishments there was no point in preparing anything for show purposes even for a period of a few hours, if the institution in question lacked effective organisation.

We walked up to the main building. The front door yielded easily to our touch and swung smoothly shut behind us. There was no thunderous spring attachment fitted at the top. That detail was also a pleasant surprise. Reliable springs to keep doors shut had become such a firmly established "education" principle that even teachers' training colleges had come to regard them as indispensable. It appeared that even would-be teachers were taught in advance not to notice the ear-splitting din made by such fitments.

In a small modest hall we were welcomed by a youth wearing a red silk arm-band. With a restrained smile he greeted us and said that the Gorky Colony was happy to welcome visitors, that we had arrived later than expected and that, although lunch had been served, the twelfth detachment to whose table we were invited was waiting for us. While we were taking our coats off I was told that the boy was a detachment commander and a Komsomol member, had been put in charge of the colony for that day and that his surname was Krupov.* He was on duty that day and was responsible for general discipline. Once more he came up and then entrusted us to the care of a member of the reception committee, a girl aged about fourteen. There was not one adult to be seen in the hall.

The girl greeted us politely, almost amiably, and as she led us through into the dining room asked questions about the state of the road lead-

* After graduating from the Mining Institute in 1939 Krupov was appointed chief engineer of a large mine and later presented with a state award.

ing through the meadows, saying that our driver would also be invited to lunch at our table and there was no need for us to worry on that account. She opened the door and we walked into an enormous, light hall filled with long tables. The tables were covered with white tablecloths, numerous vases of flowers had been laid out and there was an abundant quantity of golden-brown Ukrainian pies and all kinds of other victuals to be seen, bottles of wine and lemonade. A similar festive meal for all pupils and members of staff was served every year to open the solemn celebrations for March 28th—the birthday of their beloved patron and source of inspiration, Maxim Gorky. On that day only the colony's friends were invited over. (It was quite by chance that I was amongst their number on that occasion.)

Makarenko had clearly already been informed of our arrival and came to meet us. When we walked up to the table of the twelfth detachment he said: "Comrades, these are our guests." All the children greeted us and then, together with Makarenko, we all had dinner. Our places were all neatly laid: we were shown our seats and the children served us our meal with that cheerful attentiveness which was one of the distinctive features of life in the Gorky Colony and later in the Dzerzhinsky Commune. Our hosts from the twelfth detachment were boys and girls of various ages. Makarenko was still a young man, well-mannered, indeed extremely refined in his ways, reserved and slightly aloof.

A general conversation soon started up, in which some of the older children also took part,

and although it was immediately clear that their attitude to Makarenko was one of what one might call respectful veneration, there was not even the slightest trace of inhibition about them. One could sense that they all shared common interests and were working to achieve a common goal, something that they were creating together, but for which they also bore a joint responsibility.

I was struck at first by various other things: in the large hall specially constructed to ensure that sermons and church chorales would be easily heard, an animated celebration meal was being enjoyed by several hundred children and adults. Gay laughter rang out, lively conversation and jokes could be heard, but there was no real noise as such. The young people had obviously mastered the art of adapting their voices to the numbers present and the occasion. This was always true of the Gorky Colony and the Dzerzhinsky Commune.

The gay meal lasted a long time and all the intricate organisation such a major undertaking involved was shouldered by the girls and boys themselves. They acquitted themselves of their tasks rapidly and deftly. The adults sat calmly at the tables and were served with friendly politeness.

After the meal Makarenko suggested that the guests should look round the colony. There was a large number of guests and a whole company of us moved off. We were shown the conservatory where the humid air was filled with the scent of flowers, the timber-drying shed, the cattle-yard and the stables. A large number of stoves

were burning in the new spacious building containing the dormitories and there was a homely crackling of logs to be heard. We also visited the school building and the room made over to the Komsomol organisation—well equipped and business-like young people's headquarters. The Pioneers' meeting room was filled with a large number of toys and models, which the children themselves had put together, equipment for artistic pursuit, and on a long table lay a current collection of mathematical brain-teasers—the leading light behind all the Pioneers activities was Viktor Tersky. We were also shown round the library with its stock of 5,000 books and reading rooms. A regular sea of glasshouses had been covered with straw matting to provide extra protection against the frost. Among the greenhouses was the only place where we came across an adult—agronomist Nikolai Fere.

Everywhere we went neatly dressed boys and girls seemed to be energetically and happily setting about their work: after saluting in answer to our greeting they would immediately settle back to work again. There were no disgruntled expressions to be seen, they were working quickly, in a business-like fashion.

At the entrance to each building we came across, those in charge would appear unexpectedly and with hardly a sound: these were still boys and girls from the colony, at whose behest the doors and cupboards would open with a gentle click. I soon stopped being taken by surprise, and settled down to feeling like Alice in Wonderland, while Makarenko himself seemed to play

the role of some magician or other, in possession of the rarest of secrets.

One moment of our visit made a particularly strong impression on me and that was our visit to the timber-drying shed. It was situated at a considerable distance from the residential buildings and it took us a long time to reach it along a narrow little path. The spring twilight had a green tinge to it. At last we walked into a long building without windows. In the semi-darkness piles of planks could be seen. The air was hot from the invisible drying-unit. A simple weight-clock was ticking loudly. Two lads were sitting on the planks, and at the tough boys' feet lay a large, light-haired dog. The boys jumped nimbly to their feet and saluted us: their names were Mitya Chevilii and Vitya Gorkovsky.*

In his distinctive tone, which managed to be both official and friendly and which I was then hearing for the first time, Makarenko addressed a question-cum-instruction to them: "Are you finding it boring today?" One of the boys answered: "The drying-work goes on until ten. We shall be in time for the second half of the concert and the dancing." In a warm and approving tone Makarenko commented with a brief "Fine", and out we all went.

It was dark by the time we came back to the main buildings. Makarenko did not explain anything to us, he did not try to convince us or persuade us of anything as other directors of such

* Chevilii later graduated from the Odessa school of navigation and then went to sail the Arctic Ocean. Gorkovsky worked at the Kharkov tractor plant.

establishments used to do, yet it was clear that he did not regard this flourishing community as something of a special achievement. It was obvious that for him clearly defined, regular order was his normal element. He talked of the boys and girls who would be leaving the colony that year and the jobs that had been arranged for them to go to. Some of them would be receiving a higher education, others starting work in factories, and the colony already maintained close contacts with all these organisations. It was impossible not to sense a powerful tradition within the colony, that of well-established ties with former members to ensure that their erstwhile "family" collective provided them with material and moral support.

As we were walking up to the central building staccato notes of a brass bugle rang out merrily signalling to the commanders that they should come along to report.

By this time the main assembly hall was looking very different. The tables had been carried out into the regular dining room and simple furniture from the club had been put in instead. The hall was well lit and the colony's fine band was playing for all it was worth. The boys and girls all dressed in their best were keyed up for the festivities that would follow and I thought back to the two girls who saw to it that the necessary temperature was maintained in the conservatory, about Vitya and Mitya in the dark drying-shed so far away, and many others who, in their own particular domain, were working away so happily and energetically to further the common cause.

Some of the visitors started to talk to Makarenko about techniques for allocation of duties. He commented that because it was impossible to leave the conservatory unattended for even an hour during the cold season, a shift system had to be introduced there involving two-hour watches and that tonight's watchmen would have to leave the festivities when their turn came round. With a slightly perplexed note in his voice he asked me: "What else can we do? It is by no means an easy task to learn to exercise self-control like that; without good training in such things from childhood, who knows how a man will react when he grows up and will have more independence and boldness. They'll abandon their jobs and just walk off. Such cases are far from rare. But then if you ask who is to blame, one is always told that they must have been badly brought up."

At that time I still had a good number of prejudices colouring my views on such questions and I sympathised with the objection put forward by one of the guests. "But work out there for them must be boring. Surely you won't deny that." Makarenko smiled and replied: "Well now, comrades, we should respect our fellow-men more than that. Why is it boring? The wish to accomplish exploits and make sacrifices is very marked in man. Then, in this awareness of one's own strength one finds far more joy than in the simple hackneyed entertainments. When it comes to our young people, once they have experienced this feeling a few times, there will be no holding them back. It is important to foster that joy. We teachers expound academic subjects for whole

decades, while we leave their character-building to go its own sweet way, although if the truth be told, that is the very foundation of true education."

The assembled adults started to argue over that question, although Makarenko's argument would admit of no objections. First of all Makarenko remained silent and then, as if he was answering his own thoughts, he pointed out: "In *Dead Souls* there is a striking passage: 'Take with you on your way as you set forth after the gentle years of boyhood into stern manhood ... take with you all human impulses, do not leave them on the roadway, for you will never gather them up later.'" Here I quoted Pushkin's words: "Learn well, my son, for knowledge does condense for us the various experiences of our quickly flowing life." "Yes," mused Makarenko, "that too, only here a Soviet alteration is required. The young need to be given a specific selection of new impulses or stimuli in this world of ours so that they should not overtax themselves on account of lack of experience. There are few among us like that—most people opt for the easy way out. The young ones are likely not to overtax themselves however. Yet to compel someone to take with him on his way the essential and in such a way that it might not be lost en route is work for us teachers."

Without warning he turned to one of the boys who had been listening attentively to the whole conversation and asked: "Don't you think so, Alexei? Literature is something so useful and you read very little, I see from the library register. You still seem to think that novels are just plain

fabrication. Yet you can learn a great deal from them."

Alexei did not seem nonplussed, on the contrary he was happy to have become the object of our attention. "Do you learn from them?" he replied with yet another question. Makarenko looked hard and seriously at him, straight in the eye, and said: "Of course I do; what did you think?" The boy's reaction to that echoed such naive bewilderment that we all burst out laughing when he said: "But why you, you know so much already." Makarenko too burst into loud, unabashed laughter. All at once he seemed relaxed and accessible and I think that the pupils must have felt particularly close to him at moments like those. Usually he kept a clearly defined distance between himself and his charges. To Alexei he went on: "You strange lad, you have forgotten about men's appetites—the more you know the more you want to know." An intricate, well-executed bugle call pierced the night air summoning us to an assembly meeting.

After the speeches and announcements which did not last very long and the ensuing concert came dancing—a regular ball, complete with a brass band. The adults—guests and staff—sat and admired the young people, as always happens on such occasions. Makarenko also joined us and asked me if I liked music, seeking approval of the band, telling me it had fifty instruments and would soon be larger still. There was no denying the pride he took in it. "I couldn't get along without a band," he confessed: "No real collective can manage without one! You know, we

are far from well off here, and it was difficult to get a band together, but we preferred to go without certain other things. A good band is an important source of culture for them all, the pride of our collective and it also provides an effective, tangible expression of our unity."

To the notes of the last march we walked out into the black night. The colony had its own electric generator of limited capacity and it was out of the question to light up the whole courtyard. Makarenko escorted us, the women visitors, to a special room put aside to accommodate us for the night. It was so dark that there could be no thought of returning to town there and then.

When we drew level with the church, someone called out: "Who goes there?" A pocket torch was switched on and the oval patch of light it made enabled us to pick out a youth standing there with a rifle and two restless dogs. Makarenko introduced him to us as Misha Charsky, the head watchman. Misha told him: "And I thought a stranger was coming along. But you see the dogs, they recognised you. Earlier today they caught the scent of some suspicious character, but it's so dark it's difficult to make anything out. So I strengthened the guard where necessary, and decided to have a look round myself."

We went on and Makarenko lamented in a good-natured tone: "They keep so many dogs out here that there's nowhere to move. If only they were the genuine article, but they're just common-or-garden mongrels. But to listen to what the boys tell us about them you would think they were real wolf-hounds ... the great feats

they've accomplished!... There cannot have been any suspicious characters around here today, anywhere near the place. All that is pure imagination. Misha and his watchmen see themselves as real heroes and long for Fate to send them adventures."

Someone asked: "And were you grateful to Misha for that imagination?" Makarenko laughed by way of reply and said: "The boys surely deserve gratefulness. It doesn't stop them from doing their job well. Thanks to the trouble they take we are all able to sleep soundly."

"Just look at our apple orchard. We transplanted grown trees out here. Teachers are as yet inexperienced in making use of such splendid teaching aids. It's the pride of our colony. To guard the orchard here is a much more pleasant and useful task than climbing into other people's to steal apples. It's not just a question of apples. Life is what's important, life with all the impressions it brings us, helping us to live our lives. If there is no real danger to be had then better imaginary danger than none at all. Man's love of risk has something noble about it. Yet he must be taught to enjoy risk intelligently, in the name of the common cause."

We started to take our leave of Makarenko who invited us to visit the colony again in the summer, by which time there would be a large rose garden that would occupy a quarter of a hectare. For those next celebrations there would be coloured lights, and a band ... it would be a real occasion.... Once more he urged us to come, saying

how happy the boys and girls would be to welcome us. "Our life here is far from a rich one, but it is gay. The children really need friends and outside company. We are always happy to have visitors."

It was difficult at first to assess and appreciate the significance and role of Makarenko in the whole of that organisation; since it ran so smoothly, one was simply filled with a profound respect for the colony as a whole. Makarenko set the greatest store by this respect, for it lent the members of his collective pride and confidence in their own potential, and he succeeded in incorporating into the children's pride an important element of patriotism and a sense of duty to their Soviet homeland.

Nikolai Fere*

MY TEACHER

A friend of mine, E. A. Pyshnova after starting to work as a book-keeper at the Gorky Colony happened to inform me that Anton Makarenko was searching for an assistant, who was to be a specialist in agriculture.

Our first meeting took place at the beginning of April 1924. It was not until the evening that Makarenko could receive me in a half-dark room and he was already exhausted by arguments with representatives of the gubernia education department. His tone was far from welcoming and without asking me any questions he started right away by describing the state of the colony's economy.

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Makarenko made no attempt to disguise the difficulties that would be involved in the work, nor did he disguise his doubts with regard to my capabilities; I was still young and had only graduated three years previously in 1921, while I had no experience of teaching at all. However spring was not far off and he said that if I was ready to work it would be essential to start in Kovalyovka no later than the middle of April.

I thought the matter over. Young as I was I had learnt a good deal about life, enough to have a fairly clear picture of the far from easy road that lay ahead of me. Yet Makarenko's lack of amiability made me fear that I might well find it difficult to work with him. The idea crossed my mind that it might be best to refrain from carrying the negotiations any further but my youthful enthusiasm got the better of me: it prompted me not to let the chance of interesting work under a talented man slip away just because it was difficult, for that would be impermissible weakness.

On the appointed day, April 14, 1924, a two-wheeled cart driven by a young lad of twelve or thirteen stopped near my house.

There was no choice left open to me, but misgivings once more raised their ugly head.

"Is he coming with us too?" asked my young coachman in an uninhibited voice as he pointed at my dog Troubach, who was jumping up and down by the cart-wheels.

What could I reply? That Troubach would go if his master was going, but that his master himself could not make up his mind what to do. Perhaps it was precisely that very trusting ques-

tion put to me by the boy that decided my future.

Throwing caution to the winds, I answered gaily: "But of course, he's coming with his master!"

Spring was already well advanced. Our neighbours had already started ploughing and harrowing and some people even had started sowing. It was high time that we too went out into the fields without delay.

The next day at eight o'clock in the morning a group of pupils and teachers gathered by the stables. Before I had even had the chance to look round the fields, acquaint myself with the work force and the available equipment I was expected straight away to give instructions and show people where and what to do.... It was obvious that there was no time to elaborate any special approach to working with children. We had to make sure there was time for everything: in one place there was a plough to be mended, in another a seed-drill had to be adjusted, in a third I had to show someone how to prepare seed, in a fourth speed up the loading of seed sacks, in a fifth measure out the patch for watermelons and in a sixth help harness a horse....

From the very first day I succeeded in establishing a good, business-like relationship with the children. Perhaps this happened as I was completely immersed in my work, which meant that I did not engage in any specific education discussions, but merely worked away and demanded of the children that they too proceeded with their work conscientiously.

After planting out a good quantity of cabbages and tomatoes under glass I left some of the greenhouse space for flowers. Later they were planted out in beds in front of the main building. The children really enjoyed tending the flowers and despite the shortage of hands at the height of the season, the commanders' council—with Makarenko's complete approval—always allocated me the necessary number of youngsters for work on the flower-beds. Yet apart from those specially assigned to the work there were always many willing volunteers for the work with the flowers. It was only a very small minority of the children who were indifferent to flowers or regarded them with contempt. One of their number was young Galatenko. For a long period he used to carry out the role of water-carrier, but was later "dismissed" for his coarse behaviour and in keeping with a decision of the commanders' council sent to work in the conservatory. This transfer was specially designed to bring a positive influence to bear on him: Galatenko found himself part of the friendly company of flower growers, engrossed in "delicate" work.

One day when he went into the conservatory, Makarenko was amazed to see how diligently and carefully Calatenko was transplanting begonia seedlings with their tiny stems no thicker than a horse-hair, using a small stick split at the end. Taking me over to one side, Makarenko admitted that for a long time he had been expecting me to ask him to have Galatenko removed from the conservatory in view of his being utterly unsuitable for such a delicate occupation. I told him how interested Galatenko was in his work, how

he had mastered the running of the conservatory and kept so conscientiously to the established pattern of the work.

"However there is one strange thing about his work," I added, "he gives all the flowers his own names and does not recognise the generally accepted ones."

"What does he call them?" asked Makarenko.

"In Galatenko's world roses are 'lasses', gilly-flowers 'lads', mignonettes 'sweet-scents', begonias 'quails', snapdragons 'rabbits', lobelias 'little crosses', winter floxes 'mummies', purslanes 'children'..." I answered giving him a whole collection of the names.

This complete change that had come over Galatenko pleased Makarenko no end. He sat down on a bench near the conservatory, thought for a moment and then said that if Galatenko's feeling for beauty and love for it were developing so quickly, it was clearly important to develop this potential in other children as well. There and then Makarenko proposed that flower cultivation should be extended on such a scale that the following summer the colony would be literally drowned in a sea of flowers.

Anxious not to make a fool of myself and to prove really useful to the colony, I made a careful study of the whole organisation for the re-education of its inmates, and in particular of types of pressure brought to bear on "wrong-doers". I tried to grasp not only the specific techniques used by Makarenko but also to understand what linked them together in an overall

system, to single out its permanent core and inner logic.

At first I had the impression that Makarenko must have a notebook in which he laid down which punishments should be meted out to the pupils for this or that misdemeanour.

However I soon observed that it was only Makarenko's organisational techniques that remained more or less constant, while there was no regular pattern to be observed in the types of punishment he used. Very often for one and the same "offence" Makarenko would mete out different punishments and sometimes no punishment at all. However this "vagueness" in no way surprised or exasperated the children: they, it seemed, understood perfectly well why Makarenko approached one and the same misdemeanour in different ways in different cases.

Somewhat later I too came to understand that in the education system Makarenko was evolving far more importance was ascribed to measures enabling him to forestall a child's wrong deed, than to actual methods of punishment.

Makarenko had a real gift for getting to the bottom of children's offences. His skill in this astonished not just myself but also experienced teachers and particularly the children themselves, who were firmly convinced that "you can't hide anything from Anton".

At the end of August things started happening in our melon patches which not even Makarenko was able to puzzle out at first.

That year there was a splendid melon harvest. Each pupil was given a whole water-melon at lunch and there were more for supper too. Yet

despite this, certain of the children started tampering with the patches themselves.

The melon patches were under the care of a special detachment under one of the senior pupils, Lopotetsky. However the watch proved unsufficiently vigilant. One morning they discovered that a thief had made his way to the melon patches in the night, and a most ingenious one at that. He had cut a large piece out of about twenty melons and placed the skin back to cover the holes, so that his dirty trick was not noticed at once.

That evening at the commanders' council Lopotetsky threatened to "flay the louse alive" who had spoilt so many fine melons. Yet he did not succeed in finding the culprit, although it was quite obvious that the thief was an inmate of the colony for the day before a large knife had disappeared from the kitchen.... The next morning I heard shouts and sobs coming from the melon patches. Thinking that the children must have found the "louse" and Lopotetsky was now carrying out his threat, I hurried over in the direction of the noise. A moment later I heaved a sigh of relief seeing that Lopotetsky was merely meting out indignant reprimands to two of his fellow-guards for their negligence.

"Look, Nikolai Eduardovich," he shouted to me, "what the wretched louse has been doing!" and pointed in the direction of the "sentry-box".

There was an enormous water-melon ripening there which the children had been planning to present to Makarenko. They had cut out a star

in its green skin and under this had written "To Anton Makarenko from the Gorky Colony". That particular melon had been nicknamed the "Commissar" and had been doing well under the eagle-eye of the children: every pupil knew about its progress and was impatiently waiting for the day when they would be able to present it to Makarenko. To make sure that no "green-horn" or novice was tempted to lay a finger on that melon Lopotetsky had specially set up his "sentry-box" near the "Commissar". Now I could see that the thief had wrought havoc here as well and cut a chunk out of this melon too, once more covering up the hole with a piece of skin.

There was no consoling Lopotetsky in his despair. The children who had been on watch that night declared that they had heard a rustling in the night, as if a snake had been creeping past. With good cause Lopotetsky chided them for their negligence.

The news of this "piece of perfidy" in the melon patches spread like lightning round the colony. Nobody talked of anything else. The children grew more and more indignant. Lopotetsky and certain other of the elder boys had already started to organise their own interrogations. Makarenko put a quick stop to that and himself kept a careful eye on the children for the remainder of that day.

Even by the evening there was still no calming the children's anger. In the smithy Lopotetsky put together some trap-like gadgets which he was planning to lay on the approaches to the melon patches.

When at last there came the summons for a general assembly, filled with impatient anticipation the children rushed as fast as their legs would carry them.

Makarenko first suggested that all the commanders should give him a list of those members of their detachments who had not appeared for the assembly and note down the reasons for their absence. Then Lopotetsky took the floor giving an eloquent account of everything that had happened in the melon patches. Next, all the detachment commanders specified their suspicions. Yet none of this yielded any results. Makarenko lowered his gaze, and pondered: for a time complete silence reigned.

"Well, let's find out now which of you has a special liking for water-melons," suggested Makarenko all of a sudden.

Five or six pupils were mentioned by name. The last to speak was Mukhina, the commander of the girls' detachment who said that in her detachment Valya liked water-melons most of all.

She was a short thin little girl who had only been sent to the colony a few months before. She behaved very quietly and did not stand out in any way among the other girls. However, in a special letter sent to Makarenko from the Kharkov education department when she arrived, it had been pointed out that she had been the tipper-off in a large gang engaged in robbing people's homes. On the occasion of one unsuccessful burglary, the gang, warned of danger by Valya, had succeeded in escaping, but she herself had been caught. However there was no direct evidence against the girl and she had been hand-

ed over to the Kharkov education department's reception centre. The young robbers kept careful track of what happened to Valya and a few hours after she arrived at the reception centre she was smuggled out. It was not long before she was taken in again and sent to us in Poltava. In the accompanying letter it was recommended that she be kept under special observation since the attempt to smuggle her out might well be repeated.

When Mukhina mentioned Valya by name, Makarenko almost jumped to his feet in surprise. It seemed as if a sudden brain-wave had come to him. Yet a minute later he resumed in his usual calm voice: "Valya, come up here to the table...."

Valya's face as she walked up to him between the rows of benches expressed only one emotion, bewilderment: why had she been summoned? It seemed simply out of the question to suspect that quiet little girl of tampering with the melons....

"Why did you take the kitchen knife without permission?" asked Makarenko in the same calm voice.

"I didn't take the knife", answered Valya in what seemed a somewhat over-hasty voice.

Makarenko immediately caught the note of hastiness and assumed the offensive: "Valya, you took that knife and it would be unpleasant if I were to send the orderly to have a look and he were to find it among your things. Where did you hide it?"

Valya was silent for a moment and then she answered almost inaudibly: "It's in the matt-

ress, there's a hole in it and I just stuffed the knife in."

A few minutes later the orderly laid the unfortunate knife on the table before Makarenko. The children started whispering amongst themselves, and soon the hall was a-hum, but there was a note of astonishment in the voices of the pupils, rather than one of indignation.

"Valya, do you like water-melons very much?" Makarenko went on to ask.

"Very much. I'd never eaten any before."

"But why did you put back again the pieces of skin from the chunks you cut out?"

"I thought they'd grow back into place," answered Valya in all seriousness.

At that everyone broke out talking ... for the children and all of us it was quite unexpected that the "louse" was none other than this thin slip of a girl. Lopotetsky had already forgotten his threat to "flay the louse alive" and instead started to egg on the other lads to pick as many nettles as they could lay their hands on as soon as the meeting was over....

Makarenko cast a stern look in his direction and Lopotetsky fell silent at once.

"Valya, do you give your word that you will never again scrable into the melon patches and spoil the fruit?"

"No, I won't do it any more," she replied in a subdued voice.

Makarenko put to the vote a proposal to forgive Valya for what she had done and the other children approved his suggestion quite readily. Only Lopotetsky, the lads in his detachment and a few others "abstained". Valya went back to

her place and Makarenko then opened discussion of certain everyday problems—quite peaceful ones now.

When everyone had dispersed, Makarenko kept Lopotetsky back and, after speaking to him about various organisational matters, he finished what he had to say with the following words: "If I hear that you have been hounding Valya in any way, then you yourself will have to leave the colony. There'll be no two ways about it. You can tell that to the rest of the lads as well."

That last remark was made as if in passing, so to speak, but in such a way as to make it quite clear to Lopotetsky that Makarenko meant every word he said.

After the assembly, when I went home still preoccupied with all that had happened, with all that I had seen and heard I thought to myself how naive if not downright stupid had been my earlier thoughts about Makarenko's notebook, in which I had once thought he used to systematise all the punishments he meted out for the boys' and girls' various misdemeanours.

Every unusual occurrence in the lives of the children in his care, and even any change in their moods and behaviour, sometimes hardly perceptible ones, seemed to give Makarenko a good reason to start searching for a new solution to a previously solved question, and for new ways in which to bring positive influence to bear on the pupils. It was precisely in that way, in the currents of everyday life, that Makarenko evolved his education techniques. The fundamental principles of his system were his deep respect for the "human being in every child", flexibi-

lity and an approach to children free of any conventional stereotypes.

...In the spring of 1927 we were given a long-awaited tractor for our agricultural enterprises, and not long afterwards our friends from the State Political Directorate presented us with a second one.

The children greeted the appearance of these machines with real enthusiasm. Soon many of our young charges, long fascinated by technology, could hold their own with any qualified mechanic.

One November evening the lights went out unexpectedly, in the middle of supper. The 75 horse-power motor in our generating station had broken down. The mechanic announced that the repairs would take at least a month but if we were prepared to pay a bit extra, in other words, indulge in bribery, it would be possible to reduce the period to twenty days.... We were in a difficult position. The breakdown of the electric motor would mean that the water pumps would not be working either. Four hundred boys and girls and the staff at the colony would be without water or light, and, what was more, at a time of year when the sun rose late and the evenings were drawing in early.

First thing the next morning Makarenko called an emergency meeting of the commanders' council.

Semyon Rogdanovich, who was in charge of domestic administration, read out a list of things which it would be essential to purchase for the period when the power station and the water pumps would be out of action. He listed two hun-

dred paraffin lamps, cans, extra glass chimneys, wicks, new buckets—over a hundred items in all! The sum of unforeseen expenses seemed so enormous that the children gasped, and Makarenko asked his colleague to repeat the sum: "Excuse me, but how much did you say?"

In addition Rogdanovich requested that a special detachment be organised for filling the lamps and looking after them. The mechanic from the power station again hinted that if anyone was prepared to do a little 'palm-greasing', then perhaps the repairs would take less than a month....

Young Byelenky asked all of a sudden if he could say a word.

"I have a new proposal," he announced in a confident tone. "There's no need to buy anything, or grease anyone's palm. Let's use the tractor-engine at the power station and then the mechanic can work on the station's motor as long as he needs to...."

A deathly silence followed after our tractor driver's brief contribution to the discussion. Then everyone started talking at once and the mechanic from the power-station most heatedly of all. He pointed out quite indignantly the utter absurdity of Byelenky's proposal: "What nonsense you blather: my motor's seventy-five horse power and that's almost four times more than your tractor!" There was not much to reply to that but it turned out Byelenky and his mates had already taken the fact into account and worked everything out: they succeeded in demonstrating fairly convincingly that our power station had hardly ever worked at full capacity. The last

word was Makarenko's, however he who was usually so decisive pondered for a long time on that occasion before saying yes or no.

Translating the children's ingenuity into cold figures was impossible, yet seventy-five was indeed almost four times more than twenty!

"Are you ready to organise this project?" Makarenko asked me.

"I shall try," I answered, "I should think that by the time the evening starts to close in, by about five we should have finished the preliminaries and then we shall see...."

By five o'clock, when Makarenko came to see how we were getting on, everything was ready for the station to be set in operation. Now the decisive moment was at hand. The engine had been switched on and warmed up, the driving belt fixed round the sheaves of the tractor and the generator. Byelenky gently released the clutch and the generator started up.

At the beginning of 1928 Maxim Gorky returned home from Italy. We were quite sure that he would accept our invitation to visit the colony. At an assembly meeting Makarenko proposed that work be started immediately on preparations for the forthcoming welcome of our dear guest. All present enthusiastically approved Makarenko's idea to present Gorky with a book about the lives of the colony's inmates which they would write themselves. It was decided that the book should contain biographies of all members of the Gorky Colony.

From that moment on our collective was preoc-

cupied with one thought, and one thought only, how to prepare a fitting welcome for our honoured friend and patron. People started approaching everything from this angle: would Gorky approve of it, would he find it interesting, would he like it or remain indifferent?

When the mangel-wurzels failed to come up as early as expected owing to the cold weather, all manner of proposals were made as to how the seeds could be hurried up: someone even suggested that we might light bonfires in that part of the vegetable garden! The children were horrified at the mere thought that when Gorky walked round the grounds he might see the empty patch! The belated appearance of mangel-wurzel sprouts (which were rather good, nevertheless) was announced by those responsible for the vegetable garden as if it was an event of shattering importance.

The youngsters also cleared a large patch of ground to be planted out with flowers arranged in an elaborate MG monogram. On the walls of the club-house and main buiding carefully lettered copies of quotations from Gorky's works were hung.

Even the very youngest children were extremely busy. They caught a whole collection of small animals—a hedgehog, mice, rabbits—and somehow managed to catch various birds as well—a merlin, turtledove and hoopoe—which they tended lovingly, planning to present Gorky with this regular zoo.

In the middle of June 1928 a delegation from the colony went to Moscow to visit Gorky. The news it brought back to the effect that Gorky had

agreed to spend several days in our midst thrilled everybody. At the specially summoned commanders' council so many members of the colony appeared that the meeting had to be transferred to the club-house.

Plans for decorating the colony, for new summer clothes made for all the boys and girls and new tableware did not meet with any opposition. The difficulties arose when people started to discuss the accommodation Gorky should have during the days he was to spend at the colony. What furniture should be placed in the rooms put at his disposal? Was a mirror necessary and if so what kind: a full length one? What about the bed: would Gorky be able to fit into an ordinary bed or would he need a special one the right length? What should he be given to eat? Should the cook perhaps be taught to make some special dishes? The commander of the cobblers' detachment suggested that it should be decided whether Gorky would need special boots in case of rainy weather. It was decided that our carpenter's workshop should fashion the furniture still required and first and foremost a writing desk complete with chair. Plans were made to purchase a new bed for which the "model" would be Kalabalin, the tallest boy in the colony. The question of mirrors gave rise to a long argument but finally it was unanimously decided that full-length mirrors were only required by actresses, while Gorky would most likely not need one, and it was agreed that a small round mirror would be hung in the bedroom and a bigger one placed on the dressing-table.

The question of food was discussed at greatest

length. The children proposed that Gorky should be given those dishes which they themselves liked best: buck-wheat pudding with lard for breakfast, Ukrainian *borshch* and boiled pork for dinner, and fried potatoes and stewed fruit for supper. The head cook and matrons vehemently protested against such a menu and the children had to agree that after all such fare was perhaps a little on the heavy side. A special committee was assigned the task of deliberating that problem.

The proposal made by the commander of the cobblers' detachment was unanimously commended, however the making of boots was postponed for no one knew what size Gorky needed and this time not even Kalabalin would do as a model....

By now every day in all corners of the colony there were children to be seen washing, repairing, mending, painting, white-washing, dusting. By the time a telegram arrived to say that Gorky would be coming to Kharkov on July 8th everything was in apple-pie order.

After the parade was over, during which triumphant hurrahs and merry shouts echoed through the monastery grounds, Makarenko suggested to Gorky that he take a rest after his journey.

After a short rest Gorky asked the children to show him round the colony's grounds. The children rightly assumed that Gorky must be interested in everything there was in the colony and they showed him right round it, even the farthest corners of Kuryazh. They proudly showed him

the flowerbeds, the conservatory, the orchard, the dairy farm, the stables and the piggery. At every step they showered him with countless questions, which Gorky answered tirelessly, looking at the children with his calm, gentle and wise smile as he did so. All this was a source of undeniable enjoyment to Gorky; he took delight in the din the children were making, his arguments with them and their avid interest in everything regarding the colony and their urge to find out what he thought about all aspects of their life.

In the conservatory Gorky was the first to agree that the gilly-flowers had a sweet scent, the roses a still sweeter one, that tobacco-flowers and matthiola were not much to look at but had a very attractive scent as well, and that it was stupid for snap-dragons to have been given that name for they did not look in the least like dragons.

While being shown round the piggery Gorky admitted with a smile that Akulina was a real beauty and Masha more beautiful still.

In the mown field on the bank of the river the children told Maxim Gorky what fun it was to work there mowing the grass, raking it together to build haystacks and take a swim during breaks.

After wandering through the meadow the children decided to tempt Gorky to join them for a swim. He would clearly have been willing but, bemoaning his health, he opted instead to sit on the river bank and watch the lads swimming "crawl", "dog-paddle" and "side-stroke". The children soon started organising swimming rac-

es impromptu and we could see from the youthful sparkle in Gorky's eyes that he, like the young spectators, was growing excited as he waited in suspense for the outcome of each heat. He could not keep still and stood up so as to keep in view all that was going on: sometimes it seemed that any minute he himself might throw off his clothes and rush down to catch up the swimmers with his giant crawl-strokes. The children could sense that Gorky was really participating in their life and they all went out of their way to impart to him their boyish admiration and wonder as best they could.

That first evening Gorky attended an assembly meeting and listened to special reports from the detachment commanders.

The next morning Gorky announced he would be interested to see the fields put down to crops. At the time we had just finished preparing a tractor with two hay-cutters and were about to set off to cut vetch and oats for fodder.

Byelenky, our senior tractor-driver, sat at the wheel. Gorky took up his place on one mudguard and suggested that Makarenko should mount the other. I climbed up on to the coupling and off we all went. Gorky surveyed our farming land with keen interest.

When we were still a long way off the children from combined detachments working in the fields cupped their hands to make the sound carry and shouted with all their might for us to come over in their direction. Obviously touched by their welcome Gorky gave a friendly nod in their direction, as he could not wave, his hands occupied as he held on to the mudguard.

"What a fine place this is," shouted Gorky to Makarenko in a voice loud enough to be heard over the roar of the motor. "I feel so young here amongst all the children. How happily they work and play together! You really do have a new way of life here, a truly Soviet way of life already in full swing...."

...For a time he walked along in silence and then started to tell us about his life abroad, how eager representatives of so many social strata in European society were to learn the truth about Soviet men and women, and also about the tremendous impression being made on upright people of all countries by the revolutionary changes Soviet man had been introducing into all spheres of life.

"Your educational experiment with its outstanding results is, I assure you, something of truly universal importance," Gorky impressed upon Makarenko. "It is important, indeed imperative that you bring news of it to progressive teachers throughout the world. And the sooner, the better...."

Semyon Kalabalin*

HOW ANTON MAKARENKO PREPARED US FOR LIFE

I met Anton Makarenko in December 1920 in a somewhat unusual setting, namely in prison, where I had been sent as punishment for the errors of my sad childhood. Many years have passed since that day, but I still remember clearly all the details of that meeting.

I was summoned one day to the governor's office. As I walked in I saw that apart from the governor there was also a stranger sitting there. He was sitting with his knees crossed in an armchair by the table, and wearing a worn-out greatcoat with the hood thrown back over his shoulders. He had a large head and a high open forehead. My attention was attracted most of all by his large nose and the pince-nez perched on it, behind which gleamed animated, slightly

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* *Semyon Kalabalin* (1903-1972) was first an inmate of the Gorky Colony and in 1927 he joined Makarenko's staff. He became a well-known figure in Soviet education and was placed in charge of various production colonies and orphanages. In Makarenko's *The Road to Life* he appears under the name of Semyon Karabanov.—*Ed.*

ironic eyes, that were intelligent and had a beckoning charm of their own. That was Anton Makarenko.

He turned to me and asked: "So you are Semyon Kalabalin?" I nodded my head in agreement.

"And would you agree to leave here with me?"

I looked at him bewildered and then at the governor, since my "agreement" depended on the latter. Makarenko went on without waiting for an answer: "I understand what you mean: yes; I shall be arranging things with the governor myself. Now, forgive me, please, but it is necessary that you, Semyon, should leave the office for a moment.... May he, Comrade governor?"

"Yes, he may. Leave the room," echoed the governor. Standing outside in the corridor with the warder I recalled the words "Leave the room, please", "Forgive me, Semyon". What on earth were they playing at? Strange fish....

Then I was called back into the office and this time Makarenko was standing up. He asked me straight out: "Well, Semyon, have you any things?"

"No, nothing at all."

"All right then," Makarenko went on and turning to the governor he asked: "So we can leave right away then?"

"Yes, off you go," the governor consented.

The prison door opened wide and accompanied by Makarenko I began the happiest stage of my road through life.

It was only ten years later when I was working on Makarenko's staff that he finally told me:

"That day I sent you out of the governor's office, so that you should not see me signing the undertaking. That whole process might have undermined your sense of dignity."

Makarenko had succeeded in picking out my strong points as a human being that I myself had never even suspected. That was his first warm and humane gesture towards me.

On the way from the prison to the gubernia education department I kept trying to keep in front of Makarenko so that he could see me and know that I was not trying to run away from him. He, for his part, made a point of walking level with me, entertaining me with talk of the colony, of the difficulties that had been involved in its organisation and various other things besides, anything but the prison, myself or my past.

When we were inside the courtyard of the provincial department of education and he had provided me with one of the colony horses by the name of Malysh, Makarenko took me back with a most startling request.

"Can you read, Semyon?"

"Yes."

"Fine," Makarenko went on and then handed me a paper from his pocket saying: "Please go and collect these groceries—bread, fat and sugar. Myself I have no time for that today, I have to go and deal with various official matters. And, to be honest, I don't enjoy confronting those warehouse-keepers and assistants: as a rule they are quite shameless the way they give you short measure and overcharge you. You'll know how to handle them though."

Without giving me any time to remonstrate,

even for appearances' sake, he quickly made off. Who'd have ever imagined it! I wondered how everything would end up! I scratched the back of my neck (most likely the place where we find the answers to all the most tricky problems in this life!) and went on asking myself how it could all have happened. Straight out of prison and such trust—him sending me out for the bread and the sugar. Perhaps it was some kind of test or other? A trap? I even entertained the idea that Makarenko was not quite all there. Otherwise how on earth could he have entrusted such riches to me!

I collected up everything as I had been told, stowed it away in the cart, a conveyance on springs taken from a goods truck. After a while Makarenko appeared and once he had made sure the errand had been carried out he suggested we should harness the horse and leave.

With the help of reins, a whip, shouts and clicking of tongues our travesty of a horse with 36 years' practice in laziness behind it eventually moved off. We had only gone some two hundred metres from the education department when Makarenko said we should stop and turned to me with the words: "But, yes, I had forgotten. There must have been some confusion over the groceries. They have given us two extra loaves. Take them back please, otherwise those warehouse chaps are going to start raising a panic all over Russia. I'll wait for you here."

My ears and face went scarlet with shame, jumping down from the cart I pulled out the ill-starred loaves and set off to the warehouse. Thoughts were spinning round my head nineteen to the

dozen: what kind of a man was he? He himself had said that they used to give him short measure and I had thought to myself how I might best get my revenge on the warehouse men by at least pinching a couple of loaves. Now all he could say was "Take them back please."

I was greeted with the words: "Well, thank you now, young friend. Good-bye. Nice to have met you...."

I looked at them with burning hate in my eyes and walked out rapidly.

"Would you like some sun-flower seeds to chew?" Makarenko offered as I sat down again. "I like them very much."

It was as if the incident with the loaves had never happened. Makarenko did not antagonise me with any tactless remarks obviously afraid that he might insult me, or that I might not arrive at a correct opinion of an action which I saw as just revenge. If he had started to reproach me we should most likely never have reached the colony together.

There was no end to the variety of methods which Makarenko used to bring his influence to bear on his charges. In each individual case he would adapt his tactics and act in a new way without repeating himself.

I remember how he used to take on for the detachment entrusted with the drive against distilling home-made vodka precisely those who liked drinking and had been caught doing so on various occasions. In the night detachment to keep robbers off the near-by roads Makarenko would enlist those pupils who had been sent to the colony for committing robbery. Such alloca-

tion of duties used to amaze us. It was only many years later that we realised how through the tremendous trust shown to us that wise and sensitive man Makarenko had been able to bring into play again those human characteristics in us which had been dormant previously. Forgetting about our own crimes and outwardly not really making any improvement we started not only to adopt a critical stand to crimes perpetrated by others but also protested and came out actively against them, led in this struggle by our older friend and teacher.

Each one of us he forged and moulded within the collective, for the collective, through labour and at the same time through his own personal example, his words and his deeds. We were all anxious to be like Makarenko at least in some little way, be it voice, handwriting, gait, attitude to work or sense of humour.

One morning a group of girls came running into Makarenko's office talking nineteen to the dozen and each interrupting the others, insisting that they would not go out into the yard for anything.

"We shall stay all the time in the dormitories and shan't go to the dining-room."

"But why?" asked Makarenko.

"Because Vasya Gud is swearing like a trooper."

"What, he's still swearing?"

"What would we want to make it up for?"

I happened to be present at the occasion and felt somewhat awkward, for although I had

heard Gud swearing on countless occasions I had never attempted to stop him.

"All right, girls, off you go." Turning to me Makarenko said, "Vasya needs to be given a good fright and then he'll stop swearing. Call him...."

Vasya Gud came timidly over the threshold of Makarenko's office. Another interesting detail I recall now: if people were summoned to see "Anton" it would be just about some ordinary day-to-day business, but if someone was called to "the office" that meant there was something to answer for.

When I called Gud, I summoned him to "the office".

"What for?" Gud asked.

"You'll find out when you get there."

Makarenko confronted a tousled Gud with an ominous hiss of a question: "So you haven't stopped making a mockery of the magnificent Russian language yet? You've sunk so low that you've been swearing even in the presence of girls! What next? You'll be cursing at me soon! No! I won't have it! Just look at the way you're standing! Come on! Just you come along with me to the wood and I'll show you how to swear! You won't forget it in a hurry, you little louse! Come on!"

"Where are we going?" squeaked Vasya Gud.

"To the wood! To the wood!"

With that they went off to the wood. Makarenko walked in front with Vasya following him. When they were about half a kilometre away from the colony Makarenko stopped short in the middle of a small clearing, and said "Here you

are, now curse away! Shout just anything that comes into your head!"

"But I won't do it any more, punish me some other way."

"I'm not punishing you. I'm laying on just the setting for you. Swear! Here is my watch. It's twelve o'clock now. If you have till six will that be long enough to swear your fill?... Get on with it!"

Makarenko walked off.

It is anyone's guess whether Vasya did do any swearing or not. Perhaps he would have risked going away from the spot altogether, but the watch stopped him. It was as if it had him tied.

Punctually at six o'clock Vasya appeared in Makarenko's office. He announced: "It's six o'clock. Here's your watch."

"Well and how many years in advance have you done your swearing for?" Makarenko asked.

"Fifty," Gud blurted out.

Surprising though it may sound Gud had stopped swearing and not just he alone....

There were always many people in Makarenko's office. The boys and girls used to come there to ask for advice not only on questions connected with the day-to-day life of the colony, but also in connection with strictly personal problems. With each of them Makarenko would find time to discuss what was worrying them. Sometimes he would adopt a serious, frank tone and at others one simple jest would be enough to convey a point to whoever might be seeking his advice. That was the line he adopted when, in 1922, I fell seriously in love with a girl called Olga. Naturally enough the first person I could

confide to in my trepidation was Makarenko, who was just like a father to me. He listened to what I had to say, then rose from the table, took me by the shoulders and said in an earnest voice: "Thank you Semyon, thank you. You have made me very happy. Thank you!"

"But what for?"

"For showing such confidence in me."

In 1924 when I went to spend my holidays at the colony, I learnt that Olga had been unfaithful to me and was about to get married. I ran three kilometres to the village, where she lived, and it proved to be all too true....

It was late evening by the time I returned to the colony and went to see Makarenko. I must have looked quite wretched.

"What's the matter with you, Semyon? Not feeling well?"

"I don't know."

"You'd better go up to your bedroom, and I'll send Yelizaveta Fyodorovna up."

"There's no need. She won't be any help. Olga's been unfaithful to me. She's getting married. The wedding's for Sunday .... People don't trust us boys from the colony."

"What on earth are you saying? Is it really true?"

"It's true all right, everything's over. I thought that it was for keeps, and now...."

I started crying.

"I just don 't understand; forgive me, Semyon, but three months ago I went to see Olga and talked to her. She does love you. Something must have got confused."

"What's confused about it all, when the wed-

ding's all arranged. But as for me, but don't be angry with me please and don't think I'm just playing the fool.... I shall hang myself!''

''Enough of that! Are you out of your mind, Semyon?''

''No, I'm not out of my mind, but there's nothing left for me to live for, that's all.''

''Well, go ahead and hang yourself then, to hell with you! Spineless creature! But one thing I would ask you: hang yourself a good distance from the colony so that the stench of your love-sick corpse doesn't disturb us too much.''

Makarenko shifted something on his desk with an angry gesture. He had spoken to me in that way to make quite sure that the idea of hanging myself should lose all its appeal.

Makarenko possessed outstanding human qualities and was a big-hearted man from whom it was possible to learn a great deal.

I often recall his words: ''Man should have one speciality and one only—he should be a Man with capital letter, a real Man.'' Makarenko himself mastered this ''speciality'' to perfection and did everything possible to see that his pupils learnt to master it as well.

At one time during a radiant spring, bitter memories of my childhood started surfacing, and the thought of my mother tugged at my heart! All of a sudden I saw before me my mother's kind, gentle face, worn out by her hard work in the fields. What would she be like now? I had not seen her for five years.... Yes, I would go to Makarenko. I had to go!

"Please let me go home for a bit."

"All right, that will be all right. So you've been thinking about your mother? Fine! That's just fine!"

"But no! What made you think it was my mother? I've been thinking more about my father ... but, to be honest, I just want to pay a visit home."

"Semyon!" exclaimed Makarenko seriously looking at me in such a way that made me feel weak inside. I felt like throwing my arms round his neck, hugging him and bursting into tears. "Semyon!" he said, "don't be ashamed of your love for your mother. Only a real fellow, a real man can love his mother. A strong man. I love my mother too. I shall see to it that your leave is arranged. You are a commander and without the commanders' council I cannot let you go. But I shall support your request though!"

"Thank you!"

At the next meeting of the commanders' council Kolya Shershnyov after smoothing my application paper over his bare knee read out its contents: "There you have it, commanders. Semyon asks leave of absence till Saturday, back to his village, to Storozhevoye, you see. He wants to see his father and mother. Who will speak first?"

"What is there to discuss?" objected Grisha Suprun. "Semyon is our first commander, one of us, and will soon be working to get to university ... I think that he should be given leave."

"Does anyone else have anything to say? Nothing more, that's simple then. I shall call a vote."

They all voted and then I was given the following paper:

This certificate has been granted to Semyon Kalabalin from the Gorky Colony to testify that in accordance with the decision taken by the commanders' council he has been granted permission to spend leave in the village of Storozhevoye in the Chutov district from Monday May 22, 1922 till mid-day on Saturday May 27, 1922.

Director of the colony:
Anton Makarenko
Secretary of the Commanders' Council:
Nikolai Shershnyov

For the first mile or so the other children accompanied me and then after wishing me a fine leave they rushed back home.

At six o'clock that evening when I had covered over twenty miles I found myself in my home village that I had almost forgotten. There were the bridge and the church. Some of the people I passed recognised me.

Behind the wattle-fencing I heard someone say: "That's Kalabalin's youngest, the one they said must have been killed!"

There was our house! And Mother!... She was looking at me and then she realised who it was....

"Mama!"

I hugged her, and kissed the salt tears on her cheeks, tears of joy, a mother's joy. "Mama!"

The days seemed to have gone quite mad! The next day it was Tuesday and by evening it was Wednesday. Not for a moment did I forget that

I was just on leave and that I belonged to the colony, to our collective. But at home among my family, among the youngsters in my own village I felt at home too. I was invited along to Komsomol meetings, to rehearsals at the amateur drama group.

The mood at home was a happy, gay one. And especially because a wedding was imminent. Preparations were in full swing for my elder brother's wedding. Sewing was going on, things were being polished and set in order. There was more than enough for everyone to do, everyone had a part to play, everyone was indispensable. The neighbours kept on coming over and the women would start whispering to my mother and bringing along their various offerings. I was carried away by the general atmosphere and immersed in the preparations. I had plenty to do and my mother was beside herself with joy. Anxious not to put me off by actually saying anything she would nod over in my direction as if to say to her friends: just look what a fine young fellow he's grown into!

Lying back happily in my hay-cart at night I suddenly remembered that the next day was Saturday and that I had to be back in the colony. Yes, tomorrow and no later than mid-day. Otherwise — what a showdown! Late back from leave! But what about the wedding? Sunday was to have been the great day! All the young folk in the village would be there, there would be dancing and a brass band. I would have shown them too, for when all was said and done I could outdance the lot of them. I jumped up from my hay-cart and ran into the house. My father was al-

ready asleep and my mother was kneading some dough.

"Mama! Tomorrow morning early I've got to be back at the colony."

"Where? What on earth do you mean? I'm having none of that!"

"Back at the colony. I've only been given leave of absence, Mama, I'll just have to go."

My father had risen from his bed by this time as well, and so had my brother and his friends. They all started shouting me down. "Don't worry, Semyon, nothing will happen. After all it's wedding, your brother's getting married. You're not just making excuses."

"I was thinking that on this great day I'd have you all together! Here in the village with everyone gathered round ... but I've lost all my near and dear ones,... all of you!" my mother burst out.

"What's that you say—you can't?" asked my father. "Well there's not much we can do then.... If it's out of the question, it's out of the question. You're a fine lot of lads it seems. What discipline you must have! All right then, get some sleep in before you set off. You've got a fair distance to cover."

By five o'clock the next morning I was up and about. My mother was still crying and trying to dissuade me as she tied me up a bundle of wedding sweet-meats. My father gave me some tobacco with a fine aroma, and said: "Here take this and give it to your Makarenko. He must be a truly wise man with a big heart. Take care of him ... and tell him that the tobacco was home-grown."

"But perhaps you'll stay behind after all, Semyon?" asked my brother just in case, although he had already lost all real hope.

"No, Andrei, I can't. That's the ruling. I myself voted for this. Good-bye!"

I had a tremendous lump in my throat and just wanted to howl, but there was another force goading me on, a force far stronger than any other, our collective—my duty to the collective...

At eleven o'clock I rushed into the colony garden. "Semyon, Semyon," called the boys and girls as they came running up to me from all corners of the grounds.

"Hallo! Have you been to Anton? Well, how was it?"

"Here you are, try some!"

I threw my things into someone's hands and rushed to Makarenko's office.

"Good morning!"

"Hallo there, Semyon!" After that greeting Makarenko rose to his feet. We hugged as if we had not seen each other for years. I passed him the present of tobacco from my father.

"Sit down and tell me all about it."

"What is there to tell?"

"Tell me everything! How are they getting on at home? How are things in the village? How's everybody?"

"How people are getting on? They're getting on fine. My father's been given a house and five desyatins of land.... They've all been given land! They were all given a part of the landowner's land, a cow and a horse."

"That's good. The tobacco's good too!"

"I tell you, they're getting on fine. The corn

fields are like a regular ocean. The people are contended and almost all the young people are Komsomol members. They've set up a reading-room and they're putting on plays. It's fine!"

"I'm glad to hear it! And how are your parents?"

"They seem younger. Yesterday they latched into me; they refused to let me go and that was that!"

"What d'you mean? They wanted you to get down to sowing the corn, did they?"

"No. There wasn't even any talk of that. They wanted me to stay on for a wedding."

"For a wedding? Were they trying to marry you off then?"

"A fine idea! My brother was getting married. The wedding's tomorrow."

"So your brother's getting married. And you didn't stay on?"

"But how could I possibly have stayed?"

"Ah, Semyon, there you are! Hallo," said a gay Kolya Shershnyov peeping round the door, "hand in your certificate, otherwise I should have had to put you down for a late mark."

I handed Kolya my neatly folded certificate.

"Kolya," Makarenko called to Shershnyov, "call the commanders for a council meeting!"

In three minutes all the commanders were assembled.

"Comrade commanders," said Makarenko, "forgive me for taking you away from your work. But this is important too. I called you here to ask if you would extend Semyon's leave of absence till Monday. His brother's getting married and the wedding's for tomorrow."

"An important occasion," chipped in Marusya Tereshchenko.

"But don't worry everyone," I implored. "There's no need for all this fuss. They'll make do without me. I don't think...."

"Don't you make excuses, Semyon. After all, you want to go now, don't you!" roared the other commanders.

"Stop all this noise," said Makarenko rapping his pencil on the desk. "It's not for your sake, Semyon, that we're doing this, but for your mother. This is the greatest happiness we could possibly give her, perhaps.... I, too, have a mother, and so do all of them," said Makarenko making a sweeping gesture with his hand as he looked round at the young people in front of him.

Shershnyov declared, "Let us propose to Semyon that he go on compulsory leave till Monday!"

"That's right!" echoed all the other commanders.

"All right by me," I replied. "But I ask permission to take one other commander with me to visit my family."

"Can't we all go?" squeaked Toska Solovyov.

"Couldn't we celebrate the wedding here in the colony instead?" added Frosya Kravtsova.

"We'll soon be having our own weddings to celebrate on the spot," commented Makarenko giving Frosya a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Leave passes were made out for me and for Suprun and a whole crowd of our friends at the colony saw us off back to my village.

After a little while we heard the hollow thud of horses' hooves behind us. On looking round we

recognised the carriage from the colony and old Mary out in front!

All of a sudden out jumped Makarenko.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"In you get. You, Semyon, up onto the box. I've decided to have a holiday as well and live it up at your wedding."

"What! You're coming to my home? To Storozhevoye?!"

"Well, and why so surprised? You all out on a spree and me back home in the middle of the forest like some hermit! In you get. What are your eyes popping out of your head for?"

"My head's in a whirl," I replied.

"What? You'd begrudge me a mug of vodka and a cream pasty, would you?"

"How wonderful that we're all going!" I shouted in a thrilled voice as I gripped his hands in a firm shake, helped Suprun up onto the carriage seat and jumped up to take my customary place on the box.

Mary, sensing that the reins were now in familiar hands, moved off at a brisk, springy trot.

I hardly knew what was happening I was so excited! It was like a fairy-story and the whole world about me looked different, sparkling in a magic haze of blue and pink light. The sweet silvery air seemed to pour joy and pride into my heart.

When I look back to it all now, those two years that I spent in the colony simply flashed past in some kind of enthralling kaleidoscope. For a "sortie" into someone else's melon patch, I was dismissed from the post of commander for the

first detachment at Makarenko's instructions. Later, for rescuing an old man from a blazing house when the near-by village caught fire, Makarenko turned to me with the simple, brief exclamation: "That's how everyone should behave!"

Then there were the unforgettable hours when a whole group of us used to go out into the woods with Makarenko and talk about the radiant life of our people, about culture and communism. Those were remarkable conversations—my first lessons in politics.

Only now, when Makarenko is no longer among us, have I come to realise what a broad vision of life this strong, warm-hearted and bold man sought to impart to us!

Viktor Fink*

RESTLESS HAPPINESS

Fame came to Makarenko immediately after the publication of *The Road to Life*. His name was on everyone's lips throughout the country.

However his was no ordinary literary fame.

Admittedly *The Road to Life* was no ordinary work of literature. It has long been generally accepted throughout the world that a writer would observe life, meditate upon it, study its hidden laws from such depths as were within his grasp and then describe the results of his observations and study.

Makarenko's book on the other hand was a literary innovation: the man who wrote *The Road to Life* had not been observing life, but refashioning and building it. This was something the reader could not help but sense at once.

After meeting Anton Makarenko, becoming his neighbour and having the chance to witness

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* *Viktor Fink* (1888-1973)—Soviet writer and journalist. — *Ed.*

his everyday life, I was able to perceive that his fame involved difficult social obligations.

The postmen would bring him letters from all corners of the country. People used to turn to him for advice, who, for the most amazing variety of reasons, found themselves in difficult situations: parents who did not know how to cope with their children who responded so little to their efforts at upbringing; married couples who saw that their family was falling apart and were at a loss as to how to save it; young people whose hopes had been shattered and old people who had been hit by shattering disappointment—they would all write to Makarenko. It was not only the brilliance they had found in his books that held his readers captive but the personality of the author, the feats he had accomplished and his kind wisdom.

Makarenko never ceased to astonish those who came into contact with him, quite independently of his fame. He was a man of wide education particularly in the fields of literature, history and indeed most of the humanities.

...When we were talking of Gorky once, Makarenko exclaimed:

"Yes, Gorky was a man who cannot be measured by ordinary criteria! You know what I think to myself sometimes? Look at France at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Who was the youthful hero of post-revolutionary France? Balzac and Stendhal answered that question for us. They gave us Rastignac and Julien Sorel. Although they lived by different moral codes, they were of one and the same mould: both ambitious men. Admittedly their dreams were paltry

fare and their energies far from great, yet as true heirs of Napoleon they were men of ambition. Then if you take the middle of the nineteenth century—America—mind-reeling enrichment with the Rockefellers, Morgans and Vanderbilts. Paupers of yesterday become millionaires. The shoe-shine boys dream of earning five million. I do not know about you, Maestro, but when I start thinking about such ideals my stomach begins to turn over inside me.... Then comes Russia's turn. This time it turned out that no one took it into his head to set his sights on becoming a great conqueror or money-bag. There was not even talk of any such thing. Our minds were held captive by Gorky, that is by humanism...."

After a brief pause he added: "And the revolution: indeed how could it be otherwise? How would humanism be possible here with us, in Russia, without the revolution?"

Once, in connection with a mutual acquaintance of ours I remarked that he was an educated man.

"Such education is not worth anything," Makarenko objected. "His head is like a book-case: plenty of books crammed into it but they're all thick with dust and he doesn't know what to do with them."

"And what would you like to see him do, when it comes to the point?" I asked.

"What would I like? I think that if a man's head is made of something other than tough wood suitable for book-cases then it must be constant-

ly at work. Man's mind must work unceasingly. It must process its knowledge, enrich it with the help of constant observations, experience of life. It must test old truths and seek new ones. It must always be engaged in questioning, always be trying its wings. If it falls, never mind, it's not so terrible, it must rise up again and try its wings once more. If you really want to know, the future belongs only to such men, and them alone....

"Don't forget that all around us, in all spheres of knowledge there are still new lands to conquer, just waiting to be discovered. Who is going to discover them? Your N? It is men of bold ideas who will discover new truths. Mark my words."

Then with a laugh he concluded: "Long-distance thinkers."

Makarenko was just such a man, a truly "long-distance thinker" ... a man of that mould.

He is referred to as a teacher-innovator. Surely it would be more apt to refer to him as an innovator-teacher. He was first and foremost an innovator, a seeker after new laws by which life might be ordered, new paths along which it might be wise to channel life.

If Anton Makarenko had not been a teacher by profession but an engineer or lawyer instead, his vocation to take up a never-ending quest would still have been the same. It would have assumed different forms but it would have made itself felt nevertheless, for precisely his insatiable appetite for searching after what is new and better provided the very core of his personality.

In the autumn of 1937 Makarenko printed an

article entitled "Happiness", an article concerned with literature. The author refers to world literature as the "counting-house of man's suffering". He calls his readers' attention to the fact that no truly great work of literature has depicted happiness: this is not because on this sinful earth there is more sorrow than happiness. Makarenko maintains that man's happiness has never been a suitable subject for literature, because it is something almost banal. Happiness is usually something distinctly personal and what is more just a matter of chance, like winnings at cards. It cannot therefore provide the stuff of which literature is made, because it has never moved anyone and has never been anyone's close concern. Only suffering gave heroes a rightful place in literature, suffering could be shared. By way of conclusion Makarenko points out that personal happiness will only find its proper place in literature, when it ceases to be a matter of chance and when it is not threatened by social injustice.

I was in Paris when I first read that article and proceeded to translate it orally for a French friend of mine, once a fellow-student at the university there.

"A restless people you are, Heaven alone knows!" was the reaction which followed. "Why can't you just sit back and let the world stay put? Why do you have to shake it up, even the foundations of literature?"

I started to defend Makarenko's point of view but my friend interrupted with the words: "Don't bother! There's no need to defend him! He's right! Absolutely so! I'm aware of that

myself. But all the same.... Just think a moment yourself!... We are used to thinking that our gods are made of marble, that they are eternal, then this fellow comes along and before you can look round the gods have been shattered like so much brittle clay."

"But no," I said trying to console him, "the gods really were made of marble. But time moves, my friend! The marble has started to crumble...."

Yet he would not accept that.

"They would have stayed standing for another thousand years if it hadn't been for you!" he exclaimed. "You have no Delilah! She would have soon shorn your tresses...."

After returning to Moscow I told Makarenko how much his article had inspired me. He paid little attention as always to my ecstatic praise and with a cunning gleam in his eye proceeded to comment: "But listen, you'll see I'm right!" he began. "Just name even one work of literature which depicts that which we refer to as happiness. Aha, you fall silent. You see! There are no such works. Perhaps you think that Pushkin did not describe happy love simply because Lensky was killed in a duel, or because Onegin was so foolish as to overlook Tatyana? Or perhaps Pushkin had never in his life encountered a happy marriage? What nonsense!... Ordinary circumscribed happiness has little to offer the artist.... Take Tolstoy for instance. While Pierre Bezukhov was married to the beautiful Hélène and unhappy with her, Tolstoy depicted them from various angles and in various situations. Yet when Bezukhov finds happiness through his

marriage to Natasha, Tolstoy abandons them immediately, for what, after all, would he do with such happiness? And Shakespeare? In order to depict the love between Romeo and Juliet he had to render it more complex within the framework of a tragedy, a tragedy born of prejudice. In other words, Shakespeare makes it clear that ugly social systems giving rise to arrogance, animosity, exploitation and inequality kill all the noblest feelings within man, including the noblest of them all, requited love."

A long pause ensued. It seemed that a shadow passed across Makarenko's face. It seemed that his weak heart was troubling him again. I tried to distract his attention and started telling him about my friend in Paris, who has threatened us with a Delilah.

Makarenko burst out into a hearty laughter: "Delilah! You should have told him that she has long since been a member of a trade union. She works, you know, at the barber's on Pyatnitskaya Street doing nothing but shaving people and cutting their hair all day. Who is afraid of her?"

He was a past master at this, namely rounding off a serious conversation with an unexpected light-hearted jest.

On one occasion he delivered a lecture at Moscow University on the subject: "Why Should Man Need Shortcomings at All?"

His main point was that men have a large number of minor, but infuriating weaknesses, for which they are unfortunately not punished. Even if some respected individual in question were to be a liar or a braggart, a grasper, vulgar

or coarse or someone who always behaves arrogantly in relation to his subordinates, you always hear: "He is a splendid person to have on the staff! As for his shortcomings, well who is free of them altogether? We all have one kind or another."

Then Makarenko put an unexpected question: "But why should man of necessity have shortcomings? Must he inevitably cease to work well, if he gives up boasting or triteness?"

Later we talked together about the subject matter of that lecture.

"When all's said and done, you are attacking philistinism. Have you observed how it thrives in our own literary world just as elsewhere?"

After citing a few examples I added: "Even the old-time bourgeoisie found itself unable to tolerate the stench of that vulgarity."

Makarenko objected vehemently: "Don't you start talking to me about the old bourgeoisie. There was nowhere for it to turn away to, for that stench was its own natural stench, one of its organic ingredients. Yet modern man in our society is undoubtedly in a position to shake himself free of it. He is wearing out like old clothes the legacy of an alien past. Don't forget the difference, Maestro!"

On another occasion he complained: "That Kolya will be the death of me!" after receiving a letter from one of his pupils, a former homeless waif, who had qualified as a doctor and, after starting work, complained that he found himself surrounded by idiots.

"How do you like that—too many idiots around!" moaned Makarenko. "Yet you just

tell me—what would have become of my Kolya if there had not been a revolution?"

"I can't say. How should I know?"

"It's all too simple! He would have been stuck away in some poky provincial hole; he would have been living like a mere idiot and would not even have noticed the fact. He wouldn't even have had enough brains to realise it and be indignant. Probably he would have been happy.... Yet I wonder whether he would have been content with such happiness now?"

"So you think..." I asked cautiously, "that there are different sorts of happiness?"

Makarenko smiled: "Well, arent' there?! Of course there are. There is happiness at work, in man's struggle with nature, struggle against an unjust social order, against scoundrels—committed, hard-won, restless happiness. That kind of happiness is always full of bumps and bruises, yet that is what makes the earth go round, you see.... Then there is the restful happiness of the man who is content with everything and has no desires."

"Well," I said, "probably all people can be happy in their own way."

He gave me a rather strange look. He must have thought, I think, that I was defending the restful type of happiness, the happiness of a man who has no desires. That very thought made him feel pensive and sad and, no longer even looking in my direction, he mused lazily: "M-mm, I suppose so."

With a strong Ukrainian accent which sometimes surfaced when he was angry he added:

"Such happiness is worthy only of pigs! Throw it to them!"

Makarenko was a man with an insatiable appetite for work. At first I used to think that this was simply a trait of his character, but later I was to glean a clearer understanding of Makarenko's work: he was simply a man who had a great deal left to do, but at the same time he was aware of the frailty of his health and was hurrying to outpace death.

He was not afraid of death. He looked upon it as an obstacle hindering him in his work and despised it. In one of the letters dating from that period, that is permeated by a heavy sense of presentiment, he wrote: "Nature invented death, yet man has learnt to defy it."

I find it no trouble at all to imagine to myself what the occasion must have been like.

At night he would be sitting at his desk and work, when he felt a sudden tightening in his chest and Death seemed to mock at him. A cunning gleam would flash in his eyes, yet Makarenko looked Death straight into its vile face, and there and then, in Death's very presence, wrote in black and white that he defied Death and continued working....

That was the kind of man he was.

Kornei Chukovsky*

ENCOUNTERS WITH MAKARENKO

I

It all happened back in 1936 in Irpen near Kiev. I felt an urge to eat apples and went to Old Prokopych's orchard: while we were talking he told me that a writer from the "little white house" over there often used to come over to ask him for fruit.

"What's his name?"

"How should I know? He's either a writer or a commissar."

I paid the old man for my apples and was on my way over to the gate, when a little girl sitting up in one of the trees (no more than seven and perhaps even younger), whom I had not even noticed at the beginning, called down to me that the writer was called "Anton Semyonovich".

Makarenko perhaps?... Yet on the other hand it could be somebody else. The name was very common. I went slowly along the hot path to

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* *Kornei Chukovsky* (1882-1969)—well-known Soviet children's writer and critic. — *Ed*

the low white house nearby. The little girl tagged along behind.

The house had nothing remarkable about it, there was little to distinguish it from an ordinary peasant cottage. I stepped into the sun-baked porch and saw that the door was locked. Not daring to knock I stood hesitating at the door. By this time a group of young people playing ball or *ryukhi* a few paces away caught sight of me: there were about five or six of them. Two of them came running up to me, and in a most friendly manner that at first had me really astonished, they asked me to wait in the shade near the house, "because Anton Semyonovich is having a rest and will be waking up very soon — at the very most a quarter of an hour."

"No," I decided, "it couldn't possibly be Makarenko."

Yet my bag of apples was so heavy and it was so cool in the shade that I was only too happy to sit down near the house.

The young people stayed nearby and, just as in some genteel drawing-room, started with unusual eagerness to entertain me with respectful conversation in an energetic chorus: had I been in Irpen long? Had I ever been in these parts before? Did I like the Ukrainian countryside?

I had hardly had time to relish their polite manners which had compelled them to abandon their game and come over to entertain a stranger, when Anton Semyonovich appeared on the threshold holding a corn-cob, and at once I realised it must be Makarenko after all.

The old man had been right, Makarenko really was very like a commissar from the Civil

War days; sparing with his words, stern, confident, free of any superfluous gestures or apologetic smiles.

While greeting me in a friendly open-hearted way, he did not lose his imposing dignity. At that very first moment I sensed in him something indestructible, strong and unswervingly determined....

With a firm strong gesture he broke his corncob in two and gave half to the little girl, who was clearly used to offerings of this kind.

The courteous young people at once ran back to their companions among whom there were several girls: it was only then that I realised how bored they must have felt with me and how all the time they must have been longing to go back to the game that had been interrupted.

Makarenko was most amiable and welcoming: he took my heavy bag, led me into a cool room, introduced me to the rest of the household and treated me to some excellent melon. Yet all the time there was something of the man-in-charge about him which made me feel somewhat ill at ease.

Yet the little girl who had come with me clearly felt quite at ease: after being given a large piece of melon, without standing on ceremony she curled up on the nearby couch close to Makarenko.

As we talked I mentioned how impressed I had been by the young people who had entertained me so conscientiously, determined to see he had his rest. Makarenko laughed and taking me by the arm led me out into the garden where the

game was in progress. His gait was precise and had a military air about it; he walked like an officer inspecting troops.

I admired the youngsters at play. There was something about them that reminded me of students at Oxford, and I said so to Makarenko.

"They certainly do," he agreed with a mischievous smile. "But that curly-haired fellow is a highly talented luggage thief from Lozovaya station near Kharkov. Celebrated thieves have always worked at Lozovaya, yet he was the thief to outdo all other thieves. Then that one in the white trousers is a mere pick-pocket, but also of the top class."

He told me that as if he was talking of the most everyday trifles, without even suspecting that they could astonish me.

Then after a long pause he added calmly in the same tone: "Yet that first one is in medicine now ... he'll make a good surgeon. The other one in the white trousers will, one of these days, have you standing in queues to buy tickets for his concerts, you just mark my words."

Both of them were former charges of Makarenko's. They must have travelled over to visit him for it was several years since he had stopped running his colonies. Yet back in the past he must have saved them both from a career in crime. Never before, or since for that matter, have I seen young people so grateful and loyal in their attachment to a former teacher. Later I was to have more than one occasion to see how attached young people were to Makarenko. Yet on that first day of our acquaintance I was impressed

most deeply of all with the sense of tact which Makarenko had succeeded in imparting to them. It was obvious that he had demanded from them not only discipline at work but also sensitive, sincere courtesy.

This very thought was to be well expressed by one of Makarenko's former charges in some reminiscences: "Impeccable politeness was demanded of us in our dealings with one another and still more so in our dealings with old people, visitors and strangers. Makarenko used to say to us: 'We Soviet men and women must stand out on account of our irreproachable manners, and gentlemanly behaviour. Our manners must be the envy of the whole world.' "

When it was time for me to say good-bye, Makarenko saw me off and on the way he started telling me about his literary aspirations and projects. Although he referred to himself as a "literary novice" or a "new recruit" (he only started writing well on in life), he seemed to be subject to little doubt, vacillation, confusion, hesitation or searching in his creative plans. It was clear that he had thought out thoroughly what his literary path should be for several years to come, and that, despite all obstacles which might appear, he would be following that path with confident step.

He had earlier been plagued by doubts but that had been at the very beginning. Now they were behind him and he had confidently charted out several five-year plans of uninterrupted work, for which he would require, according to his calculations, between ten and twelve years. I really envied him his calm confidence and my-

self felt certain of his ability to accomplish all this, so strong was the sense of single-minded volition about this man.

Then all of a sudden he flared up in an angry outburst after we started talking about what was going on in the Moscow literary world. Makarenko felt strongly indignant at the lack of moral scruples shown by one of the groups of writers with which he, being a "novice" or "new recruit" had only now had the chance to meet. He spoke with anger that far exceeded anything I should ever have suspected from him. Where had the restraint of a moment before disappeared to!

He cited various unattractive facts which he had come across shortly before, and declared in tones of grim determination to expose and smash that hated clique as soon as he returned to Moscow.

Then I remembered how in the early days of his first Commune he had taken on a whole platoon of dyed-in-the-wool officials, who had been quite cut off from the outside world in their provincial departments of education, and fought them tooth and nail.

Now, when for the first time he felt himself to be associated with the literary world, the "fighter" had come to life again in this inveterate enemy of careerism and hypocrisy. I do not remember now precisely whom he was talking about, and as far as I can recall I was by no means eye-to-eye with his assessment of the persons in question. Yet I do remember the impression his words made upon me. His language was that of an experienced orator, rich in colourful epithets and

witty, unforced comparisons straight from the heart.

I thought to myself, "Without that talent for speaking he would of course not have been able to exert such a strong influence on the boys at Kuryazh." Yet the word orator did not suit him in the least. Far more fitting was the phrase "master of the improvised word". Later when I read his articles for newspapers and magazines I often realised that he spoke more impressively than he wrote. His gentle Ukrainian humour also greatly enhanced his conversation.

Yet the "fights" of the past had clearly taken their toll: every now and then as Makarenko talked, he would suddenly stop, make a long pause and his face would turn quite grey. We sat down on some logs lying nearby. It was with deep regret that I observed how, despite his sprightly deportment, confident words and firm gestures Makarenko was obviously an exhausted, and seriously ill man, for whom each battle with the "enemy" could have a tragic outcome.

II

The dates are all confused in my mind and I cannot for the life of me remember whether this next incident occurred the same year or the following one. What I do remember though is that it occurred in Kiev at a special meeting of the Writers' Union.

The summer that year was a scorching one. What with the stifling atmosphere, the tobacco smoke and the unaccustomed heated arguments, all of a sudden I lost consciousness only to come

to an hour later in my room at the Hotel Continental.

I was lying in bed and the first person I saw was a silent, frowning Makarenko. It turned out that he had been present at the same meeting and, after noticing I had fainted, he had brought me back to the hotel and had been waiting at my bedside all that time like a veritable hospital nurse.

I kept on coming to and then losing myself again, so unfortunately a good deal of what Makarenko said to me I can only put together in a rather haphazard patchwork. Most of all the conversation centred round Gorky. Gorky for Makarenko embodied all that is noble on this earth. So much so that his voice actually changed when he uttered the word "Gorky", acquiring a lyrical, almost musical note.

On hearing that I had also met him, Makarenko at once insisted that I told him with as much detail as possible about those meetings.

All of a sudden he stopped in mid-flight, so to speak, remembering that his duties as conscientious sick-bed attendant obliged him to see to it that I talked as little as possible. Every now and then he would interrupt me with the words: "Be quiet please, you should not be talking!" — only to request a few moments later that I go on with my story.

On that occasion in Kiev it was more obvious than ever that Makarenko was a truly sick man, yet, plagued with sickness as he was, he still kept erect, soldier-style, maintaining his sprightly gait and the exterior of the stern authori-

tarian, who, however, no longer made me feel ill at ease.

Later I was to learn that Makarenko had been up to his eyes in work at the time of the meeting, yet this had not prevented him from spending long hours attending to me. His former charges in the Commune days, Klyushnik, Salko and Terentyuk, also helped look after me and in a few days I was back on my feet.

III

Ill health forced Makarenko to take a trip to Kislovodsk the following year to undergo treatment at one of its sanatoriums.

I was also staying at the same sanatorium. Our rooms happened to be in the same corridor and on the very first day I heard the hasty clatter of a typewriter from behind Makarenko's door. Without a moment's respite Makarenko continued to work away at his novel *The Paths of Generations*, much to the indignation of his doctors.

The doctor treating Makarenko told me that his heart was in a really poor state and that he must have gone through very upsetting times. "He needs complete rest, yet he taxes his heart cruelly. Instead of trying to cure it he is crippling it. He works from dawn till dusk. Go along and see him ... get him away from that typewriter and out into the fresh air for a walk ... down to the poplars or the fountain, or out into the park."

Carrying out the doctor's instructions was a far from easy task. Makarenko had got his teeth into his work and any interruption he regarded

as a real blow. He was not prepared to even contemplate cutting down the pace of his current "five-year plan".

Whenever I did manage to get him out into the park, after a quarter of an hour or so he would be hurrying back to his uncompleted manuscript.

Yet one day at lunch he asked me where I kept disappearing to so often. I confessed that, unknown to the doctors, I had been escaping down to the local schools, where in previous years I had enjoyed meeting the children.

Makarenko was at once all agog to join me on one of these "escapades". To this end he was even prepared to sacrifice a few hours' work on his novel. He said that he was in desperate need of some more material for one of the books he was planning to write. In actual fact I think he was merely anxious to be among children again, to be in the world that had become so dear to him in the days of his famous communes.

Regardless of all the doctors, we started visiting the local schools together, although by no stretch of the imagination could the jaunts be regarded as compatible with the sanatorium regime, since given the inadequate public transport in those days, we had to climb the Krestovaya Mountain on foot to regain our sanatorium.

On arriving at the school Makarenko, with the teacher's permission, would sit down modestly at one of the back desks and watch quietly to see how the lesson was conducted. I am sure that those Kislovodsk school-children (long since grown men and women) must, without fail, remember those encounters with Makarenko and the talks he used to have with them after les-

sons were over. I did not take part in them because I always used to visit the most junior classes, while Makarenko was more interested in the oldest pupils.

It used to take us over an hour to climb back up the Krestovaya Mountain. On the way we used to stop for a rest at a bench just before the steepest part of the climb. We would talk about literature, about Gorky, Fadeyev, Alexei Tolstoy and get carried away as we recited poetry to each other.

It emerged that Makarenko—and this was something I had not expected—was well-versed in poetry, and indeed was very fond of it, in particular the works of Tyutchev: he could recite Pushkin, Shevchenko, Krylov ad infinitum and also the verse of Bagritsky and Tikhonov.

We also had long arguments about Dostoyevsky whose work Makarenko was making a detailed study of at that time.

On November 5th he wrote to his wife from Kislovodsk: "Greetings to you. Here I am reading your favourite writers. After reading through Shakespeare's works, I have now embarked on Dostoyevsky. There you have a writer of whom no one has yet made a proper study. I have been talking to Chukovsky about both these giants. It has been really interesting ... such a pity that you are not here."*

I still have a clear recollection of many of those conversations which we had during our outings to the local schools at Kislovodsk. It would be wrong to say that we often agreed in our opin-

* I was told of this passage in one of Makarenko's letters by his widow.

ions: rather the opposite. Many things we approached in quite different ways. Makarenko, for example, did not enjoy certain poems which almost made me weep with admiration, while I, try as I might, could not enjoy certain books by which he set great store. Yet we had a deep love of children in common, and this enabled us with no trouble at all to forget our differences. Soviet children, their ideas, aspirations and future was a subject that Makarenko could talk about day and night, for even after he had become a professional writer the teacher was ever present in him.

He was anxious to see a teacher in me as well. After reading my *From Two to Five*, there and then, as we walked up the Krestovaya Mountain he started insisting that in the next edition of the book I should lay more emphasis on its educational message and goal.

My preface to the book made him very angry for in it was the perky statement: "No one would be advised to think of this book as a teaching manual. I am not a teacher, but a writer...."

"Nonsense!" protested Makarenko. "In the first place every writer is a teacher and secondly the whole of your book—whether you like it or not—is concerned with the upbringing of children. Do not pretend to be a casual outside observer.... For some reason the book's educational implications are all veiled or to be found between the lines. It is as if you were ashamed of being a teacher," he remonstrated with a reproachful note in his voice and insisted that in my expositions concerned with the psychological make-up of young children I was presenting, through my

observations, "do's" and "dont's" for working with children.

I objected but when, some fifteen years later, my book came up for a second edition, I remembered Makarenko's reproachful voice and wherever possible I tried to bring out the book's educational aspect.

For the resulting improvement I am indebted first and foremost to Makarenko.

IV

Towards the end of my stay in Kislovodsk Makarenko started coming to see me and my wife in the evenings to talk to us about someone very close to him, whom he was missing terribly—his wife Galina. She had not been able to come to Kislovodsk with him, but had had to stay behind in Moscow. Without her Makarenko felt like a stranded orphan and was always eager to brighten his lonely "orphan's" existence by talking elatedly about her. From his account we learnt that for years now Galina had been sharing in all his undertakings. Every evening after an exhausting working day, he was desperately anxious to express to her (being far away from her) those poetic, grateful feelings towards her which he could hardly contain. In other people the same thoughts might well have sounded sentimental or trivial, yet in Makarenko this urge was such a natural, burning one, that we felt filled with respectful admiration for him as we listened to his words, never ceasing to marvel at the wealth of lyricism hidden within his stern character.

When my wife and I left the resort Makarenko accompanied us to the station and, as always at such moments of parting, we both felt that there would be long years of friendly meetings and conversations ahead.

Yet things were to turn out very differently.

Back in Moscow I was to my eyes in work and everyday concerns and it was only after a while that I managed to find time to go and visit Makarenko. But I timed my visit badly. As I came into the hall of his new flat in Lavrushinsky Street I heard the familiar clatter of his typewriter. With his usual single-mindedness Makarenko was hurrying to complete his daily stint. He was quite engrossed in his work, yet he and his wife and her son, a most attractive boy, gave me a very friendly welcome and showed me round their new flat.

The whole flat—or so it seemed to me then—was throbbing with Makarenko's literary plans. He told me that now in Moscow, where he had fewer commitments, he would be writing a play, a film-script, a novel. He talked to me of future lectures, films, newspaper articles. His face was haggard with exhaustion and his wife Galina from time to time would steal an anxious glance in his direction.

The door had hardly closed behind me when the relentless clatter of the typewriter started up again.

Not even two months had elapsed after that meeting when Makarenko, on his way to deliver a new (or worked, I think) film-script for a studio in Moscow died suddenly in a local train on April 1, 1939 at the age of fifty-one.

MAKARENKO ON EDUCATION



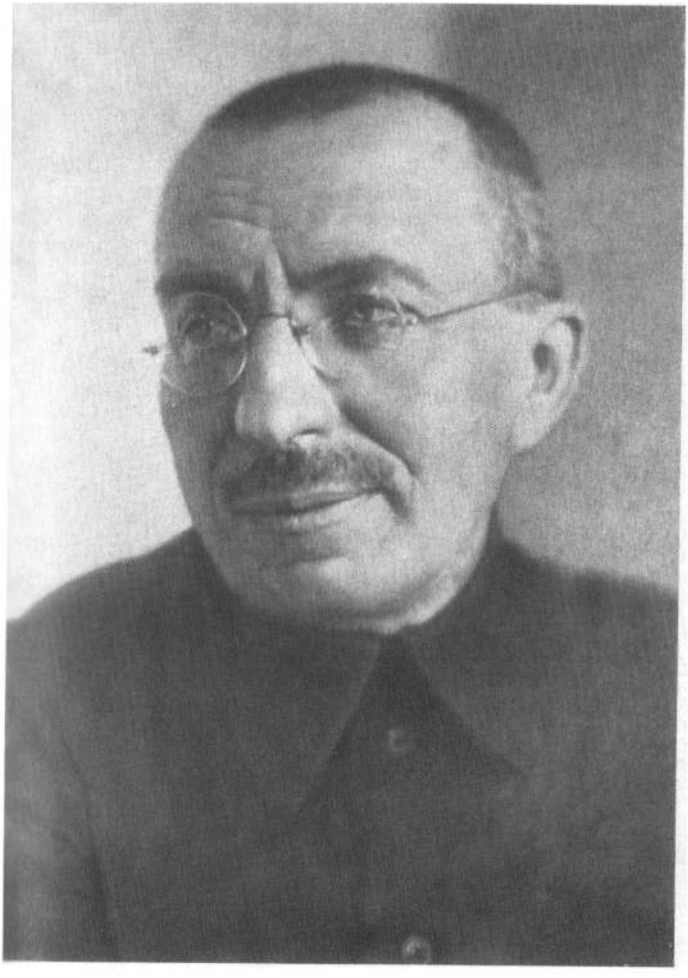
Anton Makarenko as a schoolboy



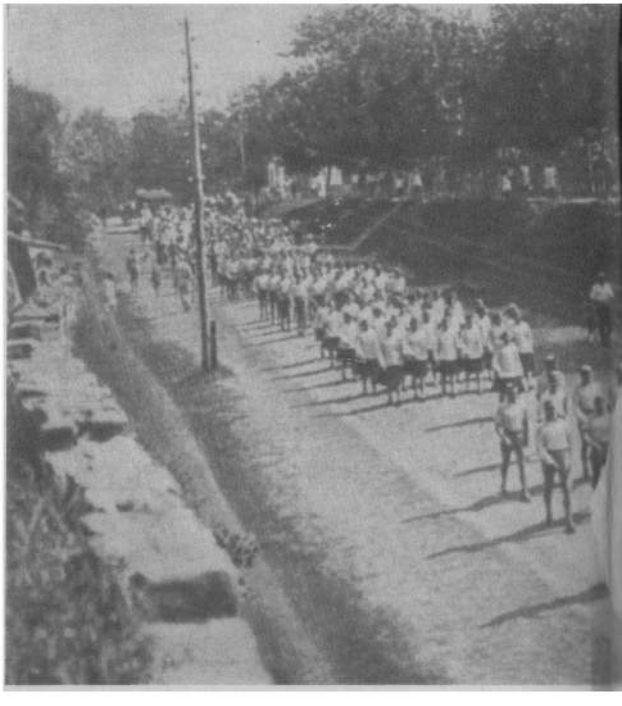
Anton Makarenko as a student of the Poltava Teachers' Training College (1914)



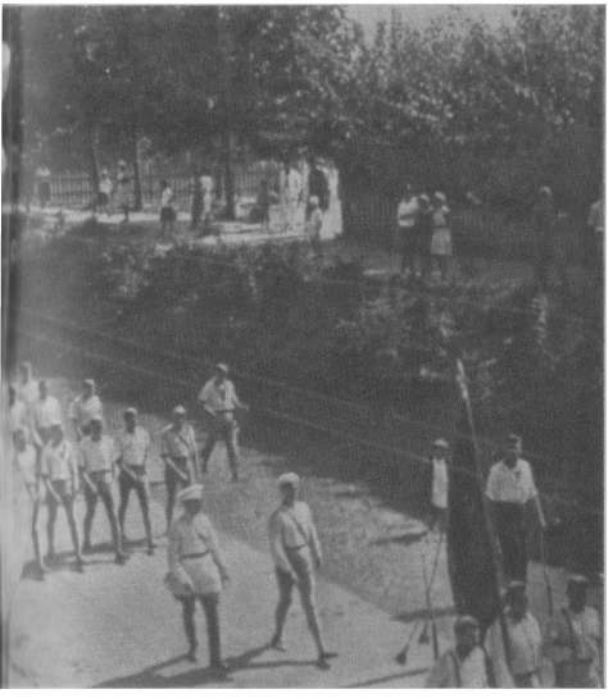
Anton Makarenko (Poltava, 1920)



Anton Makarenko as head of the Gorky Colony (1928)



On the march





The colony's band





Maxim Gorky and Anton Makarenko
with a group of pupils





The commanders' council meeting



Literature classes

LECTURES ON CHILD EDUCATION
(ABRIDGED)

GENERAL GUIDELINES FOR CHILD CARE IN THE FAMILY

Dear Parents and Citizens of the Soviet Union!

The bringing up of children is your most important task in life. Our children are future citizens of our country and citizens of the world. They will be making history. Our children are future fathers and mothers, who in their turn will also be bringing up children. Our children must grow up into worthy citizens, good fathers and mothers. Yet that is not all: our children determine our old age. Correct upbringing will mean we enjoy a happy old age, while bad upbringing will mean future grief for us, our tears and guilt before other people, before the whole of the country.

Dear parents, first and foremost you must be mindful of the importance of this task, of the great responsibility it involves.

Today we start out on a series of dialogues on the subject of upbringing in the family. Later we shall be dwelling in detail on individual aspects of child care—discipline and parental authority, play, food and clothing, politeness, etc.

All these are most important subjects with regard to useful methods to be followed in education work. Yet before turning to all of these I would draw your attention to certain questions of general significance which have a bearing on all aspects of education, and which should always be borne in mind.

First of all I should like to draw your attention to the fact that it is far easier to give a child a correct and normal upbringing than to reeducate him. Correct upbringing right from the start is far less difficult an undertaking than many people would think. It is something each individual is capable of, each father and mother. Each one of us can bring up his child well if he is really anxious to do so; it is a pleasant, joyous and rewarding task. Re-education is something quite different. If your child has been brought up incorrectly, if you are guilty of various omissions or oversights or have been lazy and neglected your child, then there is a great deal that has to be undone and put right. This work of correction and re-education is a far from simple undertaking. To re-educate a child requires more strength and knowledge and more patience than some parents are able to muster. Very often when a family is unable to cope with the problems involved in re-educating a child, they are obliged to send their son or daughter to a colony. There are even cases when a children's colony is unable to do anything to help and a man or woman enters life as a person who still has blemishes and flaws. Let us consider those cases when re-education work has helped and someone makes a new start in life and is engaged in useful

activities: everyone is happy to see this, the parents included, yet no one is willing to calculate how much has been lost in the process. If that individual had been properly brought up from the outset he would have received far more from life and would have started out in life stronger and better equipped, and, it follows, happier. In addition the work of undoing and re-education is work that is not only more difficult but sadder. Even when complete success is achieved work of this kind causes parents constant disappointments, drains them of nervous energy and often has a negative effect on parents' characters.

I should advise parents always to be mindful of this and always to try to bring their children up in such a way as to ensure that there will be nothing to undo afterwards, that everything is done correctly from the start.

...I know that this task of upbringing is coped with far more successfully in some cases than in others. This depends on many factors, and first and foremost on the application of correct methods. A very important determining factor in this success is the actual structure and balance of relationships in the family. To a certain extent this structure depends on us as individuals inside the family. There is little doubt, for instance, that it is far more difficult to bring up an only son or daughter than to bring up a family of several children. Even in cases where a family is exposed to certain material difficulties, it is still wrong for parents to restrict themselves to only one child. The only child very soon becomes the centre of a family. The attention

of the father and mother concentrated on the one child usually exceeds a sensible norm. Parental love in such cases is of a somewhat hysterical character. The illness of such a child or its death is an immeasurable tragedy in such a family, and the fear of such a misfortune is always in the parents' minds and deprives them of the necessary degree of calmness. Very often the only child grows used to its exclusive position and becomes a real despot within the family. For parents it is very difficult to hold their love and attentiveness for their child in check, and willy-nilly they find themselves producing an egoist.

Only in a family with more than one child can parental care assume normal proportions. It is evenly distributed between all the members. In a large family a child learns to adapt to the collective from its earliest years and acquires experience of creating relationships. In a family with children of different ages children gain experience of love and friendship in a wide variety of relationships. Life in such a family makes it possible for the child to find his feet in the context of different types of human relationships. He will be confronted with important tasks that are quite beyond the ken of the only child: learning to love an older or younger brother—which requires developing two very different types of relationship—learning to share things with brothers or sisters and take a sympathetic interest in them. And all this quite apart from the fact that in a large family at every turn, and even in the context of play, the child is adapting to life within a collective. All this is very impor-

tant precisely in the context of Soviet education. In a bourgeois family this question is not so important because in that context the whole of society is based on the egoistic principle of self-interest.

Then there are other problems stemming from broken families. If parents live apart or have separated this has a very negative effect on a child's development. All too often children become a bone of contention between parents who openly hate each other and do not conceal this from their children.

It is essential to remind parents who for any reason go their separate ways that in their quarrelling and differences they should give more thought to the children. Whatever their own differences may be, they can be solved in a more or less civilised fashion. It is quite possible to conceal from children animosity or hatred for a former partner. It is of course difficult for a husband who has left his family to continue to play any part in the upbringing of his children. If he is unable to exert any beneficial influence on his former family, then it is better to arrange things in such a way as to help it forget him completely: that will be a more honest way of going about things. This of course does not mean that a father should cease to fulfil his material obligations towards his abandoned children.

The subject of the structure of the family is a very important one and should be approached most conscientiously.

If parents really love their children and wish to bring them up to the best of their ability they will try to prevent their differences from reach-

ing breaking-point and thereby avoid placing their children in difficult position.

The next subject worthy of most serious attention is the goal of education and upbringing. In some families it is clear that no thought whatsoever has been devoted to this question: parents and children simply live side by side and the parents just hope that things will work themselves out. Parents seem to have no clearly defined goal, no set programme. Of course in cases such as this results will be always haphazard, and often parents of this type are surprised when their children do not turn out well. No undertaking will turn out well if it is not clear from the start what end is in view.

Each father and each mother must be well aware of what trait they wish to foster in their child. It is imperative to have a clear idea of one's own wishes as a parent. Ask yourselves if you wish to bring up a true citizen of the Land of Soviets who is well-informed, energetic, honest, devoted to his people and the revolution, hard-working, optimistic and well-mannered. Or do you want your child to turn into a greedy philistine, a cowardly, crafty little go-getter? Take the trouble to give a lot of thought to that question, on your own if not in discussion with others, and you will see at once where you have made all kinds of mistakes in the past and correct paths that you could follow in the future....

Your own behaviour is all-important. Do not entertain the illusion that you are only bringing up a child when you are actually talking to him, or that you are only teaching him when you are giving him instructions. You are bringing

him up at every moment of your life, even when you are not in the home. The way you dress, talk to other people or about other people, the way you treat your friends and enemies, the way you laugh or read the paper—all this is most important for your child. A child notices or senses the slightest changes in tone; although you may not notice it, your trains of thought all communicate themselves to him in some mysterious way. If at home you are rude, boastful or indulge in drinking, or still worse insult your wife, then there is no need to think about how you are bringing up your children: you are doing it already and in the wrong direction and not even the finest advice or methods are going to help you.

The standards parents set themselves, their respect for their family, the check parents place upon their every step—these are the very first methods of bringing up children!

One also finds parents nowadays who hold that it is necessary to light on some cunning recipe for bringing up children and then all will be well. According to them if such a recipe is placed in the hands of the laziest of parents they will then be able to produce a hard-working child or if it be placed in the hands of a scoundrel it will help him to raise an honest citizen; then again in the hands of a liar a miracle will happen and his child will grow up truthful.

Miracles of that kind just do not happen. No recipes will help if there are major defects in the character of the parent.

It is precisely to these defects that attention should be drawn. As for conjuring tricks it should

be made clear once and for all that conjuring tricks simply do not apply to the field of education and child care. Unfortunately one does come across people who believe in such short cuts. One person thinks up elaborate new punishments, another introduces a system of rewards, a third goes out of his way to clown around at home, while a fourth tries to buy desired results with promises.

To bring up children properly requires a serious, straightforward and sincere approach to the task involved. The integrity of the lives led by good parents should consist first and foremost in these three qualities. Even the most insignificant note of insincerity, artificiality, mockery or frivolity doom parents' efforts to sure failure. This in no way implies that you should always be pompous or haughty—simply be sincere, let your moods match the moment and the essence of what is happening in your family.

Would-be short cuts prevent people from keeping their real objectives in view; more than anything they provide diversion for parents and take up time which could well be spent to better purpose. So many parents also revel in complaining that they are short of time.

Of course it is better if parents are able to spend more time with their children, and it is most unfortunate if parents hardly ever see their children. Yet it is essential to point out here that correct upbringing by no means demands that parents should never let their children out of their sight. Upbringing of that sort can only do children harm. It fosters passivity, and children of such parents grow too used to adult company

and their intellectual development proceeds too rapidly. Parents love to boast of their children's intellectual achievement, but are later forced to admit that they pushed them too hard.

It is important that you should know what your child is doing, where he is and with whom, yet at the same time you should give your children sufficient freedom to ensure that he is not always under your personal care, but also exposed to a large variety of other influences. Do not think that you should timidly shield him from influences that are negative or even hostile. Despite all your efforts life is bound to bring him up against various kinds of temptation and people or circumstances that are alien to him, or can even cause him harm. You must foster in him the ability to differentiate between these outside influences, fight against the negative ones and recognise them for what they are in good time. If your child is treated like a delicate hot-house plant and isolated from the outside world, he is not going to develop this ability. To this end it therefore follows quite naturally that you should allow your children to come into contact with all kinds of different people, while at the same time never losing sight completely of what they are up to.

Children must always be afforded timely help, be checked in time and led back to the right path. This means that parents must constantly be steering their child's march through life in small, subtle ways, while never merely lead him along by the hand. Later we shall be discussing this subject in more detail, here I mention it merely in connection with the question of time. What

is important when bringing up children is not how *much* time we spend with them, so much as how *well* we spend the available time. Here I should like to stress once more that the process of upbringing is going on all the time even when you are not at home.

The true essence of the parent's work in child care, as you have probably guessed by this time, consists not in his conversations with his children, not in the direct influence he exerts on them, but in the organisation of his family life, his own private and public life and the organisation of his children's lives. Upbringing is first and foremost a question of organisation. There are no unimportant details in child care. We do not have the right to call anything a trifle and forget about it. It would be a terrible mistake to think that in your life or the life of your child you should pick out something important and concentrate on it all your attention, while everything else can fall by the wayside. There are no trifles in the task of bringing up children. Some hair-ribbon that you may use to tie up your little girl's hair, some little hat or toy, those are all things which can assume major importance in your child's life. Good organisation consists precisely in ensuring that tiny details and incidents are not lost sight of. Trifles are important all the time, every day, every hour and in fact a succession of them constitutes life itself. To provide the guiding influence in your children's lives, and help to organise them is the most responsible task incumbent upon you as parents.

In subsequent talks we shall be looking at specific methods used in education and child

care in more detail. Today's points were put forward by way of an introduction.

ON PARENTAL AUTHORITY

...What is the source of parental authority and how is it established?

Parents whose children are "disobedient" are more often than not inclined to think that authority is something people are born with, and that it is a talent all of its own. If someone lacks this talent then nothing can be done, all that remains is to envy those who possess it. Such parents are highly mistaken. Authority can be established in every family and it is not particularly difficult to do so.

Unfortunately all too often one encounters parents whose authority is based on a false premise. They aim first and foremost at having their children obey them and see this as an end in itself. Yet this is a mistaken approach. Authority and obedience should not be ends in themselves. A parent's goal should be one, and one only—namely to ensure their children are brought up correctly. This is the one end after which they should aspire. Children's obedience is merely one of the paths leading to that goal. It is precisely the parents who give no thought to the true goals of education who aspire after obedience for obedience's sake. If their children are obedient, parents' lives are easier, and it is this ease which they place before else. On closer examination it always emerges that neither peace nor obedience last very long, for authority based on a false premise only serves any useful purpose for a

very short time; soon everything collapses and there is little sign of either authority or obedience. It can also happen that parents set out to achieve obedience but at the expense of all other goals in education—the end result will most probably be obedient but weak-willed children.

There are many variations of this false authority. Here we shall dwell in some detail on ten types. I hope that after this survey of the question it will be easier to define what genuine parental authority should be.

Authority Through Repression. This is the most regrettable variety of authority although not the most detrimental. It is above all fathers who are guilty of establishing this type of authority. If a father always roars at home, is always losing his temper and going into a thunderous rage over trifles and reaches out for the rod or the strap at the first opportunity, answers all questions with ill temper, subjects his child to punishment for every little misdemeanour, then this is authority of the repressive type. This régime of terror instigated by the father holds the whole family in fear—not only the children but the mother as well. It is harmful not merely because it frightens the children, but also because it reduces the mother to a mere cipher, capable of no other role except that of a servant. There is no need to point out how detrimental such authority is. It does not promote correct upbringing at all but only encourages children to recoil from their awesome father; it tends to encourage lies and cowardice, while at the same time fostering cruelty in children. Intimidated, weak-willed children are more than likely to turn into either

spineless nonentities or tyrants who for the rest of their lives will be seeking to revenge themselves on others for the repressed childhood inflicted upon them. This highly misguided type of authority is to be found only among uncultured parents and recently it has, thank goodness, been dying out.

Authority Through Distance. Some fathers and indeed mothers too are seriously convinced that in order that children be obedient it is best to converse less with them, be more distant in one's dealings with them and at rare intervals just lay down the law. This type of authority was particularly popular in certain families of the old intelligentsia. In such households the fathers would more likely than not have a study set apart, from which they would emerge on rare occasions as some sort of high priest or other. They would dine separately, seek entertainment separately and even their instructions for the family in their care would be relayed indirectly to the children through their mother. Mothers of this type are also to be encountered who lead their own separate lives, have their own interests and ideas, while their children are entrusted to the care of a grandmother or even a domestic servant.

It is quite clear that authority of this variety is in no way beneficial.

Authority Through Arrogance. This is a version of authority through distance but a more detrimental one. Some people hold that they are particularly deserving and important members of the community, make the most of this at every turn and in front of their children as well. At home

they put on airs and strut about even more than at work; they talk incessantly about their accomplishments and are condescending about everyone else. It happens all too often that children impressed by this type of father, start putting on airs themselves. They are always boasting to their friends and school-fellows that their father is a very important man, or that he is a writer, or a military officer, or a celebrity. In this atmosphere of arrogance the self-important Papa ceases to be aware of the direction in which his children are developing and what kind of people he is raising. A similar type of authority can also be exercised by mothers boasting of their exclusive dress, important connections, or trips to fashionable resorts, which give them grounds for condescension and setting themselves apart from other people, their own children included.

Authority Through Pedantry. In this situation parents pay more attention to their children, work more at it, yet they work like bureaucrats. They are sure that children should listen to every word spoken by their parents in trepidation and that parental word is Gospel. They mete out their instructions in a cold tone and once delivered, they are immediately supposed to acquire the force of law. Parents of this type fear above all else lest their children might think that their father ever made mistakes, or be an irresolute man. If a father of this mould were to say, "Tomorrow it will rain, so you cannot go out for a walk," even if the weather the next day were good, he would still hold that his children should not go out for a walk. If such a father were to take a dislike to a certain film he might

well forbid his children to go to the cinema altogether, even when good films were playing. If he were to punish a child and later discover that the child had not been guilty of any misdemeanour, as it seemed at first, he would still never dream of revoking the punishment, insisting that his decision once taken was final. Fathers of this type find plenty to concern themselves with every day, seeing as they do every movement of their child as a violation of order and discipline, requiring new laws and regulations. Such fathers remain quite blind to a child's life, interests and development; they see nothing other than their own bureaucratic ordering of their family's existence.

Authority Through Didactics. In this situation parents literally make their children's lives a misery with endless lecturing and edification. Instead of using a few words addressed to their child perhaps even in a jocular tone, parents of this type sit their children down and embark on long and tedious speeches, convinced that lecturing is the wisest course to adopt in questions of upbringing. There is little joy and little laughter to be found in such families. Parents go out of their way to set a good example anxious as they are to appear infallible in the eyes of their children. Yet they forget that children are *not* adults and that they have lives of their own which should be respected for what they are. A child lives his life in a more emotional, passionate key than an adult, and is ill-fitted for long deliberation. The habit of reasoned thought is one he acquires gradually and rather slowly, while constant haranguing from

parents, incessant nagging and prattle make little impression on children's minds. Little sense of authority is imparted to children through argument.

Authority Through Love. This is the most widespread type of mistaken authority. Many parents are convinced that in order to make sure that children are obedient it is vital that they should love their parents, and in order to deserve that love it is essential to manifest their parental love for their children at every turn. Tender words, endless caressing and kisses, and manifestations of affection are showered upon the children in quite superfluous profusion. If a child is disobedient he is asked immediately if this means he does not love his father. Parents keep track with jealous zeal of the expressions in their children's eyes and demand tenderness and love. Often a mother will tell her friends in front of her children how much they love her and her husband, and how affectionate they are....

Families of this sort wallow in sentimentality and emotional excess to such an extent that they have no eyes for anything else. Parents fail to notice many other important aspects of upbringing within the family. A child is expected to do everything out of love for his parents.

There are many dangers inherent in this approach. It can make families inward-looking. Children naturally enough lack the emotional drive for such love. They very soon realise that their parents can be deceived with no trouble at all, as long as everything they say is expressed in tender phrases. They even realise that they can frighten their parents by merely sulk-

ing and showing them that their love is on the wane. From a very early age children in such families learn that it is easy to get round people by professing affection. Since it is impossible to love other people as strongly as members of their own family, children learn to wheedle what they want out of people through cynical and calculated cupboard-love. Sometimes such children's love for their parents may last a long time yet all other people come to be regarded as alien strangers for whom they feel no sympathy or sense of friendship.

This is a very dangerous type of authority which breeds insincere and lying egoists. Very often it is the case that the first victims of such egoism are the child's parents themselves.

Authority Through Kindness. This is the most unwise type of authority. In this situation a child's obedience is also rooted in a child's love, but it is encouraged not through kisses and effusion, but through eternal concessions, parents' softness and kindness. The father or mother appears to the child as some sort of fairy godmother. They permit everything, nothing is too much for them, they do not grudge any expense, they try to be exemplary parents. They are frightened of any conflict and prefer peace in the home at all cost, they are ready to sacrifice anything to achieve that peace, just as long as all goes smoothly. Very soon the children in such families learn to twist their parents round their little fingers, parents' non-resistance encourages children to come forward with exaggerated wishes, caprices and demands. Sometimes parents start to remonstrate in small matters

but by this time it is too late and damaging experience has already taken hold.

Authority Through Friendship. Fairly frequently, even before children are born their parents decide that their children are going to be their friends. In general this is a good thing. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters can and indeed should be friends, yet parents still remain the senior members of the family collective and the children still remain those who undergo the process of upbringing. If friendship reaches extremes, education gives way to the opposite process and children start "educating" their parents. Such families are sometimes to be found in the milieu of the intelligentsia, families in which children call their parents by their first names, make fun of them, rudely interrupt them, lay down the law to them at every turn, and there cannot be even any thought of obedience. Yet neither is there any friendship, since no friendship at all is possible where there is no mutual respect.

Authority Through Bribery. This is the most immoral type of authority found when obedience is simply bought with presents and promises. Parents with no inhibitions state quite simply that if their child is good he will receive a toy horse or go to the circus.

Of course some system of rewards is possible within the home, yet children should *never* be rewarded for good behaviour or for manifestations of love for their parents. They can be rewarded for good marks at school, for carrying out really difficult tasks. Yet even in such cases as these nothing should ever be staked in advance,

and children should never be goaded on in school or other work by tempting promises.

Apart from these types of false authority there are many others as well, authority through jollity, erudition, bravado, authority based on beauty. Yet there are many families where parents give no thought to any kind of authority, living from day to day in a casual, haphazard way, bringing their children up as best they can. One day a parent will be thundering in a rage and punishing his little boy for some trifle, while the next there will be effusive manifestations of affection, the day after he will be promising him something so as to achieve some desired end and the day after that he will revert punishment again and reproach himself for his earlier kindnesses. Parents of this type are always in a quandary, flitting from one extreme to another like scalded cats, powerless to achieve anything and incapable of understanding what they are doing. There are also cases where a father will advocate one type of authority and a mother another. Children in families such as these are obliged to become diplomats and learn to manoeuvre a middle course between father and mother. Last of all there are families in which parents simply take no notice of their children and are concerned only with their own peace and quiet.

What should the essential features of parental authority be in a Soviet family?

The main foundation for parental authority can only be the life and work of the parents, their social role, their behaviour. A family is an important and responsible undertaking, of which parents are in charge and for which they are re-

sponsible before society, the way they come to grips with these undertakings determines their own happiness and the quality of their children's lives. If parents embark on having a family honestly, sensibly and if they set themselves worthy, upstanding objectives in this undertaking, constantly aware of what they are doing, this means they will achieve parental authority and they will not need to seek outside sources of authority, let alone think up any artificial methods.

As soon as children start growing up they always start to show an interest in where their father and mother work, and what their social status is. As soon as possible they should learn of their parents' interests and preoccupations, and their leanings. It is important that a child should see the work in which his father or mother is engaged as something serious and worthy of esteem. The merits of a child's parents should appear to him first and foremost as merits from the point of view of society, possessed of intrinsic value, not mere outward show. It is very important that these deserts should be seen by children not as something isolated, but against a background of the achievements of the country. Not arrogance but positive Soviet pride should come naturally to our children; at the same time it is essential that children take pride not only in their father and mother, but that they should know the names of the great and illustrious figures in our society, that their father or mother should in their eyes appear as members of a whole host of public figures.

Meanwhile it is important not to forget that in

all human activity there are specific tensions and specific merits. In no case whatever should parents appear to their children as leading lights in their particular field, as geniuses beyond compare. Children must appreciate the merits of other people as well and in particular those of their parents' close friends. Parents' civic authority can only be really esteemed if it is the authority, not of an upstart or braggart, but that of the member of a collective. If a parent succeeds in bringing his son up in such a way as to ensure that he will take pride in the achievements of the whole factory where his father works, if he takes heart from the success achieved by that factory, then it follows that the given child has been brought up properly.

Yet parents should be more than just active members of the narrow-scale front of their own collective. Our life is the life of a socialist society. A father and mother should appear to their children as participants in that life. International affairs, literary achievements should all leave their mark on the ideas of a father, on his emotions and his aspirations. Only parents of whom this is true, parents who live a full life — real citizens of our homeland, will be truly respected by their children. At the same time do not think that it is essential to "deliberately" live such a life, so that your children might notice it, be impressed by your qualities. Such a situation is truly corrupting: parents should genuinely live lives such as those in actual fact, not force themselves to do so, or parade such habits before children. Children are sure to see for themselves what is required.

Yet you are not only citizens of our new society but parents as well. Your task as parents should be carried out as well as possible, and in a man's endeavours to do this lie the seeds of his true authority. First and foremost you should know what the child is interested in, what he likes, what he does not like, what he wants to do and does not want to do. You should know who his friends are, with whom he plays and what he plays, what he reads, how he assimilates what he reads. By the time he is at school, you should have good idea of his attitude towards his school and his teachers, what his weak spots are and how he behaves in class. You should always be well-informed of these details from your child's very early years onwards. It should not come as a surprise to you to learn of the trouble or conflict situations your child finds himself in, but rather you should anticipate and forestall them.

It is necessary for you parents to know this, but this does not mean by any stretch of the imagination that you should torment your child with incessant and tiresome questioning, with cheap and persistent spying. From the very outset it should be an accepted practice that your children tell you themselves about what they have been doing, that they should want to do so and that they should be eager for you to know all about it. From time to time you should make a point of asking your children's friends to the house, for a meal perhaps, occasionally pay return visits to their families and to become acquainted with the families of your children's friends at the first convenient opportunity.

All this does not require an enormous amount of time, but it does require a good deal of attention to your children and the lives they are leading.

If you manage to achieve all this your children will not fail to appreciate your efforts. Children are always grateful for such understanding and respect their parents.

Authority through knowledge always leads on inevitably to authority through help. In the life of any child there will be many instances when he will not know what to do, when he will need advice and help. Perhaps he will not ask you for help because he does not know how to go about doing so, so you should come to him with help on your own initiative.

Frequently such help may be proffered in the form of direct advice, sometimes in the form of jest, sometimes in the form of instructions, or even as orders. If you are well acquainted with the life of your child you will see yourself how best to proffer the help required. Often help has to be proffered in a highly specific way; a parent is required to take part in some childish game, get to know his children's friends, visit their school and talk with their teachers. If you are fortunate to have several children the best thing is to turn to elder brothers and sisters to achieve the desired objective.

Parental assistance should never be of the insistent, tiresome, pushing variety. In some cases it is quite essential to leave a child to find a way out of a fix by himself, to see to it that he grows used to surmounting obstacles and solving his most complex problems. Yet it is always im-

portant to see how a child goes about such an undertaking and make sure that he does not lose his bearings and sink into despair. Sometimes it is even necessary for a child to see your concern, interest and trust in his abilities.

Authority based on assistance, careful and considerate guidance is always complemented by authority based on knowledge. A child will feel you are at his side, that you are concerned for him within sensible limits and anxious to protect him from danger: but at the same time he will know that you demand something from him in your turn, that you are not prepared to do everything for him or relieve him of all responsibility.

This guideline of responsibility is precisely the most important in the question of parental authority. On no account should a child think that your guidance of a family and himself in particular is merely a source of pleasure or diversion. He should realise that you are responsible not only for yourself but also for him before Soviet society. There is no need for a parent to fear telling his son or daughter openly and firmly that they are being brought up according to a definite pattern, that they have a great deal to learn and that they must grow up into good citizens and fine upstanding people, that their parents are responsible for achieving this goal and that they are not afraid of that responsibility. In this responsibility lie not only the seeds of help to children but also the demands made upon them. In some cases demands made upon children should be voiced in the sternest of tones not admitting

of any remonstration. Incidentally it should be pointed out that such demands can only have a positive effect if a child respects his parents' authority through responsibility. Even while still very young it is important for a child to realise that he and his parents do not live an isolated existence on some desert island.

DISCIPLINE

The word "discipline" has several meanings. For some teachers it conveys a set of rules for behaviour. For others it means a set of habits that have taken shape and been deliberately trained, still others understand it as a synonym for obedience. All these different meanings are greater or lesser approximations to the truth, but for a teacher's correct work it is essential to have a more precise idea of the very concept of "discipline".

Sometimes a person distinguished for obedient behaviour is referred to as disciplined. Of course in the overwhelming majority of cases an exact and rapid compliance with orders and instructions of superior bodies or individuals is required from every individual, yet all the same in Soviet society so-called obedience is an inadequate indication of a disciplined person; simple obedience cannot satisfy us, all the more so when obedience is blind, as was usually demanded in schools of our pre-revolutionary past.

A far more complex sense of discipline is demanded of the Soviet citizen. He is expected not only to appreciate to what end and why it is necessary for him to carry out this or that com-

mand, but also actively to endeavour to carry it out to the very best of his ability. Yet that is still not everything. Our citizens are expected to be ready to do their duty at any moment of their lives without waiting for instructions or orders, they are expected to be ready to take the initiative and be possessed of creative will. It is hoped at the same time that they will only do what is really useful and necessary for our society and our country and that in this work they will not be deterred by any difficulties and obstacles. On the contrary, Soviet man is required to refrain from such conduct or actions as are of benefit or bring pleasure to himself alone, while perhaps bringing harm to other people or to society as a whole. In addition it is always expected of our citizens that they never be bounded by the narrow horizon of their own personal affairs, their particular field, machine, family, but be able to see beyond to the concerns of the people around them, their lives and behaviour and be able to come to the help of their fellow-men, not only in word but also in deed, even if their own personal tranquillity has to be sacrificed in the process. In respect of our common enemies it is demanded of every individual that he resolutely obstruct their activities and be constantly vigilant whatever unpleasantnesses and dangers might ensue.

In a word in Soviet society only a man, who always, and in any conditions, is able to choose the right and socially useful course of action, and find within himself the resolve to pursue that course despite ensuing difficulties and troubles, can rightly be called disciplined.

It goes without saying that discipline alone is not enough to raise a disciplined individual, that is discipline in the sense of exercise in obedience. It is possible to bring up Soviet disciplined citizens only if they are subjected to all the necessary correct influences, among which pride of place should be ascribed to a broad political education, general education, books, newspapers, labour, social work and even such seemingly secondary factors as play, entertainment and recreation. Only when exposed to all these influences in balanced proportion can correct upbringing be achieved, can a genuinely disciplined citizen of socialist society be educated.

It is to be recommended in particular that parents always bear in mind one important fact: discipline is not achieved by isolated "disciplinary" measures, but by a whole system of child education, a whole environment, the complex of influences to which chidren are subjected. Viewed in this light discipline is not the *raison d'être*, not a method nor a technique for correct education but the result of it. Correct discipline is the positive end towards which the teacher should aspire with every ounce of his energy making the most of all means at his disposal. For this reason every parent should realise that when giving his son or daughter a book to read, acquainting them with a new friend, talking to them about the international situation, how his factory is prospering or about his successes at work, at the same time he is setting his sights upon the goal of a greater or lesser degree of disciplined conduct.

This means that discipline should be defined as a broad, overall result of all work in education and child care.

Yet there is also a narrower sphere of educational work which is particularly closely connected with the fostering of discipline, and which is often confused with discipline, namely routine. While discipline is the result of educational work viewed in the wide sense, routine is merely a means or technique employed by the educator. The differences between routine and discipline are very important ones and parents should have a well-defined idea of them. Discipline for example is one of those phenomena with regard to which we always demand perfection. We always wish that in our own family, in our own work, we should find the very best, the very strictest discipline. There are no two ways about it: discipline is result, and in all our activities we are used to fighting for the very best results. It is difficult to imagine a man who would be able to say: "Our discipline is nothing to write home about, but it's good enough for our purposes...."

Anyone who could say such a thing is either a fool or a real enemy. Any normal person should be aspiring after the very highest discipline, that is after the very best result.

It is quite a different matter with routine. Routine, as mentioned earlier, is only a means to an end, and we know in general that any means in whatever field of life we care to choose needs to be used only when it corresponds to the end in view, when it is appropriate. For this reason it is possible to imagine to oneself what the very

best discipline entails, while it is impossible to visualise some ideal, unsurpassed routine. In some cases one routine will seem the most appropriate and in others something quite different.

A family time-table cannot and should not remain constant in varying conditions. Children's ages, their abilities, their surroundings, neighbours, the size and comfort of living accommodation, the route to school, business of local streets and many other circumstances besides mould and modify the nature of family routine. One kind is needed in a large family with many children, and quite a different one in a family where there is only one child. A routine suitable for small children could cause considerable harm if followed for older children. In the same way routines for girls are set apart by various specific features, especially during the latter part of their education.

All this demonstrates how a routine cannot and should not be understood as something permanent and unchanging. In some families this mistake is common: all concerned believe religiously in the benefit to be derived from well-established routine, and uphold its inviolability to the detriment of their children's interests and their own as well. Any inflexible routine soon becomes no more than an obsolete tool, which cannot be of any use but merely causes harm.

The very nature of routine prevents it from being something permanent precisely because it is an educational technique. Each teacher or parent sets himself specific goals and these

goals always change and become more complex. In early childhood for instance parents are faced with a serious task of fostering the habit of cleanliness in children. With this end in view parents order their children's lives according to a specific routine, setting up rules for washing, using the bath, shower or bath-house, rules for clearing up and keeping rooms, beds and desks clean and tidy. This routine should be regularly kept up and parents ought never to forget about it, see that it is adhered to, help children in situations when there is something to be done that they find difficult, and demand high standards of work from their children. If regular patterns of behaviour like this are well organised then they will prove extremely beneficial and the time will eventually come when cleanliness will have become a habit and children will make sure always to sit down at table with clean hands. In other words the time will come when objectives will have been achieved. The routine which was necessary for the achievement of the objectives concerned then becomes superfluous. Of course this does not mean that it should be dropped right away. Gradually the initial routine should give way to another aimed at consolidating newly formed habits and at developing new, more complex and more important habits which the parents see as beneficial for their children's overall progress. To continue to concern themselves with nothing but cleanliness would not only be a superfluous expenditure of parents' energy, but, what is more, a harmful waste: that is precisely how soulless sticklers for cleanliness are reared, children remarkable for noth-

ing but their clean habits, of no interest as individual personalities, who are capable of sometimes carrying out the work entrusted to them in a superficial way, concentrating first and foremost on keeping their hands clean.

This example of a routine fostering cleanliness illustrates how correct and useful routines should be temporary phenomena and of short duration, as is the case with all other means to an end, and after all that is what routines are.

From this it follows that parents should never be advised to follow one particular routine. There are many different varieties and it is important to select such a one as is particularly suited to the situation in hand.

Despite the variety of possible routines, it should however be pointed out, that education routines in a Soviet family should always be distinguished by specific characteristics that are indispensable for their successful working in any context. In this talk it is important to dwell for a moment on these general characteristics.

In the first place I should like to draw parents' attention to the fact that, whatever particular routine they may happen to select for their family it should be first and foremost one that is directed towards a specific objective. Any code for living should be introduced in a family not because some other family has been awailing itself of the code in question, and not because it might be more pleasant to live according to that particular code, but *only* because it is essential for the attainment of the objective envisaged by the parents. You yourselves should have a clear idea of the objective concerned and in the overwhelming

variety of cases the children themselves should know about it. In any case for both you and your children the routine to be adopted should appear in the light of a sensible code for living. If you demand that children should assemble for dinner at a given time, then your children should appreciate that this particular rule is necessary to lighten the burden of the mother's, or cook's domestic tasks and also to ensure the family is in full muster several times a day to spend some time together when they can share their thoughts and emotions. If you insist that your children should eat up everything on their plates, children should be given to understand that this is important as a sign of respect for other people's work in food production and for their parents' work, and in order to promote economy in the family. There are also families in which parents insist that children should keep silent at table. The children concerned complied with this demand but neither they, nor their parents, appreciated to what end this particular rule had been introduced. When the parents were asked about this they explained that if people talked during meals they might choke over their food. A rule of this sort serves no useful purpose of course: it is universally accepted that people converse at table and this does not result in any unfortunate accidents.

While recommending that parents make sure that family routines are of a reasonable and expedient character, at the same time parents should be warned that it is by no means necessary at every turn to explain to children the significance of this or that particular rule; it is impor-

tant that children should not be bored by this kind of explanation and interpretation. Parents should, where possible, try to help children understand what such routines are meant for. Only very rarely does it prove necessary to put them on the right track. Indeed it is important to ensure that good habits in children take firm root, and to this end most indispensable of all is practice in correct behaviour. Endless discussion and haranguing on the subject of correct behaviour can ruin any achievement in this respect.

A second important characteristic of all routine is clear demarcation. If children are required to clean their teeth today, then it is important they be made to clean them tomorrow as well. If children are called upon to make their own beds today, then the same thing should be asked of them the following day. It is wrong for a mother to demand one day that a child make his bed, and then the next day relent and make it herself. Haphazard vagueness of this sort divests a routine of any significance at all and reduces it to a collection of chance, unconnected instructions. A useful routine must be clearly defined and precise, not admitting of exceptions, otherwise than in cases when exceptions are really essential and demanded by extenuating circumstances. As a rule in every family the routine followed should be such that it enables every deviation from it to stand out clearly. This is important even with the very smallest children, and the more strictly the parents insist that a particular routine be followed, the less deviations from it there will be and the less parents will need to resort to punishment.

Parents' attention should be focussed on this particular point. Many people adopt a mistaken line of action in this situation: a little boy fails to make his bed in the morning, is it worth making a scene over something like that? This happened for the first time—well, an unmade bed is only a trifle, not worth making a child upset about. This view of the situation is quite misguided. There are no trifles in child care. An unmade bed points not only to potential untidiness, but it can lead to contempt for family routine as a whole, the beginning of the road which later can assume the form of open hostility vis-à-vis parents.

The clear specification of a routine, its precision and binding force are exposed to major risk if parents themselves adopt insincere attitudes to the routine in question, if they demand that children keep to it, while they themselves live ill-ordered lives that do not follow any regular pattern. Of course, it is quite natural that the daily routine followed by parents will differ from that which children need to keep to, yet these differences should not be questions of principle. If you demand that children should not read at table during meals, you should refrain from doing so yourselves. When you insist that children wash their hands before meals, make sure and remember to do the same yourself. See to it that you make your own beds, if your children have to do so as well; it is a task that is far from difficult and one that has nothing shameful about it. All these trifles are far more important than is generally believed.

Family routine should as a matter of course

include the following details of day-to-day life at home: there should be a firmly established time for rising and going to bed, which should remain the same on working days and holidays; there should be rules for tidiness and cleanliness, definite rules and times for changing linen and other clothes, rules as to how they be worn and cleaned; children should be taught that there is a set place for all their belongings where they should be tidily replaced after work or play; at the earliest possible stage children should be taught to use the lavatory and wash at the wash-basin or in a bath, and see that electric lights are turned on and off at the right times. A particularly well-organised routine should be established for meal times. Each child should know his place at table, never be late, behave himself, learn to use a knife and fork, avoid spilling food on to the table cloth, eat up all he is given and not ask for more than he can eat.

Allocation of a child's working time should also be organised according to a strict routine and this is particularly important when he starts to go to school. Yet even before that it is desirable to see that times for meals, play, walks, etc., are regularly observed. Considerable attention should be paid to the question of exercise. Some people hold that it is essential for children to run around a great deal, shout and in general expend their surplus energy in wild fashion. The fact that children have more need of exercise than adults is beyond doubt, yet it would be wrong to follow this maxim blindly and take things to extremes. A child should be taught to enjoy his exercise in moderation and know when

he has had enough. When indoors at least children should not be allowed to run about and jump, these activities should be reserved for the garden and the yard. It is equally important to teach children to keep their voices under control: shouts, squeals, loud crying all come into the same category, they are signs of a child's unhealthy nervous system rather than outbursts that are really necessary. Parents are themselves usually to blame for their children's proneness to nervous outbursts. Sometimes they themselves raise their voices to a virtual shout and lose control of themselves instead of introducing a tone of calm confidence to the family atmosphere.

...So much for the overall methods for organising family routine: while using these general outlines, each parent should evolve a pattern of family life particularly well suited to the character of his family. It is especially important to approach correctly the question of the relationships between parents and children in the context of this routine. It is possible to come across an extremely wide range of exaggerations and deviations, which can severely undermine efforts to take proper care of children. Some people overdo persuasion tactics, others various explanatory lectures, still others overdo caresses; similarly commands, incentives, punishments, concessions and exaggerated firmness can all be abused, overdone, introducing disproportion in relationships between parent and child in the context of family routine.[1] In the course of family life there are, of course, a good number of instances when signs of affection, talking things

over, firmness and concessions are all appropriate. When it comes to family routine though, all such methods should come second to the most important and the only foolproof method, namely instructions.

A family is a most important and highly responsible undertaking. A family brings man a full life and happiness, yet each family, especially in the life of socialist society, is an important undertaking with implications significant for the nation. Family routine should therefore be organised, develop and operate first and foremost in a business-like way. Parents should have no qualms about using a business-like tone. They should not think that a business-like tone is incompatible with a father's or mother's love, that it could lead to a cool relationship. Once again it is important to stress that only a serious, really business-like tone can create the calm atmosphere in a family, which is essential for both correct child care and for the development of mutual respect and love between members of a family.

Parents should strive as soon as possible to master a calm, even, friendly, yet always firm tone when issuing instructions, while children from an early age should grow used to such a tone and accustomed to accepting the instructions and carrying them out willingly. There is no harm in being as affectionate as one wishes with a child, joking and playing with him, but, when the need arises, a parent must be able to issue instructions once and briefly, with the expression and tone necessary to ensure that neither they nor the children are in any doubt as to

the correctness of the instruction and the foregone conclusion that it will be carried out.

Parents should make a habit of issuing such instructions at a very early age, when a child is one and a half or two. This is by no means a difficult undertaking. It is necessary merely to ensure that your instructions comply with the following conditions:

1. They should not be issued in a tone of malice, in a raised or irritated voice, nor should they be uttered like an entreaty;
2. They should be compatible with a child's capacities, and not require that he overexert himself;
3. They should be reasonable and compatible with common sense;
4. They should not clash with other instructions issued by yourself or the children's other parent.

Once instructions have been issued they should be carried out without fail. It is most unfortunate if instructions are issued and then parents themselves forget about them. In a family, as with every undertaking, constant, tireless supervision and verification is essential. Of course, parents should try to effect this supervision so that to a large extent it goes unnoticed by their children; a child should in fact never entertain any doubts with regard to the fact that instructions must be carried out. Yet sometimes when children are entrusted with more difficult tasks, for which quality of execution is particularly important, open and direct control is quite in place.

What line should parents take when a child has not carried out their instructions? In the first

place every effort should be made to avoid such cases. Yet if they do occur and for the first time a child does not carry out your instructions then they should be repeated, but in a more formal, cooler tone, for example: "I told you to do so-and-so, and you have not done it. Do it immediately and see to it that this kind of thing does not happen again."

While repeating instructions in this way and making quite certain they are carried out, it is necessary at the same time to give thought to and examine the reasons why in this particular case your instructions were resisted. You will be bound to discover that either you yourself were to blame in some way, had done something incorrectly or overlooked something. Try to avoid such mistakes in future.

The most important thing to do in this situation is to make sure that your children do not get into the habit of disobeying, that family routine is not disrupted. It is most detrimental if you allow this to happen, if you allow children to come to regard your instructions as by no means binding.

If you saw to it that this did not happen from the very beginning then you would never have to resort to punishments later.

If a family routine is elaborated properly from the very start, if parents keep a careful check on its development, punishments will not prove necessary. In well-adjusted families punishments are not used and this is the best, most correct path for child care in the family.

Yet there are families in which child care has been neglected to such an extent that punishments

have to be resorted to. In these cases parents usually resort most clumsily to punishment and more often than not do more harm than good by doing so.

Punishment is a most complex phenomenon; it demands of the teacher or parent tremendous tact and caution, and so for this reason it is best for parents, where possible, to avoid resorting to punishment and instead try first to re-establish a correct routine of family life. This of course requires a great deal of time, but parents must have patience and wait for the results.

In extreme cases some types of punishment can be applied: treats or entertainments can be postponed (if visits to the cinema or circus had been planned for instance); pocket money can be withheld, if it is provided; association with friends can be temporarily not allowed.

Yet again I should like to direct parents' attention to the fact that punishments in themselves can be of little benefit if there exists no correctly ordered routine for family life. If there is one, then punishments can be avoided, for with a little more patience things will work themselves out. In any case it is far more important and more useful to put correct experience to good use, than to put right incorrect experience that has built up.

Similarly it is necessary to tread carefully with "carrots". Rewards or prizes should never be announced in advance. Best of all simple expressions of praise and approval should be used. Children's pleasure, joy and amusement should be seen by children not as a reward for good be-

haviour, but as a natural satisfaction of valid needs. What a child really needs can be given to him at any time or place regardless of his merits, but what is unnecessary or harmful for him should not be given to him in the form of a reward.

PLAY

Play occupies an important place in a child's life, on a par with that which serious activities, work and service occupy in the lives of adults. The conduct of a child at play to a large extent foreshadows his subsequent conduct at work when he grows up. This is why training for the future worker takes place first and foremost in the context of play.

In order to guide a child's play activity and educate him in the context of play parents must apply considerable thought to the question of what play really is and what distinguishes it from work. If parents do not give thought to this question, have not analysed it clearly for themselves, they will not be able to provide their child with the necessary guidance, will be at a loss at every turn and be more likely to spoil their child, rather than educate him.

It should be pointed out that the difference between play and work is far smaller than usually held. Positive play resembles positive work, and negative play resembles negative work. The resemblance is very great and it can without doubt be asserted that negative work has more in common with negative play than with positive work.

All positive play involves first and foremost work effort and mental effort. If you buy a child a clockwork mouse and spend the whole day winding it up and making it go, and the child will spend the whole day watching the mouse and enjoying it—there is little that is positive about such play. Occupied in this way the child will remain passive, his only participation in the activity is watching. If your child spends all his time playing in this fashion he will grow into a passive adult accustomed to staring at other people's work, bereft of any initiative and loath to introduce any new ideas into his work or attempt surmounting any hurdles he may encounter. Play that requires no effort, no active involvement is always negative play. The above points all underline once more the similarities between work and play.

Play gives children enjoyment. It can be creative enjoyment, enjoyment stemming from a sense of achievement, or aesthetic enjoyment — enjoyment of quality. Positive work can furnish such enjoyment. Here the similarity is complete.

Some people think that work differs from play in that work entails responsibility, while play does not. This is not the case: play involves responsibility on the same scale as work, that is, provided of course that the play is of a positive variety. This point I shall elaborate in more detail.

What then are the actual differences between play and work? The real difference is only one: work is man's involvement in social production or in the supervision of that production, in the creation of material and cultural or, in other

words, social values. Play is not directed towards the same ends, it does not serve the same social purpose, or rather only in an indirect way: play trains the individual for the physical and mental effort which will later be essential in his work.

By this point it is clear what is essential for parents in guiding their children's games. The first thing is to make sure that play does not become the child's be all and end all, that it does not distract his attention altogether from social objectives. Secondly they must ensure that in play their child develops those mental and physical habits and skills which are essential for subsequent work.

The first objective is achieved, as mentioned earlier, by gradually drawing the child into the work sphere, which slowly but steadily comes to replace play. The second objective is achieved through correct supervision of play itself, selection of play activities and assistance afforded the child at play.

In the context of this talk I shall dwell only on the second objective since a separate talk will be devoted entirely to the topic of education through work.

All too often I have found parents going about supervising play the wrong way. Their mistaken approach is usually one of three types. Some parents simply take no interest in the play activity of their children, holding that the children themselves know best how to play. The children of parents such as these play as they like and when they like, choose their own toys and organise their own games. Other parents devote a good deal of their attention to their children's play, demon-

strating, explaining, setting play targets, achieving these often before the children and enjoying themselves. There is nothing left for their children to do but listen and copy; in such a situation it is the parents who do the playing rather than the child. If the child of such parents is building something and comes to a halt over some problem or other, the father or mother will sit down next to him and say: "You're not doing it right, look, this is how it's done."

If a child starts cutting something out of paper, the father or mother will watch his attempts for a time and then take the scissors away from him, saying: "Let me cut it out for you. Look, how nicely it's turned out!"

The child will look and realise that the father's or mother's version really has turned out better. He will hand them a second piece of paper and ask them to cut out something else, and the parent will gladly do this, relishing his success. Children of such parents imitate only what their parents do, they acquire no experience in overcoming difficulties or independently raising the quality of their "output", and very soon start thinking that only adults can do things well. These children often lack self-confidence and are terrified of failure.

The third category of parents who have a misguided approach to play are those who think that the most important factor is the number of toys a child possesses. They spend large sums of money on toys, shower all sorts of toys on their children and take pride in doing so. These children's toy corners resemble regular toy shops. Parents of this mould have a special predilection for so-

phisticated mechanical toys and thrust them upon their children, virtually filling their lives with toys to the exclusion of all else. Children in such families at best become mere toy collectors, or, at worst—as happens more often than not—move on aimlessly from toy to toy, playing with no real enthusiasm, wrecking and breaking their toys as they go and continually demanding new ones.

Correct supervision of play demands a more thoughtful approach and a more careful attitude to play on the part of parents.

Children's play passes through several stages as it evolves and each stage requires a specific kind of supervision. The first stage is that of indoor play at home with toys. At the age of between five and six this stage gives way to a second. The first stage is characterised by the fact that the child prefers to play alone and seldom welcomes the participation of one or two of his play-mates. At this age a child likes to play with his own toys and is unwilling to play with any that are other people's. At this stage it is his individual abilities that the child is developing. There is no need to worry that the child will grow into an egoist since he is always playing by himself: he should be allowed to play on his own, yet it is important to make sure that the first stage is not encouraged for too long and that it gives way to the second at the propitious moment. At the first stage the child is not capable of group play, he often quarrels with his play-mates and is not equipped to find common interests he can share with them. He should be allowed to enjoy individual games and play-mates should not be thrust upon him, because any such

forcing will only serve to spoil his play mood and encourage scenes and agitation. There is no doubt about it that the better a child plays on his own when very small, the better a friend he will make in the future. At the pre-school stage a child tends to be very aggressive and possessive. The best approach to adopt in the circumstances is to give the child little scope for giving vent to his aggressiveness and developing his "possessive" instincts. If a child plays on his own he is developing his potential: his imagination, his construction skills, skills for organising, etc., all of which are very useful. If you place a child against his will in a group context for play that is not the way to reduce his aggressive and selfish tendencies.

The age at which the preference for solitary games gives way to interest in play-mates and group play varies considerably from child to child. A child should be helped to make the rather difficult transition at the most suitable time and in the most suitable way. It is important that a child's circle of companions and play-mates should be widened in the most genial of contexts available.

The second stage of children's play is more difficult to guide since by then children no longer play under the watchful eye of their parents and are branching out into wider social terrain. The second stage lasts until 11 or 12, thus covering the early years at school.

School introduces a child to a wide group of companions, a wider circle of interests and more complex terrain for play activity as well as other activities, but at the same time it introduces an element of ready-made, more clearly defined

organisation, a more definite, precise routine and, most important of all, help and guidance from qualified teachers. At this second stage of his play activity a child is already a member of society, however the society is still a children's society and not characterised by any strict discipline or social control. By introducing these two new elements school serves to provide the medium for transition to the third stage of play.

At this third stage a child already assumes the role of a member of a collective, and not only in the context of play but also in the context of work and the learning process. This is why play at this age acquires stricter collective traits and gradually evolves as sport, in other words it comes to be associated with specific goals with regard to the child's physical training, associated with rules and, most important of all, with concepts of collective interest and collective discipline.

At all three stages discernible in the evolution of play-habits the influence exerted by parents is enormously important. Of course this influence is most important of all at the first stage, when a child has not yet become a member of any other collective apart from the family unit, when apart from his parents he may often not come into contact with any other guiding influences. Yet at the later stages parental influence can still be considerable and most beneficial.

In play at all three stages described it is imperative to foster children's aspirations towards more meaningful satisfaction than purely visual satisfaction and just plain pleasure; it is important to encourage brave coping with difficulties and scope for imagination and ideas. At the sec-

ond and third stages parents should always bear in mind that by now their children are already members of society, and that more than just the ability to play is required of them; by this time they should be able to create positive relationships with other people.

EDUCATION THROUGH WORK

... The first point which parents should bear in mind is that their children will be members of a society founded on work and therefore their importance in that society, their value as citizens will depend exclusively on the degree to which they are able to participate in social labour, on the degree to which they will be fitted for such work. These factors will also determine their standard of living, for it is written in our Constitution: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work." We know quite well that nature endows all men with a more or less identical capacity for work, however in practice some people manage to work well and others less well, some are capable of only the very simplest work, while others come to grips with more complicated and hence more valuable work. These different work capacities are not something that can be ascribed to Nature but they are fostered in the individual in the course of his life and in particular during his early years.

It follows therefore that training for work, fostering the individual's capacity for work is not only training for a good or bad citizen of the

future, but also something which paves the way for his future standard of living and well-being.

Of course it is difficult in the context of the family to provide a child with the training for work we refer to as qualifications. A family is not in a position to train specialised skills, these a boy or girl will receive in the context of some public organisation or other, at school, in a factory or office, at special courses. It is quite wrong for a family to go all out to see that a child acquires qualifications in this or that particular field. In the old days that was precisely the approach adopted: if a father was a cobbler then he would teach the son his trade; if he was a carpenter then the son would be taught carpentry. Girls for their part were always prepared for the role of housewife and did not even contemplate anything else. Since the October Revolution qualifications of future citizens have become the concern of the state, which has at its disposal a good number of large and well equipped institutions to provide them with all manner of qualifications.

However parents should on no account think that child care at home has no bearing on eventual qualifications. Precisely education through work that is received in the family context is extremely significant for a man's future qualifications. The child who has been given correct education through work in the family will later be more successful in his specialised training. Children who did not receive any work experience in the family will subsequently not obtain good qualifications, will be prone to failure and turn

out bad workers regardless of all efforts on the part of state institutions.

...For education through work provided in the family the following method is most highly to be recommended: children should be given specific tasks which they are capable of mastering by means of some particular work-method or tool. Such tasks need not necessarily be designed for a short period such as one or two days. They can be of a more time-consuming variety to occupy months or even years. What is important is that a child should be given a more or less free hand in the selection of ways of completing the task and made to feel to some degree responsible for the execution of the work in question and for its quality. The operation will be less effective if a child is told: "Here is a broom, sweep the room, do it this way or that way."

It would be better to entrust a child with keeping a particular room clean and tidy over a long period and leave it to him to decide how best to go about his task, for which decision he will be responsible. In the first instance a child is given a purely muscular task and in the second he has been entrusted with an organisational task; the second variety is a task of a superior and more useful type. It thus follows that the more complex and independent the work task chosen the more effective it will prove from an educational point of view. Many parents do not take these factors into account: they merely give children various tasks but of a too trivial variety. They send their children out to the shops to buy some article or other, while it would be far better if they were given a specific regular

duty, for example if they were made responsible for seeing that there was always enough soap or tooth powder in the house.

A child's participation in housework should begin very early. It should begin as play. A child should be shown that he is responsible for seeing that his toys are well looked after, that his toy cupboard and play area are kept clean and tidy. This work should be explained to him only in the broadest of outlines, for instance to the effect that the play area should be kept clean and that he should see to it that nothing is scattered about or spilt and that his toys are free from dust. Of course certain ways of tidying up can be demonstrated to the child, but in the main, if he himself works out that a rag is needed for dusting and asks his mother for such a rag, if he points out that the rag should come up to specific hygienic standards and that he should reject the first rag offered him and demand a better one, etc., so much the better. The same approach is to be recommended with regard to the repair of toys which should also be left to the child, when such repairs are within his capabilities and, of course, given that the necessary materials are provided.

As a child grows up the work tasks entrusted to him should become more complex and contain a smaller play element. Here is a list of tasks that can be entrusted to children bearing in mind that it can be adjusted and/or supplemented to suit the particular needs of the individual family, which will of course vary according to their living conditions and the ages of the children concerned.

1. Watering houseplants.
2. Dusting the window-sills.
3. Laying the table for meals.
4. Making sure salt cellars and mustard pots are filled.
5. Keeping Father's desk dusted.
6. Seeing that a bookshelf or a whole bookcase is kept tidy.
7. Bringing in the newspapers, laying them out in a specific place and sorting out new from old.
8. Feeding the family pets.
9. Seeing that the wash-basin is kept clean and tidy, that there is always an adequate supply of soap, tooth powder and razor blades for Father's use.
10. Seeing to all the cleaning in one specific room, or corner of a room.
11. Sewing on buttons to clothes which have come adrift and always having the wherewithal to hand to do so.
12. Keeping the sideboard tidy.
13. Cleaning his own clothes or those of a younger brother or one of the parents.
14. Taking responsibility for the decoration of a room with pictures, postcards, reproductions, etc.
15. If the family has a vegetable or flower garden a child can be made responsible for a specific part of it, when it comes to sowing seeds, tending them and gathering in the harvest.
16. Making sure there are always flowers in the house and sometimes undertaking expeditions to the country to this end (this task is of course suitable for older children).

17. If there is a telephone at home then a child can be given the job of always going to answer it and also be called upon to draw up a family telephone directory.
18. Drawing up a list of tram routes covering in particular all those places which the members of the family concerned visit most frequently.
19. Older children can be called upon to organise independently family visits to the theatre and cinema, find out details of what is playing in town, obtain tickets, look after them, etc.
20. Keeping the family medicine chest in order and making sure that new supplies of any medicines which run out are purchased.
21. Ensuring that no vermin appear in the flat: bed-bugs, fleas, etc., and taking energetic steps to get rid of them if they do.
22. Helping mothers and sisters with specific household chores.

Every family has a large number of such tasks suitable for this purpose which are fairly interesting and within a child's capacities. Of course a child must not be overburdened with work, but at the same time it is essential that the difference between parents' and children's work-loads should not show too much. If a father or mother has to work very hard in the house children must get into the habit of helping them. The opposite state of affairs is all too common: if a family has a house maid, children all too often learn to rely on her work in situations when they could quite well attend to their own needs. Parents should keep a strict check on this and

make sure that their house maid does not carry out those tasks that the children are capable of and indeed should be carried out by them.

In this connection it is important always to bear in mind that when children are at school their homework load is considerable. Of course their school work should be regarded as the most important and be given pride of place. Children should realise quite clearly that when they go about their school work they are not carrying out a function, significant only for them personally, but in a social sense as well; their school progress is something for which they have to answer not merely to their parents but also the state as well. On the other hand it is not right to accord school work its rightful place and pay no attention to all other work tasks. It is not only dangerous to single out school work in this way but it fosters in children utter contempt for the life and work of their family collective. An atmosphere of collectivism should always reign in the family and members of the family should afford assistance to one another as frequently as possible.

The question then arises as to which are the methods that can and should be used to foster this or that work effort. These methods can cover a very wide range. In early infancy, of course, much should be shown and suggested to a child, yet the ideal approach it would seem is to create the situation in which the child himself notices the need for a specific piece of work to be carried out, noticing that neither his mother nor his father have time to take it on, and then on his own initiative assists in the work of his family collec-

tive. Fostering this willingness for work and attentiveness to the needs of his family collective is the way to set about educating a genuine Soviet citizen.

It can often come about that on account of his lack of experience and limited understanding of his surroundings a child is unable independently to observe which tasks need to be done. In these situations parents should make gentle promptings and help the child to work out his attitude and awareness of the task in question and take part in its completion. This is often best done by encouraging straightforward technical interest in the work in hand, although of course this method should never be overdone. A child must also learn to carry out tasks which do not arouse his interest in particular and which may at first glance appear tedious. In general a child should be brought up in such a way as to see the essential element in a work task he is given as the need for it, the use it serves, rather than the interest factor. Parents should foster in a child the ability to carry out unpleasant tasks patiently and without whining. Later, as the child develops, even the most unpleasant of tasks will bring him pleasure if he is clearly aware of its social value.

In those cases where the need or interest factor are lacking in sufficient measure to arouse a child's interest, then the request approach has to be employed. A request differs from other approaches in that it leaves the child complete freedom of choice. Requests should be made in such a way that a child has the impression he is complying with the request of his own free will and is

not led to do so by any variety of coercion. For instance: "I have a request for you. Although it will be difficult and I know you have a lot of other things to do...."

A request is the best and most gentle type of approach but it should not be used too often. Requests are best used in cases where you know that a child will find pleasure in carrying them out. If you have any doubts about this then use the more usual instruction—calm, confident and business-like. If from a very early age requests and instructions for a child are correctly spaced and alternated, and particularly if a child's personal initiative is stimulated, you will succeed in teaching him to see the need to work himself and carry out tasks on his own initiative and he will carry them out with obedience and readiness. Yet if this aspect of education has been neglected parents will be obliged at times to resort to coercion.

Coercion can assume a number of forms varying from simple repetition of instructions to repetition in a sharp demanding tone. At any rate it is never necessary to resort to physical coercion, since it does not help in the least and rather tends to fill the child with hate for work tasks in general.

Parents often find it difficult to cope with the so-called lazy children. Here it should be pointed out that laziness, that is aversion to work effort, can only in rare instances be explained by poor health, physical weakness, or depression. In such cases it is best to refer to a doctor. For the most part children's laziness develops as a result of mistaken upbringing; when energy has not been

fostered in a child from an early age, when he has not been taught to surmount obstacles, when no interest in the family's affairs has been cultivated, he will not have grown used to work tasks and the pleasures which are always to be derived from them. There is only one way to combat laziness, and that is gradually to draw the child into the field of work, gradually awaken his interest in work.

...It is now time to say a few words about the quality of work. The quality of work is a factor of decisive importance: high standards should always be demanded and firmly. Of course children are as yet inexperienced and often physically ill-equipped to carry out work in such a way as to leave nothing to be desired. The standards to be demanded of a child should be those he is capable of achieving, that correspond to his physical strength and powers of understanding.

It is not necessary in this connection to reprimand a child for bad work, reproach him and make him feel ashamed. He must just be told simply and calmly that work has been executed unsatisfactorily, that it should be redone or corrected or begun again from scratch. In such cases it is important that parents should never carry out a child's work for him themselves, only in rare cases should they carry out that part of a task which is clearly beyond the child, thereby putting right the initial mistake of entrusting such a task to the child.

I would urge parents not to apply any incentives or punishments in connection with work. A work task and its completion should in them-

selves bring a child pleasure and thus be a source of joy. Acknowledgement that his work has been well executed should be the highest reward for a child's work. Such a reward is provided by your approval of his ingenuity or resourcefulness. Yet even this verbal approval should never be overdone; particularly important is to avoid commending a child for work he has carried out in the presence of your friends and acquaintances. Still more important is to avoid punishing a child for bad work or work he has failed to carry out in their presence. The most important thing to do in such a situation is to see to it that the work is completed in the end.

SEX EDUCATION

The question of sex education is regarded as one of the most difficult that face the parent or teacher. Indeed few questions have led to so much confusion and misguided opinions. Yet in practice this question is by no means as difficult as it may first appear and in many families it is coped with very simply and without any anxious soul-searching. It comes to present difficulties only when viewed in isolation and when too much importance is attributed to it, thereby separating it from the main body of other questions connected with education.

Sex education in the family can only be dealt with correctly if parents have a clear idea of what aims they should set themselves in this sphere. If what they want to achieve for their children is clear to them then the paths leading to that end will also be clear.

...What does social morality require of us in matters related to our sex-life? It requires that the sex-life of each one of us, each man and woman, should be in constant harmony with two other aspects of our lives—the family and love. It accepts as morally justified and normal only sex-life that is founded on mutual love and is contained within the framework of the family, that is in an open legal union between man and woman, a union which aspires after two goals—human happiness and the bearing and raising of children.

This point of departure serves to clarify the aims that sex education should pursue. We should educate our children in such a way that they might only find true joy and satisfaction in sex in the context of a love relationship and that happiness, love and satisfaction might only be attainable for them within the family.

When discussing education of future attitudes to sex in our child we should discuss it in the context of love and his future role as founder of a family. Any other kind of sex education is bound to be harmful and anti-social. Each parent, each father and mother must aim to bring up their children in such a way that the citizens of the future they are preparing for adult life might only be able to find true happiness in a context of married love and that only in that context might seek the joys of sex-life. If parents do not set themselves an aim such as this, or if they do not achieve this, then their children are bound to lead an irregular sex-life, and consequently one that abounds in all manner of drama, upsets,

all kind of dirt, and one that is harmful rather than beneficial to society.

...In questions of love and family life a man's overall stature plays an important role: his political and moral principles, his level of education, his capacity for work, his devotion to his country and respect for his fellow-men. It is therefore utterly justified to assert that the sex-life of the future adult is being constantly moulded at every step, when parents or teachers are not even paying the slightest thought to sex education. The old proverb "Sloth is the mother of all vices" most aptly reflects that general law. However vices have more than one mother: not only laziness but all men's deviations from correct social behaviour will without fail lead to his corrupt behaviour within society, and in particular to irregularities in sex-life.

It is therefore self-evident that it is not any special approaches which are all-important in sex education but the overall pattern of child care and education, the whole picture.

However, there are certain methods and techniques which are, as it were, specially suited to sex education. Some people set particular store by these special methods and techiques and regard them as the wisest expression of creative education theory.

It should be pointed out once and for all that inherent in these special recommendations are some of the most harmful approaches to sex education and they should be viewed with extreme caution.

A great deal of attention was devoted to sex education in the old days. People used to think

that the sphere of sex education was one of most important, since sex occupied a decisive place in man's physical and mental make-up and that all man's behaviour was determined by sexual factors. Advocates of these "theoretical" assumptions attempted to demonstrate that all education of young boys and girls is in essence sex education.

Many of these "theories" have been relegated to oblivion and the books expounding them were merely collecting dust, exerting little influence on the general reader, however a considerable number filtered through to wide strata of society nevertheless, giving rise to most harmful and dangerous ideas.

Above all people used to go out of their way to make sure a child be prepared for sex-life along especially rational lines, so that he might see nothing "shameful" in sex, nothing mysterious about it. Pursuing this end parents tried to initiate their children into all mysteries of sex and elucidate the mystery of procreation. Of course, such people would point in "horror" to those "simpletons", who used to deceive their children with tales of storks and other fictitious perpetrators of procreation. It was assumed at the same time that if a child were to have everything explained to him and ceased to see anything shameful about sex, then the goal of correct sex education would have been achieved.

Such advice should be approached most cautiously. Questions of sex education should be approached in a far quieter way so as to avoid taking any irrevocable false steps. It is true that children often ask questions about where babies come

from, however the fact that a child shows interest in this question does not mean that it is essential to explain everything to him at an early age. After all it is not only in questions of sex that there are gaps in a child's knowledge. There is a great deal he does not know about other things, however we do not hurry to cram his mind with knowledge that is as yet inaccessible to him in other fields.

After all we do not explain to a three-year-old why air temperatures change, why days lengthen or grow shorter. Similarly we do not explain the construction of an aeroplane engine to a child in precise detail at the age of seven, although he may well show interest in such subjects. There is a suitable time for the introduction of any piece of knowledge and there is no danger in replying to certain questions with the words: "You're too little now, you'll find out about that when you're bigger."

At the same time it should be noted that young children do not show any particularly persistent interest in questions of sex and indeed it would be strange if they did. Keen interest in these questions appears at puberty, but by then sex has ceased to present any mysteries for them.

This means that there is no urgent need to hurry with a disclosure of the secrets of procreation, taking a chance question from a child as your excuse. No particularly keen interest in sexual matters should be read into such questions and withholding these "secrets" does not cause a child any worry or suffering. If a parent works his or her way tactfully round such questions with a joke or a smile, a child will soon

forget about his question and become absorbed in something else. However, if you start to discuss most intimate details concerning relations between man and woman, you are bound to arouse curiosity about sex as such and fan his imagination too early. The knowledge you give him is unnecessary and of no use to him, but the jolt you will have given his imagination might lead to premature preoccupation with matters of sex.

There is no need to worry if your child learns about the mysteries of procreation from his friends and then keeps his knowledge secret. Secrets in this respect are nothing terrible. A child has to grow used to the fact that many aspects of people's lives constitute an intimate, private sphere which does not require to be discussed with all and sundry, which does not have to be aired in public. Only when a child has been taught to appreciate that there is an intimate side to other people's lives, and has learnt that there are certain things best not discussed, then of course at this more mature age subject of sex can be brought up. Conversations on this subject should be conducted in private between father and son, or mother and daughter. They are justified because by this stage they will be of direct benefit to the child, since they coincide with the first stirrings of the sex-drive in adolescents. By this stage such conversation cannot be harmful, for both parents and children will realise that it is connected with an important, intimate subject, discussion of which will be directly beneficial and helpful to the child concerned. Such conversations should also touch upon ques-

tions of personal hygiene and aspects of sexual morality.

While accepting the need for such discussion when puberty is reached, it is wrong to attribute too much importance to it. Strictly speaking it is far more desirable that such explanation be provided by a doctor or at a specially arranged lectures in schools. It is important that contact between parents and children always be distinguished by trust and tact and an atmosphere of chaste morality, an atmosphere that is sometimes disrupted by too much frank conversation on such delicate subjects.

Other objections can also be made to excessively early discussion of sex: frank and premature discussion of such questions can foster crude and rationalistic attitudes to sex, sowing the seeds of cynicism with which adults sometimes recount in flippant tone their most intimate sexual experiences.

Discussion of sex in this vein can present a child with a purely physiological view of the whole question. The idea of sex is not then associated and enhanced by the idea of love, inherent in which is a more elevated and socially aware attitude to women.

In what language should parents explain to a young child that sexual relations are ennobled by love, if a child has no clear idea of what love is? This means that such discussion is inevitably strictly physiological.

If the topic of sex life is not discussed with children until a later age it is then possible to discuss it in the context of love and foster deep respect in adolescents for the implications of

sex life, respect that is aesthetic, humane and socially aware. The question of love is familiar to young people from literature by then, from the lives of those around them and from their observations of society. Indeed parents should take as a point of departure the knowledge and ideas of love which their children have already gleaned from these sources.

Sex education should be precisely "love education", that is the fostering of the capacity for deep, big feelings, feelings enhanced by an awareness of the unique entity formed by our lives, hopes and aspirations. Yet this sex education should be conducted without any excessively open or essentially cynical analysis of strictly physiological questions.

How should parents set about such sex education? Most important here is the force of example. True love between a father and mother, their mutual respect, support and concern, uninhibited gestures of tenderness and affection—if their children have been aware of all this for as long as they can remember, this example constitutes a most powerful didactic factor and is bound to focus children's attention on the potential possibilities for deep and beautiful relationships between men and women.

The second highly important factor is the fostering of a child's capacity for love as such. If, as he grows up, a child does not learn to love his parents, his brothers and sisters, his school, his country, if selfish principles take root in his character, it is highly unlikely that he will be capable of deep love for the woman of his choice. Such people are often prone to a very

powerful sex drive, but tend not to respect the women who attract them, not setting any store by their emotions and intellectual qualities or even taking any interest in the latter. This explains why they move on from one liaison to another and why their lives are not far removed from plain depravity. Of course this can apply not only to men but to women as well.

Platonic love rooted in friendship experienced in childhood, and experience of long attachments to specific individuals, and love for one's country encouraged from early years are the best means of promoting a respectful, socially aware attitude to women as people and friends, not just sex-objects. Without such attitudes it is most difficult to discipline and control sexual impulses.

This leads me to advise parents to pay a great deal of attention to a child's feelings towards the people around him and to society as a whole. It is imperative to make sure a child has friends (parents, siblings, play-mates), that his relationships with them are not casual and selfish and that he gives thought to his friends' interests. As early as possible parents should foster children's interest in their home village or town, in the factory where their father works and later in their whole country, its history and great men. Of course conversation alone is insufficient to achieve this end; it is important that a child be shown a good deal for himself, given food for thought so that he might develop aesthetic sensitivity. Literature, the cinema and theatre all help parents achieve these objectives.

Education of this sort will also be a step towards

positive sex education. It will promote those traits of character and personality which are essential for the individual within a collective, and men and women in whom such traits have been well developed will adhere to high moral standards in the sphere of sex as well.

Another positive influence in this direction can be exerted by a correct, well-established family routine. A boy or girl used to well-ordered family life, with little experience of irregular and irresponsible living will later apply the standards familiar to them to relationships between men and women.

Correct family routines have other, more specific implications. A casual sex life often starts as a result of accidental irregular meetings between boys and girls as a result of idle boredom and empty, completely unsupervised leisure. Parents should know who their children spend their time with and what interests their children have in common with their various friends and companions. Finally a well-ordered family routine ensures that a child's physical well-being is satisfactory and if this is so, premature sexual experience is most unlikely. Rising and going to bed at the proper times and refraining from lying around idly in bed help to promote children's integrity with regard to moral as well as sexual behaviour.

The next important aspect of sexual education is the provision of sufficient responsibility and work for a child. This was mentioned in earlier talks, but it is a highly significant factor in relation to sex education as well. If parents see to it that a child's life is ordered in such a way that he will experience a pleasant not excessive

sense of fatigue by the evening, that he is given an idea of the duties and tasks to be performed through the day in the morning, all this provides important premises for correct stimulation of imagination, for balanced expending of the child's energies in the course of the day. Under such conditions a child will feel neither the physical nor psychological urge, nor indulge in futile, listless loafing, unnecessary flights of fancy, casual meetings and experiences. Those children who spent their early childhood according to a proper, well ordered routine usually develop a preference for living according to such a routine, grow used to it and their attitudes to the people around them also assume a regular, proper character.

Sport is another activity which, as an integral part of proper education, can exert a positive influence on sexual development. Correctly organised sport activities, particularly skating, skiing, boating and regular gym sessions are extremely beneficial, in fact so obviously beneficial that no illustration is required.

All these educational techniques and principles, although on the surface are not directly connected with sex education, all serve to facilitate that latter task, for they promote character-building and help young people to analyse and benefit from their psychological and physical experiences. Indeed they constitute highly effective educational tools in sex education.

Only if these principles and methods are applied at home in the family, will parents start to find it easier to exert effective, direct influence on their young and adolescent children through

talks. If the conditions indicated above are not created, if a child is not taught how to relate to other individuals and the collective, if his life does not follow a regular routine and if he does not practice any sports then no talks, even the most timely and pithy, will have the desired effect.

Such talks should always be introduced naturally when the occasion presents itself. Parents should never have these talks with their children or try to explain things prematurely without touching upon the behaviour of their children. Yet at the same time it is essential for parents to respond to the most insignificant deviations from the norm in his behaviour, for them never to neglect their duty in this respect and then find themselves face to face with the fait accompli.

Lead-ins for such talks can include the following: children's chance overhearing of uninhibited cynical talking or phrases, unusually keen interest shown in upsets in other people's families, suspicious and not wholly healthy attitudes to pairs of lovers encountered, frivolous acquaintances with young girls in which sexual interest is clearly involved, lack of respect for women, excessive preoccupation with clothes, early flirtatiousness, interest shown in books which treat sexual matters in too much detail.

With children already in their teens such talks can include the parents' ideas on such subjects, explanation and analysis of various factors in our sex life and experience, reference to the more positive approaches to sexual matters, examples of relationships between other boys and girls of your child's acquaintances.

For younger children such talks should be shorter and sometimes it does no harm to include direct vetoes and reproaches, simple demands for more proper behaviour.

A far more effective influence is exerted by parents' statements on such questions relevant to people outside the family up against sexual problems, than special "talks" on the subject. In such statements parents can quite freely express both sharp condemnations and even abhorrence, at the same time making it clear that they expect different types of behaviour from their son or daughter and are so certain that they will conduct themselves differently that there is not even any need to mention their children in this connection. In such cases children need not be told, "Never do that, it's wrong", indeed such phrases should never be used. It is far better to assert, "I know that you would never do that, you're not that sort."

THE FAMILY AND CHILD CARE*

I should like to devote a few words to the most important aspects of this question of interest to us all and also in relation to some of the fundamental principles of education, for discussion of these topics could help narrow down the starting points for your reflections in this important field. Why? The reason is simple: after *The Road to Life* came out, teachers started calling on me, representatives of the younger and elder generations from various social backgrounds, who were seeking after new Soviet moral norms, and who were anxious to adhere to them in their own lives and were asking me how they ought to set about this.

Imagine it!—I was even asked by a young geologist once: "I am to be sent to engage in research work in either the Caucasus or Siberia: which should I choose?" I told him he should

* Anton Makarenko delivered a lecture on this subject in the editorial office of the journal *Obshchestvennitsa* at a meeting held for the journal's readers in July 1938. Here the lecture appears in abridged form.

go where the toughest work was. He left for the Pamirs and recently I received a letter from him in which he thanked me for my advice.

More frequent visitors after the publication of the *Book for Parents* were parents who were not making a success of bringing up their children. Indeed what reason had parents to come to me whose children were coming along well? All too often, I was to hear parental dilemmas than ran something like this: "We are both Party members and active in social work, I am an engineer and my wife is a teacher: we have a fine son but now we cannot do anything with him. He swears at his mother, keeps vanishing from home and our belongings start disappearing. What are we to do? We have always taken care to bring him up well, been attentive to his needs; he has a room of his own, always had as many toys as he could possibly want, he was always adequately fed and shod and able to enjoy plenty of entertainments. And now at fifteen he can have cinema or theatre tickets or even a bicycle for the asking. Look at us: we are perfectly normal people, it cannot be a question of unfortunate heredity. Why has our son turned out so badly?"

I proceed to ask the mother: "Do you make your son's bed for him? And if so, always?"

"Always."

"Has the idea ever entered your head that you might suggest to him he made his own bed?"

Then I turn to the father: "Do you clean your child's shoes?"

"Yes."

Then I say to them: "Good-bye, and don't turn to anyone else for advice. Sit down in a park on some quiet bench, think about what you have been doing with your son, and then ask yourselves, who's to blame. Ask yourselves why your son turned out like that and you will find the answer and the way to help him."

After all if his shoes are always cleaned and his bed is always made in the mornings, how could a boy possibly turn out well?

The second volume of *The Book for Parents* will be devoted to this question, the question as to why people possessed of common sense, who have ample capacity for work and study, who have even obtained a university education—in other words people who are normally reasonable and capable, acquit themselves conscientiously of their social duties and who might be in charge of a whole organisation or department, factory or other enterprise, who are able to carry on normal relationships with a wide range of different people as colleagues, friends or acquaintances—why people like these when faced with their own children lose the capacity to cope with simple day-to-day living? It is because in this particular situation they lose their common sense, forget their experience of life, lose their faculty of reason and their wisdom accumulated hitherto. In the presence of their children they stop short, become almost abnormal, incapable of finding their bearings even in the most trivial situations. Why? It emerges that the only explanation is their love for their own children. Love is the greatest of all men's emotions, which can give rise to regular

miracles, which can create new men, great treasures of mankind....

If we seek to pinpoint this conclusion somewhat more precisely, it could be summed up as follows: love must not be dispensed in overdoses, just as quinine or food. No one could eat ten loaves of bread and boast that he had eaten well. Love too must be dispensed with moderation.

Whichever facet of education we might consider, we come up against the same question everywhere—the question of degree and moderation, or to be more precise the search for the golden mean. This word has an unpleasant ring to it. What is this mean, what is the average man? Many teachers who always wrote and thought in ecstatic key, drew my attention to this "mistake" of mine: if you advocate the golden mean, then you will rear just average men who are neither wicked, nor good, nor talented, nor talentless—but who are just plain colourless.

These objections never deterred me; I would then start checking whether I had really been making mistakes, whether I had been rearing nothing but average men. I had to make sure that, if my methods called for a mean, my work in education would not be producing nothing but ordinary, uninteresting people who were boring and, though capable of leading prosperous lives, unable to create anything that smacked of greatness, or to experience truly inspiring emotions. I verified all this in practice and after looking back over my thirty-two years of work in education and the last eight years I had spent in the Dzerzhinsky Commune, I con-

cluded that my method was correct and applicable to child care in the context of the family.

The word "mean" might well perhaps be substituted by another word, but as a principle it remained essential for child care. We are called upon to raise real men, capable of great feats, great work and great feeling, capable on the one hand of becoming heroes of our age and on the other of avoiding being "wet blankets" or men capable of giving away all they have, leaving themselves without a penny and then going on to boast about how kind they are. Even in our ideal, which no one could really quarrel with, there is an inherent principle of some mean, some moderation, some dosing. I have come to realise why the word "mean" fails to disturb me. Of course if one says that "mean" implies a mixture of white and black, then indeed mixing black and white would merely result in grey. A "mean" of that variety would be a fatal mistake. Yet, if instead of stickling over words we concentrate our attention on man, it becomes clear immediately what kind of man we consider the finest, the most ideal, the kind of person we would wish our children to become; then again if we do not step aside from this path and do not become carried away by any unnecessary "verbal philosophy", we shall always be able to say how our children ought to turn out. Everyone would say: I hope my son will be capable of great feats, that he will be a man of real stature with a big heart, deep passions, desires and aspirations and at the same time I hope my son will not be a scatter-brained character prone to giving away all he has to make a display of his supposed

"kindness", condemning himself to poverty and then proceeding to abandon his wife and children to a life of penury and rob himself even of his spiritual riches.

The human happiness which our great proletarian Revolution secured for us and which is waxing with each passing year should belong to all men, while at the same time I, the individual, have a right to part of that happiness. I wish to be a hero and accomplish feats, give my utmost to the state and society, while at the same time I am anxious to know personal happiness. Our children should be taught to think along these lines as well. They should be ready to make sacrifices when it is required of them, without looking back, making any reckonings or indulging in calculation, weighing up the chances of happiness or suffering, yet on the other hand they have a right to happiness.

Unfortunately I have not investigated this assertion very thoroughly, yet on every side I observe that the finest children are those of happy parents.... What is more by happy parents I do not imply in the least those possessed of flats supplied with gas, baths and every convenience. By no means. There are many people around me who have five-room flats supplied with gas, hot and cold running water, two servants, but whose children are nothing to be proud of. Either things are going badly at work or they are all out to acquire a sixth room or a house in the country. On the other hand I see happy people, who lack for many material things. Indeed this is borne out by my own experience, for I hold myself a very fortunate, happy man,

yet my happiness has not stemmed from any material blessings. Remember the happiest days in your own lives, when, looking back, you may have been obliged to go without a good deal and yet your hearts used to beat as one, moods were optimistic and the future held out great hopes.

The wide scope for such pure happiness, the need for it and the conviction that it is within reach—all this is the gift of our Revolution assured us now by the Soviet society in which we live. The happiness of our Soviet men and women is to be found in the unity of our people, in our loyalty to the Party. We are called upon to be honest and committed to the Party in our thoughts and deeds, because an indispensable accessory to happiness is the confidence that a man is living an upright life, that he has no base, underhand behaviour to live down, no cunning, intrigue or any other vice. Happiness of an open-hearted, honest man such as this gives not only the man himself an important start in life, but above all one to his children. Let me say therefore that if you wish your children to turn out well, lead happy lives. Spare no effort, use all your gifts and capabilities, make use of your friends' and acquaintances' advice and help all so as to enjoy true human happiness. Sometimes it comes about that a man seeks after happiness and he starts stretching out after isolated stones from which he plans eventually to build happiness. I myself followed this mistaken path at one stage. I thought that if I took up this "stone", which in itself did not yet represent true happiness, later on it could provide a foundation on which to build

happiness. This is far from the truth. These stones for building a foundation for the eventual palace of happiness all too soon come crumbling down upon us as disaster.

It is easy to imagine how happy parents, happy in their social commitment and cultural activities, in the lives they lead, and who know how to partake of that happiness will always be able to rear children they will be proud of and will always succeed in bringing their families up properly.

Herein lies the root of the formula which I mentioned at the very beginning: in our work as teachers and educators a golden mean is essential. This "mean" lies between our important work that we *give* to society and our personal happiness, that which we *take* from society. Whatever method of child care we might single out at home, it is important to find such a golden mean and to this end cultivate in ourselves a spirit of moderation.

Now let us turn to one of the most difficult questions (I have noticed that it is usually considered as such) namely the question of discipline. Strictness on the one hand and leniency on the other—the eternal question ....

In most cases people are unable to achieve a balance between leniency and strictness, but in child care this is absolutely essential. Very often I have noticed how people are well versed in the implications involved here and yet think to themselves: yes, that is correct, there should be a border line where leniency gives way to strictness, yet that is only required when a child is about six

or seven and prior to that there is no need for any categories. Yet when it comes to the point, the foundation of adult character has been laid by the age of five, and what we do prior to the age of five constitutes 90 per cent of upbringing, while after that although education may continue and corners still be rubbed off, in the main all there is left to do is reap the fruits of your labours, for the flowers you nurtured bloom before the age of five. Hence the question of measures of strictness and leniency prior to five is all-important. Often a child is allowed frequently to indulge his tantrums and he screams the whole day long, and in other cases he is not allowed to cry at all. Another child is always restless, snatching at everything, asking endless questions, never letting anyone have a moment's peace. A third is made to live a life of meek obedience like some wooden doll—this third situation is however very uncommon in our families.

In all three cases any normal rationing of strictness and leniency is missing. It goes without saying that by the age of five, six or seven there always has to be some golden mean, some harmony between the two extremes.

People often object to this assertion saying that I insist on a mean of strictness, while children can be brought up without any strictness at all, maintaining that parents, if they go about everything sensibly and kindly, will survive without ever having to be strict with their children all their lives long.

By strictness I do not mean any anger or hysterical outbursts. On the contrary ... strictness

only achieves anything when it is free of any signs of hysteria.

In my practical experience I have learnt to be strict while talking in a very gentle tone. I learnt to say quite politely, kindly and calmly words which made the inmates of my colony turn pale. Strictness does not presuppose shouts and screams as a matter of course. They are superfluous. On the other hand calmness, confidence and firm decisions, if expressed in mild tones can make an incredibly deep impression. "Get out!" makes an impact, but to say, "Be so kind as to leave the room" achieves the same effect and possibly far more.

The first rule is to decide on a regular norm of some sort particularly when it comes to the degree to which you intend to intervene in the life of your child. This is an extremely important question which is often resolved in a misguided way within the family. What degree of independence or freedom should a child be given, to what extent should he be "led by the hand", to what extent can he be allowed to do things and within what limits, what must be prohibited and what decisions left to him?

A small boy goes out into the street. You shout after him, don't go this way, don't go that way. How far is this the right way to go about things? Unlimited freedom would be disastrous, yet if a child has to ask before he acts, always turn to his parents for permission to do anything and then do as you bid him, he is robbed of all scope for his own initiative, resourcefulness and for learning how to take risks. This also is a sorry state of affairs.

I used the word "risk". By the age of seven or eight a child must start learning to take the occasional risk: you should be aware of this, sanction a certain amount of risk-taking, so that your child might acquire boldness, so that he might learn not to make you responsible for everything he does—Mama said, Papa said, they know everything and I shall do as I am told. If your intervention in his life takes this extreme form then your son will never grow into a man in the real sense of the word. Sometimes he will turn into a weak-willed individual incapable of taking any decisions or risks, or on the other hand he goes on submitting to your pressure so far, when suddenly the forces at work within him can remain pent up no longer and they burst forth and everything ends in family scandal and upset. "He used to be such a well-behaved boy, but then something happened to him." Indeed something was happening to him all the time, but the potential with which Nature had endowed him and which was developing in keeping with his age and education, left their mark ... first he resisted the pressures in secret and then with no holds barred....

Then there is the other extreme which is also often encountered, when parents follow the principle that a child should be left to give full vent to his own initiative and do as he pleases; these children learn to live free of any controls in their day-to-day life, their thoughts and decisions. Many people think that in such a situation a child will develop a forceful will. Yet this is by no means the case: no real will-power develops for true will-power is not the ability to wish for something and attain it but far

more besides, it is the ability to force oneself to renounce something when it is required. Will-power is more than simple desire and its satisfaction, it is the desire and the checking of desire side by side, simultaneous desire and rejection. If your child only exerts himself in order to achieve the fulfilment of his desires and never practices his ability to hold them in check, he will never possess great force of will. A car cannot exist without brakes, nor can will-power.

The children at my commune were very familiar with these dilemmas. I used to ask them: "Why didn't you put the brake on, you knew you ought to have slowed down here." At the same time I used to ask: "Why did you just sit back, why did you not make a decision and waited till I told you what to do?" It is important to foster in children the ability to stop and put a check on themselves. Of course this is no simple matter: in my *Book for Parents* I shall devote a good deal of space to this subject.

At the same time it is essential to foster another highly important ability, which is not difficult to foster really, to help a child to find his bearings in various situations. This comes to the fore on countless occasions with regard to almost trifling details. In early childhood make your child aware of how important it is to find one's bearings in new situations. He may have been saying something when a stranger appeared, or better still, not a complete stranger but an additional figure from outside his familiar society, the immediate family circle—a visitor, guest, aunt or grandmother. Children should learn to realise what should and what ought not to be said

in the given company (for example it is advisable not to talk about old age in the presence of old people, this being a subject they do not particularly relish. A child should also understand that he ought first to listen to what a newcomer has to say and only then start speaking himself, etc.). Children's ability to sense what setting they are in and sense it at once—this is an extremely important gift which it is important and not difficult to foster. It is sufficient to cite two or three cases and talk to your son or daughter about them before you see your encouragement reaping results. The ability to find one's bearings is very useful and welcome both for him who possesses it and also for those around him.

For me at the commune it was a harder undertaking than it would be within the family context. In the commune there was a large number of children and the situation was a far more complex one. The children were constantly exposed to the outside world; strangers and familiar figures were always in and out, engineers, workers, building labourers. The commune was always being visited and was frequently the object of special excursions, etc. Even there I achieved fairly good results, and in the family results should be even more readily attained. The ability to take stock of a changing situation around one is something that is necessary everywhere: a boy runs across the street and he must take in what pedestrians or vehicles are coming along and in which direction, then again at work he should take note of which work-positions are the most dangerous or the most secure. This ability to find his bearings will always help a child

choose where he should give his boldness and initiative full rein and where he should hold them in check. All this I have been explaining in an oversimplified way today, yet in practice finding one's bearings is an ability involving untold nuances and sensitive responses.

Let us take an example: your children love you and they are anxions to express this love. Here once again in the expression of love the same law of action and braked action still applies. How unpleasant it is to see young girls (they are especially prone to this) of fifteen or sixteen, who have only ever seen each other a couple of times during the summer holidays out in the country for instance, and yet at the next encounter embrace like long lost friends hardly able to contain their affection for each other. Of course one wonders whether they really are so deeply attached to each other. Very often their emotions are of an illusory kind, they are playing at emotion and sometimes they become a form of gentle cynicism, an insincere expression of emotion.

You are bound to know families with children and know how the children in them express their emotions. In some families this takes the form of never-ending embraces and expressions of tenderness, constant manifestation of emotion, so constant as to give rise to the suspicion that perhaps behind this outward show there is only playing at emotion rather than any real love.

In other families cold tones are usually employed as if each member of the family lives a separate life of his own. A boy comes home, greets his father or mother in a cool tone and then goes

off about his own affairs as if there were no close ties between him and the rest of the family at all. Only in rare welcome instances is it possible to observe how in an atmosphere where relationships are outwardly reserved someone suddenly sends a loving glance in the direction of another member of the family, which then disappears just as suddenly. This behaviour is to be found in families where the children truly love their parents. It is extremely important to be able to foster a child's capacity for emotion on the one hand and on the other restraint in its expression, so that love is not replaced by mere outward show or embraces. This capacity for restrained manifestation of deep emotional attachment to parents is a cornerstone in the evolution of a generous human heart in a child.

The children at the commune loved me as they would a father, yet at the same time I achieved an atmosphere free of verbal expressions of tenderness or tender gestures. The relationship did not suffer from this at all. The children learnt to express their love in a natural, simple and restrained way. This is important and not only because it fosters proper external behaviour, but also because it serves to safeguard the power of sincere impulses, and it builds up the brakes which are always going to stand a person in good stead.

At this point it would be apt to return to the fundamental principle of adherence to a norm, a sense of moderation.

This sense of moderation also comes to the fore in the complex sphere of business or material relations. Recently I was visited by a group of

women living in the same block of flats where a drama had recently taken place. Two families there were on friendly terms and in both of them there were children. Young Yura (aged fourteen) was suspected of taking some article or money at home without having asked permission first. The other family knew of the incident.

Later an expensive box of drawing instruments disappeared from the friends' flat, where Yura had been a frequent visitor and felt himself to be one of the family. There was no one else in the house who could have taken the drawing instruments apart from that one boy. So he came under suspicion. Then the two families, both educated, well-mannered and quite responsible for their actions suddenly and indeed almost despite themselves, became absorbed in a witch-hunt. They felt they had to establish, come what may, whether Yura had stolen the box of drawing instruments or not. For three months they thought of nothing else. True, they did not call the militia with their sleuth hounds or any outside assistance, but they checked up on everything, plied each other with questions, ferreted out witnesses, conducted secret conversations making Yura quite ill. Finally they started demanding that he confess, promising at the same time that they would not punish him.

The father started beating his breast, begging his son to take pity on him and let him know whether he was a thief or not!

The boy was the last person to whom they gave any thought. The father was the person on whom all attention was centred, it was he who needed to be put out of his misery.

Finally they came to me and asked what they should do next, declaring they could not go on living like that any longer.

I asked them to bring the boy to see me. I cannot always see by people's eyes whether or not they have been up to no good, but I did say to him nevertheless: "You did not steal anything. You did not take the drawing instruments and don't let people go on asking you questions about it."

To the parents I addressed the following reproach during a separate interview: "Stop talking about this incident once and for all. You are haunted by the question as to whether your son is a thief or not. You behave as if you were reading a detective story and you want to know how it finishes, who the thief is. Put a stop to this curiosity. Your child's whole future is at stake in the meantime. He took something once in the past and may in this case as well have taken something. He may show this tendency and it is your job to cure him of it. This incident by now though is best forgotten and it is best to stop torturing yourselves and the boy."

In some cases it is actually terribly important, if you see your child stealing something, and if you can prove the fact and feel that it is necessary to say something about it, to raise matter and have it out. Yet if you have no definite evidence it is your duty to protect your child from other people's suspicion. Meanwhile though keep your eyes open and pay closer attention to what your child is up to.

In the Dzerzhinsky Production Commune one of the girls there who had been a prostitute in the past did in fact steal something. I was convinced

she had done it and I could sense that all the other inmates were certain of it too, and she was ill at ease. All that remained was for me to clinch the matter. I knew that she was used to thieving and that for her it was nothing out of the ordinary, so that if we were to ask how she could do such a shameless thing it would cut very little ice. Bearing all this in mind I told the commanders' council made up of very serious young people that they should leave her in peace, that I was quite sure she had not stolen anything and that they had no evidence.

They started protesting and shouting but I won the day and they let the matter drop.

And what do you think? At first the girl grew terribly nervous, and looked at me with a serious, bewildered expression on her face. She was no fool either. What she had done was quite obvious and so of course she was amazed that I trusted her, could I really be trusting her, how could I possibly do so? Was I play-acting or was I profoundly convinced? From then on, when there were responsible errands to be done I used to entrust her with them.

This continued for a month. The girl suffered the pain of my trust in her. A month later she came to see me and hardly able to speak through her tears, said: "How grateful I am to you, you alone stood up for me, when everyone else was accusing me."

It was then that I said to her: "It was you who had done the stealing, you and no mistake: I know quite well and I knew it then. But now you won't be doing any more stealing. I shall not say anything to anyone: you did not steal and this

conversation between us we shall consider 'closed'."

Naturally enough she never stole anything after that.

Moves such as these are also honest moves, since they are based on a sense of moderation and they could well be used within the family context. Truth should however never be abused too often at home. Children should always be told the truth: in general that is an indisputable law, yet in certain cases there is no choice but to tell children an untruth. In those cases when you feel sure that a child has stolen something yet cannot prove it, keep silent. In some other cases when you are convinced and there is also conclusive evidence to hand, make the most of active trust. Follow your sense of moderation. In cases where a child's personality is at stake, you cannot express your emotions, your indignation, your thoughts without moderation.

Bringing up children in such a way as to ensure that they do not steal is a simple task. It is far harder to mould character: boldness, restraint, the ability to master one's emotions and surmount obstacles in one's path. Fostering respect for other people's property is easiest of all. If your house is always tidy and the parents know where everything is, there will never be any thieving in it. When you yourselves have no idea as to where you have put things, whether you threw your purse under your pillow and forgot it, left your money in a cupboard or the sideboard, your children may well start thieving. If all your belongings at home are scattered around in disorderly fashion then it goes without saying that a

child will be aware all this is chaos. He will see that you pay no attention to all your belongings as a whole and will be quite sure you would not notice if he were to make off with some trifle from the general chaos.

The first occasion when a child starts thieving, is not thieving at all, merely a case of "taking without permission". Then this becomes a habit and degenerates into real thieving. If your child is quite sure what he can take without permission, and what he has to ask about, that means he will never steal. If some bun or other left over from lunch or after a party is lying on the sideboard and has not been locked away, it is clear that no one would forbid a child to take it. Yet if a child took it surreptitiously and without asking, then that constitutes thieving. If you establish a similar pattern of rules in the home seeing to it that children take nothing without asking first, so much the better. It is heartening even if they do not ask permission, if they inform you after they take something. In this second situation thieving is also unlikely to develop.

If you forbid a child almost every treat and he is obliged to ask for a cake knowing that it is completely a matter of chance if he gets the cake or not, this uncertainty of his position can also serve sometimes to encourage thieving. If you allow a child to take everything, or alternatively if a child is not allowed to take anything inside his home and he is given no freedom at all and permission has to be asked before he can do any mortal thing, in both these situations thieving can develop.

In addition it is most important to see to it

that a house be kept tidy and clean, well dusted and free of all superfluous, broken and scattered belongings. This is all extremely important, indeed far more important than it may seem. If there is a large number of belongings in a house which get in people's way but which it seems a pity to throw out (either because they still possess some value or because they remind someone of something) and therefore just lie around, if old clothes and an old carpet are still there, only because you don't know how to get rid of them, then children in such homes will grow up untidy and have no sense of responsibility when it comes to their own and other people's belongings. If in your house only essential things are laid out, things which are really necessary, which are in some way useful or welcome, if it is not just old, worn-out bedraggled jumble, then it is far less likely that thieving will develop. This responsibility which finds expression in the care you take of things which you bought for your home or decided to throw out because they are of no use to anyone; this responsibility for belonging is then fostered in your child and finds expression in the child's respect for belongings and provides immunity against thieving.

I referred earlier to what I regarded as the most important factor in our work as educators—this sense of moderation in both leniency and strictness, tenderness and exactness, in parents' attitudes to material possessions and their household. This is one of the most important principles which I call for most emphatically.

Here I underline once more that when children are brought up in precisely this way then,

and precisely then, it proves possible to educate men and women capable of great fortitude, who do not complain or weep, who are capable of great exploits, because through character-building such as this will-power is forged.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question: We all have questions on which we surely need advice and are all interested to have the opportunity to speak to Anton Makarenko.

I have two boys. They have been brought up in identical conditions yet have turned out very different. One of them shows no interest in money and the other cannot catch sight of money without taking it. No locks are any help. Ours is a hard-working, friendly family. Yet if jam is left out he is bound to eat it. If anyone leaves a purse lying around with thirty to forty rubles in it, he is sure to take the lot.

He is a good sort really. He never takes from strangers and is generous with what he has. I am at a loss as to how to deal with him. His father goes off the handle when the subject is mentioned. The boy is sixteen and strongly built, you would take him for eighteen. The elder boy is a Komsomol member but the younger one shows no interest in the Komsomol. He is very good-looking and likes the girls. He is reluctant to do any school work and has made little progress at school ever since he first went there. At the end of each school year his report reads 'Fair' without fail. He hates work, but is out for all he can get.

When you ask him if he wants to study he says yes, and then when you ask why he doesn't set about it, he just stays silent. Then when we suggest he should go out to work, if he doesn't want to continue with his studies, and ask what he wants out of life in general, he replies he does not know.

He likes football. He often comes home late, about three o'clock in the morning, and when we ask where he's been he avoids the issue.

With strangers he does not use a brash tone or bad language, but at home all the time. Then there is this thieving. What are we to do with him? His father maintains he has taken nothing but I know full well he has. His father tries to achieve something through trust but this doesn't achieve anything. Now he has moved up into the last class but one.

Answer: It is impossible to answer your question second-hand. If I had met the boy I could talk to him and give you some advice but not knowing your situation or the mistakes you have been making, mistakes of tone and others, without knowing your friends and pattern of day-to-day living, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of handing out advice.

But in general I can say the situation does not sound encouraging. In my *Book for Parents* I concentrate on how children should be brought up and educated, not re-educated. Neither in my book nor today's talk have I devoted much attention to the problem of re-education. For the family this is an extremely difficult task. In order to re-educate a child it is essential that the general tone of behaviour in the collec-

tive in which he lives should change. In a production commune your boy would be very easy to handle, in so far as he is literate, normal, good-looking, while you at home really feel at a loss and do not know what to do with him. You are clearly switching from one extreme to the other, trying first one thing and then another. Yet I am sure that if you were to ask me round to your house and I was to talk to your son, some way out of the situation could be found. There are many families who invite me round to give advice on education problems. I regard this as an important part of my work, for it enables me to broaden the range of my observations. I would ask you not to feel shy about doing so: if you turn to me and I can offer some assistance, you will be helping me and I shall be helping you.

Question: I have a daughter who is aged six. I should like to bring her up to be a good, brave girl, yet despite all my efforts and my avoiding frightening her in any way, my child is timid and cowardly. When she goes to bed she always asks what dreams she will have, as if she was afraid of dreaming. She also wakes, whenever she starts dreaming.

How should I encourage my child to be brave? I have been trying very hard but all to no avail so far.

Answer: There is nothing for you to worry about. Many small girls of about this age are most impressionable and highly strung. A small girl of six to seven is usually timid, but by the age of eleven she will be such a tom-boy that there will be no holding her.

Perhaps you have some neighbours who tell

her about all sorts of horrors. What precisely is she afraid of?

I find it difficult to envisage what kind of fear you are up against. Sometimes this is merely a question of an overdeveloped imagination.

Here a doctor is the best person to help. You provide insufficient details of the girl's behaviour and without meeting your little daughter it would be irresponsible of me to proffer advice. Let me come round and meet her, and you better talk to a neurologist.

Question: How should we act in the following situation. At home we tell our small boy what he should do and what he should not do. We encourage him in good habits. We let him go out to play with other children, that is we do not prevent him from mixing with his peers. All this although we know that he comes into contact with all sorts of children, that he might start using bad language and that the lads he plays with talk about thieving. On the other hand we cannot stop our child from going out to play; in that case we would have to barricade our home, keep watch over him and rob him of all pleasures. Letting him out to play is dangerous because all kinds of unpleasantness could result from playing with the children in our yard.

Answer: It is always a difficult question protecting your child from harmful outside influences. Some time back a well-known French politician visited the Soviet Union and among other things toured our commune. It made a very good impression on him and when the commune band played Beethoven he wept. It defied his imagination to see boys off the street playing him Beetho-

ven. He decided to obtain a closer knowledge of the workings of the commune.

"Everything would be fine," he said, "but there is one thing I cannot accept. How can you let normal, honest children be brought up side by side with former thieves and young vagabonds?"

I answered briefly: "And in real life don't good people live alongside the bad?"

We must not prepare children for life in a society of ideal men. If you bring up your children like that their life will turn sour on them, as soon as they go out into the big wide world. Your son should be made familiar with people of all sorts and descriptions. He must learn to get on with them, stand up for himself against them, and the more he finds himself surrounded by people from different walks of life the better. Isolating him and making him stay at home is the most harmful thing parents can do. He will become so used to the family "incubator" that anyone will be able to deceive him and let him down. He must be taught to stand up for himself and the ideal means for achieving this is the morale and tone of life in your family. If these are high, if you have real authority, if your son believes that his mother is the most beautiful of mothers, the fairest and the tidiest, the gayest and at the same time the most serious-minded, there will be no need to hammer your ideas home, for he places you on a pedestal and your authority is supreme for him. If on the other hand you start persuading and cajoling him, he will start thinking your authority is perhaps not so indisputable after all, if you are trying to convince him of

the same. Say quite simply that he ought to know that he must not do so and so. If he still follows the same line demand an explanation. Your firm instruction permitting of no doubt, when you told him he *must not* do this, that or the other, will represent your son's first step to the ability to stand up for himself.

If the boy with whom your son plays is an undesirable, do not forbid your son to play with him, but get to know the other boy better, so as to find out what his failings are and in what forms they express themselves. Do not try to bring pressure or influence to bear on the other boy, but rather impress him with your calm confidence, so that your son might see that you have no qualms to the effect that he might turn out the same. Here it is not just a question of good sense and emotional involvements but also your powers of observation and the chance to help both your own son and other children if necessary. Your son will then boldly follow your example of strength and you need no longer have any fear of negative influences, for he will be able to surmount them with no trouble at all.

Question: My boy of eleven has an ideal relationship with his parents. When he is ill he doesn't allow himself to disturb his mother in the night saying, "You're tired. I'll see to everything myself."

He is a most disciplined child. At school the teacher occasionally makes undisciplined children sit near him. I had nothing against this. Yet my child is now developing an unpleasant manner. He comes home saying things like: "You know my latest 'charge' got top marks today.

He'll probably be moved on and then they'll probably make Petrov or Ivanov come over to sit by me. They'll have to be helped on too."

I do not know any more whether this is a good thing for him or not, or how I should explain to him that he is not a teacher yet but still just one of the boys.

Then another case—in a family I happened to see a good deal of there was a boy coming on well, whom I had known since the age of eighteen months. He showed considerable promise. His father was an actor and his mother a housewife. His father died when the boy was twelve. For a time he was just as well-behaved as before. His sister is a very pretty child and when she was small, her brother was always very protective towards her. Now he shows no consideration for either his sister or his mother. Why did it come about that after the father's death this fine boy all of a sudden turned into a coarse and insolent youth by the age of sixteen? After all the mother loved her children very deeply and gave all she had to them; often she would go without food herself while making sure her son had enough to eat.

Answer: If a mother sacrifices everything and gives her son even her food she is committing an unforgivable sin. A son should give up food for his mother, a son should make sacrifices for his mother. In the family you mention the mother should go into the offensive. It will be a hard struggle.

I always hold that children ought to give up their seats to adults in trams. That is the correct behaviour, yet it often has to be fiercely defended

in arguments with parents. I am strongly convinced that all the best things in the family should first of all go to the parents. If you have some silk, it should be used to make a dress for the mother in the family. If you have a spare hundred rubles and the decision has to be made as to whether the parents or the children in the family should make a trip down the Volga-Moskva Canal, the best choice is the parents and then the children later. This does not mean that parents should cease to take any interest in their children's welfare. You can take good care of them, but meanwhile you should do so in such a way, that they are aware of the fact that concern shown for parents should come first.

Often I have heard reasoning as follows: a young member of the Komsomol, and a first-rate pupil into the bargain, starts saying to her mother when they discuss which of them should have a new dress made: "What do you need one for? You are thirty-eight, your life's nearly over, but I'm young and have all my life before me!"

As for your son, the "boy-teacher", if the school and the teacher are intervening in the situation what can I say? After all they should know what they are doing.

I myself used to ask the children at the commune to keep an eye on those who were falling behind. However such tactics should be introduced differently, the general pattern should be different. I used not to say that such and such a pupil was better and another worse, I used to say: "You haven't done so-and-so and so I am going to give you an extra job: help this boy who's fallen

behind. Make sure you get good results or you'll have to answer for it."

If this approach is used and he is called upon to give his class-mate help, he will not feel himself to be like a teacher, but simply to be carrying out a task he has been entrusted with.

What is unfortunate in your case is that other boys in the class are not given similar tasks, just your son. If several of them are helping the backward pupils, no one will boast and think of himself as a teacher. All this depends upon the tactics the teacher adopts. There is no golden rule to adopt in such cases. If your son starts becoming swollen-headed that is most harmful. He must be told that the teacher is somewhat mistaken, because he in fact needs to pull his own socks up a bit.

EDUCATION AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL*

Education at home and at school is such a wide topic that a great deal more than one evening could be devoted to it. Even then it would be impossible to exhaust it. In one evening all we can do is to touch upon some of the more important facts. This is probably one of those aspects of education in which I cannot profess to specialise. Why? Let me explain, filling in the background.

I am a teacher and have been one since the age of seventeen. For the first sixteen years I worked in a school for railway workers' children. I was the son of a worker and taught at the same works where my father was employed. I taught there for sixteen years. That was all before the revolution, in the old type of school.

I was first a teacher and then the head at that factory school, which catered for workers' chil-

* Makarenko delivered this talk on February 8, 1939 at the teachers' club of the Frunze District in Moscow.

dren from one workers' community. I myself was a member of that workers' collective, a member of a worker's family. My pupils and my parents as well were part of a small united workers' society from one factory.

This all meant that I had very wide opportunities open to me. I would say that in Moscow you have less opportunities, since your schools cater for children whose common denominator is the district in which they live.

Their parents are not linked together in a single working collective. You probably have less chance of contact with pupils' families than I did. Yet there is one magnificent advantage which you enjoy and that is Soviet power. I was working as a teacher before that era dawned, in old autocratic Russia.

After 1917 fate separated me from my family. For sixteen years I worked with children who had no parents, who had no families. I hardly ever had the chance to meet any of their parents.

Admittedly in recent years I have been in closer contact with my pupils' families, but the bulk of my work in Soviet Russia has been in institutions in which my charges lived on the spot, and who "as a matter of principle" did not accept the institution of the family.

I should like to recall one remarkable incident, which took place in interesting circumstances.

On behalf of some film unit a cameraman came to see me intent on filming the Dzerzhinsky Commune in Kharkov. He was a smart little old man, one of those who always know where to find everything and who always notice everything, very sprightly and very quick on the mark.

He was ecstatic over the commune and seemed to like everything he saw. Then just as I was discussing something with him in my office, quite unexpectedly a man burst in. He was of a fairly educated appearance and it was also obvious that he had just come off a train. Still dusty from the journey he said: "I've come over from Melitopol. I've been informed that my son Vasya Stolyarov is living here."

"Yes, we have a boy by that name."

"Well I am his father. He ran away from home and I have been looking for him for six months and found out at last that he's here with you and so I've come for him."

The man was clearly agitated and his voice was shaking.

"Well, would you call Vasya please."

Vasya appeared. He was a boy of fourteen who had spent six months in the commune by then. He stood there in his uniform, holding himself well, looking straight ahead of him, a fine upstanding lad. Then he asked, "You sent for me?"

"Yes, your father has arrived."

"My father?"

After that all ceremony was thrown to the winds: they flung their arms round each other, kissed and hugged. It was obvious that they both loved each other deeply.

When the ecstatic greetings were over, the boy straightened his clothes. The father asked if he would be allowed to go home with him.

"Willingly, but it is for your son to decide. Whatever he chooses goes. If he wants to leave with you, he is welcome to."

That was the moment when the boy who had just been weeping tears of joy blushed, became serious all of a sudden, looked at me, shook his head and said: "I'm not leaving."

"Why, this is your father who's come."

"Even so, I'm not leaving."

The father turned pale and said: "What do you mean, not leaving?"

"I'm not leaving."

"Why?"

"I'm not leaving and that's all there is to it!"

"Why don't you want to go? It is your father, isn't it?"

"I don't want to, I shan't be leaving."

The father started to grow angry: "Whether you like it or not, I'm taking you with me."

At that the commune commanders chimed in: "You can't just take someone here, he is a member of the Dzerzhinsky Commune. You can ask him for all you're worth—if he wants to go, he'll go, if not he won't".

The father fell back into an armchair. Hysterics followed and tempers soon wore thin. People tried to calm him down and gave him some water to drink. After he had calmed down somewhat he said: "Call Vasya."

"No, I shall not be calling him in again now."

It was only for a leave-taking though, and I decided to relent. I sent one of the messengers to ask Vasya if he wanted to say "Good-bye" to his father. Vasya appeared again and he and his father began to cry once more, kiss and hug each other. When it was all over Vasya asked:

"May I go now?"

"Yes, do, off you go."

He left the room but I spent another couple of hours with the father. He was sitting there in the armchair sighing, weeping, starting to calm down only to start weeping once more. In the end he left without Vasya.

The most "dramatic" element of all in the whole story was that the cameraman, amazed by the whole proceedings and managing to remain completely detached while the father and son had been crying away, kissing and hugging, had succeeded in filming it all and was very pleased with himself.

"We cameramen have a chance like that once in a life-time!"

Here I should like to focus your attention on the implications of all this for the question of the family and upbringing in the family.

...There are good families and bad families and there is no guarantee that a family will bring up a child properly. We cannot say that a family can bring up its children as it pleases. Child care in the family should be organised and the source of this organisation should be the school as representative of state education. Schools should play a guiding role in child care in the home.

Now the question arises as to how this organisation or supervision should best be effected. Merely convening parents and telling them to take active steps to improve matters does not constitute guidance or organisation in the proper sense of the word.

What can be of assistance to parents in this task and how should they be helped? A bad parent, that is a parent incapable of bringing up

his children properly, can always be taught how, just as a bad teacher can be helped to do his job better.

Incidentally there are many parents, just as teachers, who are not even able to talk to children properly. It is important to practice voice-control, if it does not come naturally. Unfortunately in teachers' training schools and colleges this skill is neglected. I would make sure that every college and school for teachers had a special elocution expert to train future teachers in voice-control. I cannot stress enough how important this is.

I myself had a good deal to learn in this respect, when I first started teaching. I wondered what was wrong and turned to an experienced actor for advice.

"You must practise voice-control," he told me.

"What do you mean, voice-control? I'm not going to sing now, am I?"

"No, you won't be singing, but you need to be able to speak effectively."

I took lessons from him for some time and came to realise how much a trained voice could mean. It is most important what tone of voice one uses. The simple sentence: "You can go now" is not nearly so simple, when you think about it and realise that it can be said in about fifty different ways. It is possible to put so much venom into that simple phrase if that is what you are trying to convey.

This is a very complicated question. If your voice is not adequately trained you will of course encounter difficulties. People working with

children would benefit from voice training. Some parents and teachers allow themselves the "luxury" of not keeping their moods out of their tone of voice. This is quite unforgivable. Regardless of your mood your tone of voice should remain unchanged, firm and clear.

Moods should make no difference to your voice. You cannot tell what mood I am in at the moment. Perhaps I am grieving deeply or on the other hand I have just experienced a great joy. Whatever is the case I should talk in such a way that everyone listened to what I said. Each parent and each teacher should take a grip on himself before talking to children, so as to keep his mood beneath the surface. This is not as difficult as all that.

Living out in the forests for three years and, what was more, forests that were infested with bandits, what time could I possibly have for moods? What right had I to let them get the better of me? I grew used to keeping my moods in check and came to realise that it was very easy. One has to make sure that in certain cases one's face, eyes and voice remain autonomous as it were. A teacher's face must express cheerfulness, and it is to be hoped that parents might achieve the same.

Let us imagine that you have just received an unpleasant letter, perhaps even from a loved one. Is this unpleasant letter going to ruin the results of a whole month's teaching work? No loved one, who perhaps does not even really merit your affection, is worth it, and perhaps it is even a good thing for you to have received the unpleasant letter, which will put an end to illusions.

Voice-control, facial appearance, the way we stand up or sit down—all this is very important for the teacher. All these at first glance insignificant skills are most important and something which parents can master.

Recently a father came to me and said: "I am a Communist and a worker. I have a son who is disobedient. I tell him to do something and he takes no notice. I tell him a second time and he still takes no notice. I tell him a third time and still nothing happens. What am I to do with him?"

I asked the father to sit down and started talking to him.

"Well now, show me how you talk to your son."

"Like this..."

"Try and say the same words like this."

"I can't."

"Try again."

I practised with him for half an hour and he soon learnt how to give orders properly. It was all a question of voice-control.

Parents can receive meaningful help from the schools only if a school presents a united collective that knows what it wants from its pupils and makes these requirements quite clear.

That is one way of helping parents. There are other ways as well though. Detailed study of family life is necessary and analysis of the causes behind the emergence of negative traits of character is also important. I have no time in the course of this talk to list all methods for helping the family carry out its duties.

...The next question relevant to us today is the function of the family as an efficient economic

unit. From an early age children should be trained as members of that economic unit; they should know the source of the family's income, what the family buys and why some things are bought and others have to be foregone, etc.

A child should be drawn into the activity of that economic unit as soon as possible, from the age of five onwards. A child must develop a sense of responsibility towards the collective. This of course is not a formal type of responsibility, but responsibility through involvement in the ordering of his own life and that of the family. If the family economy is in straits, a child's living standards will also deteriorate. This is an aspect of child care which should on no account be overlooked.

Finally I turn to what is probably the most complex question of all—the question of happiness.

Usually parents insist that they put their children before all else, that they sacrifice everything for the sake of the children, including their own happiness.

The most terrible present that parents can make to their children is this last; it is such a terrible present that I should like to say here and now, if you want to poison your child's life, let him drink a large draught of your own happiness and you can be sure of achieving that goal.

This issue should be approached in the following way: no sacrifices should ever, at any price, be made for children. On the contrary, a child should make concessions to his parents.

I am sure you are familiar with the way some

girls talk to their mothers: "Your life's behind you now, and I haven't seen anything of life yet."

Mothers of only thirty are told this by their daughters.

"Your life's behind you and mine's still to come, so everything should come to me and you don't need anything new."

Meanwhile those young girls should be thinking, "I have my whole life before me still, while you, Mama, have fewer years left and must enjoy them to the full."

This is why in my *Book for Parents* I stress outright that new dresses should be the privileges of mothers.

Children should not take offence if we try and develop in them the urge to bring happiness to their parents. Let children think first and foremost about their parents' happiness, while what parents think about should not be the concern of children. We are adults and know what we are thinking about.

If you have any money to spare and are wondering whether it should be spent on a new dress for mother or daughter, do not hesitate but go ahead and buy a dress for mother.

Children must see that their father and mother have the first right to happiness. It is no use for mothers or daughters, let alone for the state, to rear children who would rob their mother of her happiness. It is a terrible thing to see children grow up as predators of their mother's or father's happiness.

In our commune we used to spend 200,000 rubles on travels and expeditions and 40,000 on

theatre tickets. No money was begrudged the children to such ends. When it came to clothes however we kept to the rule that the younger inmates should be given the clothes the older children had grown out of. They knew quite well that they would not get new clothes, and would only have remodelled ones to look forward to. True, we could have waited till the older children had worn out their clothes and then thrown them out, but we did not follow that course. The older children did not wear their clothes long enough for them to wear out and then they were remade for the younger children. What is there left to offer a girl of seventeen or eighteen if at fourteen she has already been decked out in silk?

What is all this getting at? Later she will start thinking along the following lines: I have only got one dress and mother has three.

Children should be taught to show concern for their parents, the simple and natural wish to sacrifice some of their own pleasures should be fostered, until their father's or mother's wishes have been satisfied.

That brings me to the end of what I planned to say today.

Perhaps some of you have questions to ask?

Question: Does the Dzerzhinsky Commune still exist, who is in charge of it and what are your links with it nowadays?

Answer: The Dzerzhinsky Commune existed for a further two years after I left and then it was disbanded. Why? Because the older inmates went on to study at technical colleges and universities and the factory that had been set up there

was made over to the appropriate authority. All the commune's inmates have graduated with flying colours.

Yes, I do keep in contact with my former pupils from those days.

...I must admit that these contacts are beginning to cause me something of a problem. There were after all a good number of children there. I remember all of them but I cannot remember who married who and how many children they all have. Yet in letters of course I should make reference to all that.

Also it means that one day of each working week I have to devote entirely to letter-writing, which makes things very difficult. I do not begrudge them this, for apart from me they have no relations. Who else should they turn to? Yet this flood of letters I have to cope with is sometimes quite a burden.

Sometimes a former member of the Dzerzhinsky Commune turns up in Moscow. He will come straight to me from the station. Sometimes he stays a whole month. Happily he announces: "Anton Semyonovich, I've come for a month!" I just don't know what to do and cannot help feeling sorry for my wife. She cannot be expected to run a hotel all the time. I do not begrudge my visitors the food they eat, the problem is the extra work they make for my wife.

"Well, if you're here, come along in and make yourself at home. Galya, we have a visitor."

"Who?"

"Vitya Bogdanovich."

"Hello, Vitya."

After a couple of days he starts saying he will

start looking for a hotel and I tell him to stay on and not worry about such things.

After three more days he will bring up the subject again, saying he is thinking about making a trip to Leningrad and I say there is no reason to do that, he would better stay on with us.

When the time comes for the young fellow to leave I feel sorry to say good-bye: "You ought to come and live in Moscow; you'd find work here and could live with us."

In most cases the children from the commune have turned out very well. These contacts although they can be something of a problem, are nevertheless a source of truly great joy to me. I have lost touch with a few of the young people though, unfortunately.

When I was given a state award I received a wireless message from Wrangel Island. It was from Mitya Zhevelii, who will be familiar to you all from *The Road to Life*.

Today I received another letter of congratulation. It was signed: "Engineer with decorations, Orisenko (Gud)."

Question: What is your attitude to corporal punishment?

Answer: I am opposed to corporal punishment, now as before. It is a method of punishment I cannot tolerate. I have never found a single family where corporal punishment led to any positive results.

Admittedly I do not take the term to include the occasional slap a mother administers to a toddler. A child of two or three hardly grasps what is happening to it and a mother is not so much punishing her child as giving vent to her

own emotions. Yet to strike a boy of twelve or thirteen is an admission of complete helplessness with regard to him. It can even signify an end to a positive relationship between him and his parents.

In the Dzerzhinsky Commune the children never used to fight. I remember very clearly the following incident. We were on our way back from Batumi to the Crimea on a pleasure boat. We took up the whole of the upper deck, and the passengers all seemed to be very well disposed towards us. We were nicely turned out, had a good band and were giving concerts. The other passengers and the crew all enjoyed our performances. Then one day in the morning soon after breakfast, just before we docked at Yalta, one of the older boys struck one of the others, younger than himself, over the head with a tin can. It was quite unheard of. I was thunderstruck. What was to be done? Then I heard the rallying call ring out.

"Why?"

"The commander on duty gave the order."

"But what for?"

"It makes no difference, you would give the order for everyone to assemble anyway."

"All right."

The boys by this time were all mustered and what was I to do next?

A proposal was put forward that the culprit be sent off the ship at Yalta and that we part company for good.

I looked around the assembled company and saw that no one had any objections. "What on earth? Are you joking?" I asked. "Is this in all

seriousness? How can you mean it? All right, he struck someone, but you don't throw anyone out of the commune just for that."

"This is no time of talking, put it to the vote."

"Wait a moment," I remonstrated.

Then the children came out with: "There is a proposal to deny Anton Semyonovich the right to speak."

Believe it or not, that is what they did. Yet I did manage to get in: "We are on an outing, I am your commander and could have you all arrested for five hours; this is not back home in the commune where I just talk with you, how can you deny me the right to speak?"

"All right then, proceed."

Yet what was there for me to say, after all. They started to vote and everyone was unanimously in favour of sending the boy off the ship. Then another proposal was put forward, namely that whoever accompanied him off the ship need not return either.

A delegation from the passengers and crew came along to plead on the boy's behalf.

"No, we know what we are doing."

In Yalta not one of the children got off the ship although they had been waiting to see the place impatiently; they were all anxious to look round the town and walk about in it, yet not one of them disembarked. The commander on duty said to him in a dry tone: "Off you go."

And he went.

When we arrived in Kharkov the boy was in the square in front of the railway station waiting for us. Our lads started loading the luggage as he stood there watching us uneasily. The comman-

der in charge told him to leave the square, saying they would stop loading until he made off.

He moved away but three days later he came to see me at the commune. There was a guard on duty at the door who refused to let him in.

"But you let everyone through."

"Yes, everyone but not you."

"Call Anton Semyonovich then."

"I shan't."

However he relented in the end.

"What do you want?"

"Call a general meeting."

"All right."

He sat in my office till the evening, when the general meeting was held. I appealed on his behalf. All the inmates looked at him without saying anything. I asked if anyone had anything to say. No one spoke. I urged them to do so but was only met with smiles. Well, I thought to myself, they will probably let him stay. The call to vote came. The chairman asked those in favour of my proposal to raise their hands, but not one hand was raised. The question "Who's against?" met with a unanimous response.

The next day the boy turned up again: "But they can't punish me as cruelly as that. Call a general meeting, I want to hear an explanation."

Another general meeting was called that evening.

"He is asking for an explanation," I told them.

"All right. You explain to him, Alexeyev."

Alexeyev took the floor and began to speak:

" On the ship in the presence of the whole Soviet Union—since all towns were represented on that

ship—and in the presence of the crew, you struck another boy over the head because of some trifle. It was unforgivable and we shall never forgive you. After us there will be other lads here who will not forgive you either."

The unfortunate boy left. Many of the boys then at the commune have since left and there are many new ones in their place. Even the newcomers used to say: "The same line should be taken as was taken with Zvyaginets." They had never seen Zvyaginets but knew all about him.

So you see, comrades, what the children at the commune thought about fighting. As a teacher I condemn the hard line they took and yet as their friend I do not condemn but rather understand it.

It was of course cruel punishment, but justified nonetheless. Of course we could have no fighting in the collective. I myself am categorically opposed to corporal punishment.

Question: There were boys and girls of seventeen and eighteen in your commune, what were the relationships between them like?

Answer: That is a very difficult question, it would take very long to do justice to it. I have treated the subject in my book. I would like to say a few words. Love cannot be banned, of course, but there is no letting boys and girls of eighteen fall for each other and marry straight away either. Such marriages never work out happily. The united close-knit nature of the collective and the young people's trust in me played an important part in this. I used on occasions to assemble the girls and give them a talk about

how young girls ought to behave. Then I would assemble the boys for a talk. When it came to the boys I would not so much teach them as demand certain norms of behaviour and responsibility from them.

I was supported in these efforts by the Komsomol organisation, the Party organisation and of course the Pioneer organisation. I also had the support of the general meeting.

Only thanks to that was everything all right on that front, there were no dramas or tragedies. We knew for example that Kravchenko loved Donya and Donya loved Kravchenko. They always spent their free time together, went for walks together, but there was nothing improper about it all. They completed their time at the commune and then both entered higher education; only after three years did they finally marry. They came to the commune and announced they were going to marry. The commanders applauded them approvingly: their love had stood the test of time, they had waited five whole years.

Question: How are you so well acquainted with the psychological make-up of pre-school children?

Answer: I have no children of my own, but I do have foster-children. In the commune we had a kindergarten for the staff's children. I organised and supervised it. I know a good number of pre-school children really well and love them dearly. My experience of them is limited, but I have some nevertheless.

ON MY EXPERIENCE*

It is hardly likely that I can tell you anything of particular value. I think that there is also a great deal to learn from you just as from any other of your colleagues. You yourselves have gathered fine experience and have set up first-class establishments.

What I have to tell you will, I think, only be of benefit as a spring-board for reactions and new ideas, or perhaps for objections, since my experience is of a rather unusual kind and probably has little in common with yours. Perhaps I have just been luckier than you.

For this reason I would ask you to forgive me: do not regard my words as a prescription or as law, as binding arguments. Although I was called upon to spend sixteen consecutive years in a colony for homeless children I cannot say that I have formed any conclusive ideas, I am still

* Anton Makarenko delivered this paper at the Special Schools and Orphanages Institute for Scientific Research and Practical Training, October 20, 1938.

learning and my ideas are taking shape, just as is the case with you, I expect.

When I weigh up many questions I may well often require to turn to you or other of our colleagues for assistance.

So what I shall be saying to you has not been scientifically deduced. Deductions can only be drawn in a major work, in a monograph, in writings based on Marxist analysis. I have not made scientific deductions concerning education, and so allow me to address you as one colleague does another, about those hypotheses and premonitions which I have, because what I shall be saying consists rather of premonitions than deductions.

I am well aware that my thoughts have been shaped by my experience as a teacher and realise that other experience if I had it, might well have moulded my thoughts differently.

My experience is very narrow. For eight years I was in charge of the Gorky Colony for young delinquents and for a further eight I was in charge of the Dzerzhinsky Production Commune. The Dzerzhinsky Commune was not set up as an establishment catering for juvenile delinquents. Initially I was sent just homeless children and during my last four years there almost all the newcomers were from problem families.

Which were the most difficult of those three categories to handle: delinquents, homeless children or children from problem homes? It is no easy choice, yet on consideration I should say those from unhappy homes. At least as far as twisted characters, singularity and cussedness are concerned, these children were the most difficult I had to contend with.

Yet by that time I was better equipped as far as techniques of my teacher's craft were concerned, and most important of all I already had a collective of children to hand that had been set up sixteen years earlier and had traditions dating back sixteen years.

Only thanks to that collective was my work with those children from unhappy families easier than my work with the first of the delinquents I was sent to work among, when I was still quite inexperienced.

Basing my ideas on my experience with all three categories of children I have in recent years drawn a conclusion, most important to me personally, a conclusion which at the present time has a paradoxical ring about it even for me. It would seem to me that there is no such thing as difficult children. Moreover this assertion has nothing of a straightforward denial about it.

I should like to imply that the difference between the norm in social morals and deviations in social morals is insignificant, almost negligible.

This leads me on to another conclusion of which I am less convinced as yet, namely that so-called reforging or correction of character should not be effected through gradual means, over a long period.

I have come round to the idea that since the difference between anti-social habits, between certain experience inacceptable within our society and normal experience is very insignificant, this gap should be crossed as soon as possible.

I say this being not at all sure that this idea should be expressed precisely in these words. Nor am I very sure that such a theory is possible, but

I am sure of the results I have achieved to date.

Over the last five years while I was working in the Dzerzhinsky Commune where there was a whole host of difficult and flamboyant characters, I did not observe processes of character evolution. I was aware of evolution in the ordinary sense, by which we understand growth, development: a boy would be studying in Class III, IV and later V. His horizons would broaden, he would acquire additional knowledge and skills. Then he would start working in a factory, improving his qualifications, acquiring social skills.

Yet such growth is ordinary and does not signify the evolution of some corrupted, distorted character in relation to the norm.

This does not in the least imply that there is no difference between the distorted character and the norm, but it does mean that characters are far better corrected relying on deliberate method, or if you like the explosion.

When using the word explosion I do not in the least mean the kind of situation in which dynamite is placed beneath somebody and the fuse lit, while the instigator of the whole affair runs for cover without waiting for the target to explode.

I mean the moment for bringing sudden pressure to bear, the moment that can transform all man's desires and aspirations.

I was so astounded by the external aspect of these changes that I subsequently started investigating the question of the methodology these "explosions" involve and evolution of the distorted character and gradually came round to the idea that the "explosion method"—I cannot find

another satisfactory word for it—could be regarded by teachers and education experts as an effective one. Perhaps they will find a more apt scientific word to define this method. I for my part have not succeeded in doing so.

Now I shall recount certain incidents I witnessed which not only led me to come round to this way of thinking but also to continue my use of this method.

Back in 1931 I was required to take in more boys to bring up the commune to full strength by adding another 150 children to the 150 already there; in fact I had to admit a large number in the space of a mere fortnight.

I already had a very well organised core of commune members. Of the 150 boys and girls, 90 of them were Komsomol members aged between fourteen and eighteen and the remainder were Pioneers.

They were a friendly close-knit group, their discipline was impressive, taut and precise, they were all fine workers proud of their commune and its discipline. They could be entrusted with rather responsible tasks, difficult from either the physical or psychological point of view.

This was the method I used in order to ensure the deepest possible impression on my new recruits.

Of course a variety of methods was involved; great importance was attached to the preparation of the rooms—the dormitories, workrooms, classrooms and their decoration and arrangement.

The members of the commune were well provided for because it was self-supporting.

This was how we always made ready to welcome new recruits. Children stowing away in ex-

press trains were the ones entrusted to us, the ones we were officially entitled to take in. Express trains from Moscow to Mineralniye Vody, Moscow to Sochi and Moscow to Kislovodsk carried future candidates for my commune.

All these express trains used to pass through Kharkov at night and we used to go and collect up the boys at night as well.

Seven or eight commanders, one of whom would be made commander for the night in question, would set off for this purpose, to collect up the boys. The specially appointed commander was responsible for the detachment's work and always came along to report after the mission was completed.

These detachments would collect together boys from the roofs and toilets of the trains or pull them out from under the carriages for between two or three hours. They were skilled in finding the hiding places of these "passengers". I would never have been so adept at it.

The personnel from the local People's Commissariat for the Interior and guards allocated me a room at the station, where I used to hold the first meeting for the new recruits.

This meeting was not in fact designed to persuade the boys to join the commune. The boys from the commune turned to the lads saying things like: "Dear Comrades, our commune is very short of manpower. We are building a new factory and have come to you to ask you to help us."

The homeless boys were convinced that that was so. They were told: "Those who do not want to come can go back and board the express train."

Then we would apply the surprise method, which I am inclined to refer to as the explosion method.

Usually the children agreed to help us in our construction work and stayed on in that room to shelter for the night. The next day at twelve o'clock the whole commune complete with band—we had a large and really fine band of sixty brass instruments—and banner would come out to meet the new recruits in their best suits with white collars, putting on the best show they could muster even down to monograms embroidered on their sleeves as they drew up in line in front of the station. When the other "detachment" holding long loose jackets wrapped round themselves and taking small bashful steps with their bare feet walked out into the square, the music struck up at once and they saw everybody standing to attention. We met them with music and a celebration parade, as if they were our dearest friends.

Then out in front the Komsomol members drew up, they were followed by the new recruits. The whole group would then march forward with solemn pomp, eight to a row.

The local inhabitants were moved to tears, but we knew that it was all a question of technique and there was nothing sentimental about it.

When the new recruits were led into the commune, they were sent to the bath-house from which they emerged with close-cropped heads, well scrubbed, dressed in white-collared suits just like ours.

Next their original garments were brought along in a wheelbarrow and ceremonially burned.

Two of the yard-sweepers on duty that day came up with brooms and swept up all the ashes in a bucket.

Many of my colleagues regarded the whole proceedings as a big joke, but in actual fact it made an exceedingly forceful impression, as a spectacle, with its symbolic implications.

Among all the homeless youngsters I took off those trains I can only name two or three who did not get back on the right track in the end.

They never forgot that welcome at the station, the bonfire, the new dormitories, the unaccustomed kindness with which they were treated, the new discipline: the deep impression would be with them for always.

So far I have only referred to one example of the method I refer to as the "explosion" method.*

This method recurs and is elaborated throughout the system of re-education I used.

My system was based first and foremost on the collective.

Unfortunately no books have been written on the subject of what a collective really is and in particular about what a children's collective in an establishment for re-education should be like.

Such books need to be written and research into the nature of such collectives should be carried out.

* This method aroused fierce controversy among education experts; in connection with the "explosion" method it should be borne in mind that Makarenko was discussing this method with regard to re-education. In the context of correctly organised education the need for "reforging" or "readjustment" of character does not arise. This consideration serves to narrow down the sphere of application for the "explosion" method.

The first thing to point out about such a collective is that it is by no means just a crowd; it is a carefully designed and effective organ moulded for action.

A collective should be organised in such a way that it gradually develops into a social unit; it is vital that it always remains a collective and never degenerates into a mere crowd.

This is perhaps the most difficult aspect of our work as teachers and I have never yet encountered other collectives similar to the one I built up.

I do not say this in praise of my own work but simply state a fact.

Also it should be pointed out that I did not mould that collective alone. It would take a very long time to explain all that was involved, nor would I really be able to do justice to the subject, even if I were to try.

The actual organisation of the collective should start with the decision to set up the primary collective within it. I devoted a lot of thought to that question; many different methods for organising the collective occurred to me and I finally drew the following conclusions.

The primary collective—that is the collective not supposed to be broken down into smaller units or formations—cannot consist of less than seven, or more than fifteen people. I do not know why this is so, I have not gone into the subject in great detail. All I know is that if a primary collective consists of less than seven people it starts to develop as a group of friends, a closed group.

A primary collective of more than fifteen is

always prone to split into two groups; there is always a dividing line within it.

I only regard as an ideal primary collective the kind which simultaneously is aware of its welded unity and strength yet apprehends that it is not merely a group of friends who have made a deal amongst themselves, but a social phenomenon, a collective and organisation with specific obligations, duties and responsibilities. All this can be expounded on paper but in a brief talk this is difficult.

Of particular interest to me was the role of the person placed in charge of the primary collective and made responsible for it.

Throughout the sixteen years of my work in such communes I have been trying to solve this most complex problem and have come to the conclusion that a primary collective should, without fail, be headed by a sole leader who should not however bear any resemblance to a dictator but rather be entrusted with responsibility for the collective's affairs by its members.

Another question which I later came to regard as most important was that as to the ideal duration of this type of collective.

I succeeded in keeping the primary collective relatively unchanged over a period of seven to eight years. A group of between ten or fifteen boys and girls formed a primary collective over a period of seven to eight years, and moreover the composition of the collective was never changed on a scale larger than 25 per cent. There were twelve members and only three changes were made in eight years, three members left and three new ones were admitted.

I anticipated that these collectives would prove very interesting and was later to see my expectations borne out: they were interesting collectives in the sense that they were quite remarkable for their progress and evolution, for the tone they set, the atmosphere of confidence, cheerfulness they created and their resilience. They had a strong tendency of retaining their status of primary collectives. These collectives were led by a sole commander, later known as a brigadier.

Initially it was the practice to place at the head of these primary collectives the most capable, irrepressible and strong-willed boy or girl as leaders able to keep everyone under control when they commanded, insisted or put the pressure on.

Yet in the course of my sixteen years' experience I noticed how this tendency to elect as commander the most forceful personality fitted competent at giving orders, gradually gave way to another—to choose as head of the primary collective or detachment (usually the primary collective was referred to as a detachment) the senior member who need not necessarily stand out from his comrades by virtue of any other attribute.

In the course of those sixteen years this change took place almost imperceptibly for me and almost independently of my goals as a teacher.

In recent years I achieved the teacher's triumph of knowing that I could put any member of the commune in charge in the sure knowledge that he would acquit himself admirably of the task.

There is no opportunity now for me to tell you in detail about this interesting children's administration, the children's elected representatives who were not only capable of playing at leader, but of true leadership, taking a whole collective along with them without being the strongest or the most talented, nor even the most strong-willed, but distinguished from the others only through the power vested in them and their responsibility, a purely formal difference as it were.

In 1933 I was called upon by the Ukrainian government to assign approximately one hundred members of the commune to very difficult and demanding work: on that occasion the youngsters from my commune were to work for several months at a stretch in expremely tough conditions outside the commune.

I could not pick out the finest members of the commune, for they were usually boys and girls from the top two classes and what was more they were usually my most skilled workers and our commune was self-supporting, which made questions of manpower vital. These skilled workers were in charge of the various workshops in the factory.

I picked out youngsters from mid-school, from among their ranks I chose commanders and then divided them up into detachments. I was taking a considerable risk: I was not going with them, nor did I send anybody from the staff with them apart from one to supervise the catering.

Here it should be mentioned that they made a fine job of the assignment and special commendation was accorded the commanders of the detach-

ments, who had literally been picked out of a hat. They knew quite well what the limits of their authority were and what their responsibilities involved.

In order to foster this sense of well-defined authority and serious responsibility, considerable time, of course, is required. And I would say that there is hardly a collective where such results can be achieved within a year or two.

It takes between four and five years to build up an interesting, smoothly running system of children's administration within a collective.

Here also a good deal of work is involved and considerable strain.

A logical sequel of this work is the organisation of not just primary collectives but also social interdependence within a large collective.

My primary collective was the detachment.

Initially I organised detachments made up of those who studied or worked together. Later I decided that the younger and older boys and girls should be kept separate. However eventually I decided that was a bad idea and finally detachments were arranged in such a way as to include some of the youngest children and youths of seventeen and eighteen.

I had decided that a collective as reminiscent of the family as possible would be the most beneficial for purposes of upbringing and education. There was ample opportunity provided for the older children to take care of younger ones, younger children to learn to respect their elders and for the most subtle nuances of comradely relations to develop.

It meant that the youngest children were not kept together in an isolated group of an inward-looking variety, while the older chidlren would not start telling each other dubious anecdotes, for they would be keeping an eye on the younger children.

A very important question in this context would be that of temporary authority. This might seem at first glance to be a trifling consideration, yet for me it provided the foundation for my training of a large number of interesting cadres in the commune and for life outside—this regular steady selection of tasks to be performed each day, their allocation among the various children in my care, and their report on their fulfilment.

Finally another interesting question connected with the collective was that of the overall self-government of of large collective.

Throughout the whole sixteen years I was working with children of this type commanders of the detachments were selected and they were responsible for their detachment as a whole. Then there was a council of commanders.

This administrative body was always objected to not only by teachers and professors of education, but also by journalists and writers. They all held that it was too military and smacked of barracks and the parade-ground.

Unfortunately few of them bothered to investigate this phenomenon in any detail. The council of commanders was a most effective administrative body for the following reason. In the colony there were twenty-eight detachments and that meant twenty-eight commanders.... I was

never in favour of the council of commanders drawing up an agenda for its work. No matter how much the superior organisations to which I was accountable pressed on me, I had never drawn up or presented one single agenda for the work of the commanders' council. That council was an administrative body which was to cope with those particular tasks and problems which would come into being each day and which it would have been impossible to outline in any plan.

In the last eight to ten years I spent in the commune this council proved a highly adaptable and flexible institution. To discuss any question which might arise in my work I was able to convene the commanders in the space of two minutes.

A bugle-call would be played to summon the commanders together, a call consisting of three short notes. It needed to be sounded only once, indeed it was never sounded twice to make sure that none of the commanders should get into the habit of dawdling, but instead should go straight away to the council meeting.

On hearing the bugle-call the commanders, wherever they happened to be—in a classroom, at work or in the bath-house—would tidy themselves up and hurry along to the meeting.

At first it was difficult to achieve this quick rally and then it became second nature to them, a truly collective reflex. If any of my deputies summoned a council meeting, I too, on hearing the bugle-call, would run along as fast as my legs would carry me.

It became a conditioned reflex. I had to hurry along to carry out my obligations.

We had an interesting law for those meetings in that no one was allowed to speak for more than one minute. Anyone who spoke for longer was regarded as a "blatherer" and the others would be reluctant to listen to him. Sometimes we had to hold these meetings in the space of a break, in five or ten minutes.

One ingenious chairman of the commanders' council got hold of a sand-glass that measured minutes and maintained that it was possible to say a whole word as one grain of sand fell and the glass contained two thousand grains of sand, which meant that anyone could fit two thousand words into their minute. That surely ought to be enough! The rule became "law" after that.

At the colony there was a school consisting of the usual ten classes and organised on the usual lines. In addition we had a factory where all the children worked for four hours a day. There was a working day of nine hours, five spent in school and four in the factory. Apart from that we never had any cleaners and every morning the children would polish the floors themselves. Dust was something quite inadmissible, especially seeing we were sometimes visited by as many as three to four delegations a day. Everything had to be as bright and shiny as a new pin.

Apart from these regular duties we also had to have production meetings, Komsomol meetings, Pioneer rallies, gym displays, etc. There was never a moment to spare. Perhaps there will be more easier times, so that time-tables would not have to be worked out to the minute.

When we used to convene the commanders' council some of the commanders might have been

absent or might not have been able to interrupt their work at some important machine. It therefore became a custom and then a "law" for a commander's deputy to go, if the commander was not there himself; if his deputy was not there then any member of the detachment could go instead.

Usually the members of a detachment all knew that if there were to be a meeting that particular day such and such a member would go. Gradually it became the practice to ask at meetings of the commanders' council not whether Ivanov or Petrov were present, but to inquire if the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th detachment, etc., was represented.

Gradually the commanders' council evolved as a council of detachments. It was not important to us which member of a detachment appeared. What mattered was that someone came from each detachment, some member of the commune.

If some important question was being discussed at the council meeting we made sure that all the commanders should turn up in person, since the commanders themselves were elected not by their detachments but by the general council of the commune.

We evolved these practices so that the commanders' council not only in the commune as a whole but also for each detachment should appear as a council of authorised representatives not just for a particular detachment but for the commune as a whole. This commanders' council was a higher authority for the detachment.

The commanders' council helped me in my work throughout those sixteen years and I now feel deeply indebted to it. I have serious and profound respect for that body which gradually evolved

and changed but which always worked in one and the same spirit and aspired after one and the same goals.

I should like to draw your attention to the following acts. We adults feel ourselves to be terribly clever, always think we know so much, always know where we are going and understand everything and when we come to a new institution and are given a new occupation we always try to undo all that is there already and change everything round.

For this reason education work in our young Soviet state which only really got off the ground less than twenty years ago suffers from a rapid fluctuation of trends and methods and a lack of any traditions.

It was only towards the end of my sixteenth year in the commune that I realised where the heart of the trouble lay. Traditions or rather the experience of older generations who left the scene four, five or six years ago and who had accomplished something or found various solutions, should be respected to a sufficient degree to avoid that experience of preceding generations being so easily put to naught.

When all is said and done, in that same commune there were so many interesting, original and precise rules that it was no trouble for some officer on duty to take charge of the commune at a moment's notice.

...But to turn to the problem of discipline. If you have read my book *The Road to Life* you will remember that I started out by discussing the problem of discipline. I started out by recounting the episode in which I struck one of my charges.

In *The Road to Life* that was all described in considerable detail and I was most surprised when I was accused from many quarters of recommending thrashings.

In actual fact there are no grounds for drawing such conclusions from *The Road to Life*. On the contrary this event was a very sad experience for me, not in the sense that I had been driven to such despair, but because it had been not I but Zadorov, the boy I struck, who found the answer to the situation. He found in himself the strength and courage to realise what depths of despair I had sunk to and stretch out his hand to me.

The successful outcome of that incident was a result not of the method I had employed but of the chance human qualities displayed by the boy I subjected to corporal punishment. Not everyone is fortunate enough to light upon an individual who, after you have struck him, stretches out his hand to you and says he will help you and then actually proceeds to do so. Yet I was one of the lucky ones and I realised this at once.*

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* In his *The Road to Life* Makarenko includes the following comment on the episode with Zadorov: "In this whole affair it's not the beating they remember, it's the passion, the fury of a human being. They know very well I needn't have beaten him, I could easily have sent Zadorov back to the Commission as incorrigible, and made things unpleasant for them in all sorts of ways. But I didn't do any of this; instead I chose a way which was dangerous for myself, but it was a human, not a bureaucratic way. And after all they do really need our colony. Things are not so simple. And they see how we work for them."

However I could not base my system of education on disciplinary methods of that type, on violence. I lighted on a system of discipline, the real nature of which I attempted to outline in my last novel *Learning to Live.*

In that novel I write of strict, iron, really firm discipline which is capable of achieving an idyll. This is only possible in our Soviet homeland. The work required to create such a pattern of discipline is very demanding. In order to do so creative energy and inspiration, sensitivity and a forceful personality are required. One has to submerge one's whole personality in such work.

This is a difficult task also in view of the fact that successes are achieved very slowly and gradually and that any advance is almost imperceptible. In this work we need to be able to see ahead, to see past the situation as of today.

I am well aware of the purpose of such discipline. It is complete harmony between profound conscientiousness and an extremely strict and almost mechanical norm of behaviour.

I cannot conceive of wholesome discipline that would only involve conscience. Such discipline is impossible and it will always tend to degenerate into nothing but rigorism. It would be based too much on reason, would approach each action as one of a pair of alternatives, decisions would always be made in the light of cut and dried choices.

Discipline based on nothing but the individual's conscience will always be of the overrational variety. It will change the norms in any collective and will, in the long run, lead to a whole string of disputes, problems and stresses.

Yet on the other hand discipline based on formal norms, dogmas, commands will tend to breed blind obedience, mechanical submission to one individual in the role of supervisor.

Our discipline was not of these two types. It was a combination of conscientiousness, clarity, deep understanding, an understanding common to all, as to how we should behave, on the one hand, and perfectly precise outward forms, which would not admit of disputes, misunderstandings, objections, delays and empty talk, on the other. This harmony of two motifs in a system of discipline is extremely difficult to achieve.

My collective succeeded in attaining this harmony not just thanks to me but thanks to many fortunate circumstances and many individuals.

In what way did this fusing of conscientiousness with precise disciplinary forms take place?

Many factors were involved. In the final analysis all methods and techniques helped bring this aim nearer. In our situation discipline was not a condition for successful work. In our country people usually think that discipline of this sort is an essential condition for good work, yet I have recently come to realise that real discipline cannot be a condition for work, it can only be a result of a whole work programme and a whole system of methods. Discipline is not a method and it cannot be a method. As soon as discipline comes to be regarded as a method it, without fail, becomes a curse. It can only be the overall result of a whole work programme.

Discipline is the outward aspect of a collective, its voice, its beauty, its mobility, its gestures, its conviction. Everything which there is

about a collective eventually takes the form of discipline.

Discipline is a profoundly political phenomenon, it is something we can refer to as the well-being of a Soviet citizen. I have come to appreciate this quite clearly now.

I assure you that in the course of these sixteen years I found it quite impossible to grasp at the all-important lead or clue, to hit on the formula which made everything fall into place.

Discipline should not therefore be regarded as a means of education. I can talk about discipline as the result of education.* This result of education makes itself felt not only when someone prescribes a certain kind of action and someone else listens to all the first had to say. It makes itself felt even when an individual, although on his own, feels he knows how he should act.

The youngsters in the commune used to say they would judge one's discipline not by how he behaved in the presence of others, or how he carried out orders or the work entrusted to him, but by how he acted when he was unaware that other people knew what he was doing.

For example someone is walking across a parquet floor and sees a piece of waste paper is lying there; no one might see him and he might not have anyone in sight, yet what is important is whether he picked up the waste paper or not.

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* Makarenko was later to alter this formula, removing the excessively categorical contrast between discipline as a result and discipline as a means. He wrote:"Discipline is above all not a means of educating, but the result of the education process, only later does it become a means" (*My Views on Education*).

If he did and then threw it away in the proper place, still without anyone seeing him—well, that would mean he were a disciplined person.

This last form of discipline came particularly clearly to the fore in the behaviour of the brigadier or commander on duty each day.

This would be one of the boy or girl brigadiers—usually not one of the most senior since the most senior Komsomol members, the most deserving members of the Komsomol committee, already had more responsible tasks to acquit themselves of: some of them were in charge of our wall newspaper, others supervised the workshops in the commune factory, the design office, the Komsomol activities, and then one of their number would also be the Komsomol secretary—the commanders of the boys' and girls' detachments were boys or girls aged between fifteen and seventeen.

For the most part they were not entitled to mete out punishment and they had no other special rights in the commune; but it was the brigadier on duty who was in charge of the commune for the day.

By that time there were no adult staff specifically in charge of discipline. I decided to do without them as early as 1930. They simply went into the school as teachers, while adult supervisors proved no longer necessary. For a whole eight years the collective prospered without a single one.

The brigadier on duty was responsible for everything that went on in the commune from six o'clock in the morning to midnight or from midnight till six; he was responsible for precise and

regular adherence to the time-table, for tidiness, for the reception of visitors, for proper meals, for excursions if any happened to be scheduled, or for any additional work if planned. The brigadier on duty was allowed to sleep at night.

The general meeting entitled him alone to give orders. Gradually this right evolved into a very complex tradition, which everyone took a great deal of pride in and which was unswervingly adhered to.

These fifteen-year-olds could without a moment's hesitation tell the most senior Komsomol member or the most respected member of the commune to pick up a rag and wipe up a puddle on the floor.

His commands had to be complied with at all costs; whoever was given an order was expected to reply: "Yes, Comrade brigadier!"

If someone wiped up the puddle but did not say: "Yes, Comrade brigadier!" that did not count as carrying out the order properly.

It was not allowed to talk to the brigadier on duty sitting down, only standing erect. Nor did the members of the commune have the right to object to his orders. They could argue with me, with any commander or brigadier of a detachment, but with the brigadier on duty no one had the right to argue for, as was commonly held, he had a great deal to do and if everyone argued with him then he, poor fellow, would just be snowed under with work.

Even if the brigadier on duty came forward with an incorrect solution for a particular question it was still expected of the commune members that they carry out his orders and try and forget

that the solution was an incorrect one. I did not have the right to check up on the report of the brigadier on duty. He would report that in such-and-such a detachment such-and-such had happened. He would deliver his report in the presence of everybody else, saluting the while. Everyone had to stand as he did so.

If I had my doubts about something or other I was not allowed to send for the person in question and ask him. That would have been the height of insult.

The following tradition soon grew up: later on the next day, the person whom the brigadier on duty had called to account could state that the latter had "fibbed", but only in such a way that I did not hear him say so, for on hearing conversations of that sort I would send the boy concerned to be locked up. Even if the brigadier on duty had really "fibbed", the other boys should never have dared to say so in my presence. For the brigadier on duty had been responsible for the whole commune at the time and we had been obliged to obey and submit to him.

The next day anyone could come forward and say that he was a weak character and that he should be relieved of his duties, but at the time of his report no one was allowed to say anything. This custom helped us to avoid squabbles.

Particularly important was the fact that the report delivered by the brigadier on duty was not checked. Each evening the brigadier on duty would report to me on what everyone had done throughout the day and I do not remember a case when I was ever given any false information. He would have found it quite impossible to lie.

If the brigadier on duty had met me when he was merely outside walking and told me something, that I could have checked up on during the meeting, but if he told me anything in the presence of all the others then it was out of the question that I should check the information. The members of the commune used to say: "But he did not tell that to Anton Semyonovich in secret, they were not sitting out in the garden; he said it in front of everybody as he gave his report and saluted, so how could he possibly have lied! No one could lie in that situation."

The boys and girls were quite convinced that the whole situation, and the responsibility of the brigadier on duty made it quite impossible for him to lie. It was a moral law and there was no need for any checks. Such were the results achieved which could be summed up as discipline.

What methods should lead to such results? This is a question of running a collective as a well-defined organisation and also one of teaching skill.

Teaching skill is a matter of great importance; at teachers' training colleges this skill is not deemed worthy of any time or attention. To put it bluntly they do not even know what teaching skill is. The situation at present is such that this skill can in truth be referred to as amateurish and I would be the last to deny it.

This question has caused me many a sleepless night and particularly in view of the fact that I never regarded myself as a talented teacher and, to be honest, still do not regard myself as such, since otherwise I should never have had to spend

so much time on the problem, make so many mistakes and suffer so many setbacks.

Nowadays as well I am deeply convinced that I am probably no more than a run-of-the-mill, average teacher. There seems little reason to doubt this. However I did manage to acquire skill in teaching and this is the important thing.

The skill and mastery of the teacher is not a special art of some kind demanding talent, but it is a special subject which needs to be studied, just as a doctor has to learn his skills, or a musician his. Any individual provided he is not a moron can learn to be a doctor and cure the sick, just as any individual, provided he is no moron can learn to be a musician. Some of course will be better than others, that will depend on the quality of the instrument, the course of study, etc. For the teacher, on the other hand, there are no facilities for learning the skills needed for teaching.

What is teaching skill? Here I am inclined to draw a distinction between the process of upbringing and the process of teaching. I know that every education expert will oppose that approach, yet I believe that the process of upbringing should, logically, be set apart and indeed skill in upbringing or child care can be approached separately.

It is possible and indeed necessary to develop visual skills, straightforward visual skills. This is essential for work in child care. Such work involves the skill to read from an individual's face, the face of a child and this kind of "reading" could even be expounded in the framework of a special course. There is nothing particularly mystical or subtle involved in learning to

recognise from a face the emotional processes going on behind it.

Another aspect of teaching skill is voice-control, and indeed control of facial expressions as well.

Today your esteemed director talked to a boy in my presence. Not everyone knows how to talk to people like that. I shall not indulge in flattery and say that he shows great talent for it, but his conversation with the child was an example of teaching skill. He spoke to the boy in an angry voice and the boy was aware of his anger, his indignation—precisely what was required here. For me this was a display of teaching skill. I saw that the director was putting on a splendid show.

A teacher cannot get along without acting. Someone who is incapable of acting will never make a teacher. It is inadmissible for us to teach relying on our nerves and to bring up children relying on our actual mental and emotional worries. After all we are human: if people in other professions are able to work without emotional suffering it ought to be possible for us to do the same.

However it is necessary at times to demonstrate to a pupil that we are experiencing emotional anguish, and to this end it is vital to be able to act. However external theatricals are the last thing that is required. There should be some sort of connecting link between this acting and your personality. It is not a dead game, a mere question of technical skills, but a convincing reflection of those processes which are buried away deep down in your emotional self. For the pupils these

emotional processes are conveyed as anger, indignation, etc.

I became a past master at this only by the time I had learned to say "Come here!" with about fifteen to twenty different nuances, when I had learnt to lend the utterance twenty different nuances through my face, stance and voice. By then I no longer feared someone would refuse to come to me or would not be at once aware of what was required of him.

For those of us engaged in child care these skills are being called forth at every turn, and not in a pair context, i. e., when there is just I—the teacher, and you—my pupil. This pair situation is not so important as the surroundings on the particular occasion.

Your personality as a teacher is important even in those situations when no one is even looking at you. This is no fantasy.

I would sometimes be sitting alone in my study and all the children of the commune would be either at work or at their lessons. Perhaps I had just been angry with someone and now there was some work I had to get done. I assumed a specific expression and this had its effect on all those who saw me later. Someone would come in, then whisper his reactions to somebody else, even in passing, and the situation would be clarified to some extent.

This does not mean that the mood of one individual determines the mood of the whole commune, but it does stress yet again how important mood-control is.

If I had started weeping or sobbing in my study instead, that too would have soon been common

knowledge and would have produced a certain effect. This applies to all the petty cares of everyday life, such as the question as to whether you shave or clean your shoes every day or not. A teacher who brings out of his pocket a grey crumpled handkerchief ceases to be a teacher. It would be better for him to retire to a corner and blow his nose where no one could see him doing so.

This teaching skill is most important for evolving certain specific methods. For example I would often experiment with such things. I could simply have summoned wrong-doers to my study, reproached them, but I never went about things in that way. I used to send the child concerned a note, asking him to come and see me without fail in the evening and at eleven o'clock. I would not necessarily have been planning to say anything to him in particular but until eleven o'clock he would be pacing about, wondering what I was going to say to him. He would talk about the situation a great deal himself before then, so would his friends have discussed it in detail and he would be well prepared by the time he came to see me. There would be no need for me to take any firm steps by that time. All I needed to say was: "All right, you can go now" and I could be sure that I had started off some mental process that more likely than not would lead to positive results.

To me it seems that practice sessions should be organised in teachers' training colleges. I should be told for instance: "You, Makarenko, will now carry out the following experiment. Imagine that a boy has stolen three rubles and that you have to bring up this subject with him. We shall

listen and see how you talk to this boy and then we shall discuss how you talked to him—well or ineptly."

Training of this kind is not provided in our colleges and yet it is a most difficult undertaking to talk to a boy suspected of stealing, especially when it has not yet been established whether he actually did steal or not. Here the teacher requires not merely skill in voice-control or control of his facial expressions, but in logical deduction as well.

...With my colleagues, comrades and fellow-workers I always used to work on these skills. We would get together to discuss these questions but we never used to take notes.

Another important method to be employed by the teacher is play. It is in my view somewhat mistaken to consider play as just one of a child's activities. For a child play is his normal activity, and a child should always be at play even when he is engaged in a serious task. We adults also experience at times this urge to play. Why do some people like lace collars and others not? Why do we prefer to don a crêpe de chine dress instead of a cotton one? Why do some people enjoy putting on uniforms? I think there is no one among us who would not derive pleasure from putting on a colonel's uniform. What gives uniforms their attraction? It is the play element involved.

Why do we put beautiful books with gold bindings in the top shelves of our book cases while the less impressive ones come lower down? We are playing at being educated, cultured book-lovers. Children also have a passion for play-acting and this passion should be indulged. Not only

should children be given time to play but their whole life should be steeped in play. Indeed their whole life is play.

At the commune we had first-class equipment and produced "Leica" precision cameras. Everything had to be exact right down to the last micron and yet this work was play.

Many education experts regarded me as an eccentric as if I was playing at soldiers with all our reporting military style.

It is vital to play-act with children. Have them all lined up and then you can give them a piece of your mind like a senior army officer. The commander who comes at the appointed time to my study to report is playing his part splendidly and I keep up the game too. I am responsible for the commune members in the long run, and they think they have the responsibility....

In some cases this game of theirs has to be encouraged.

Once we were all planning to go on an excursion and we had to decide whether we would go to Leningrad or the Crimea. Most of the children wanted to go to the Crimea and I did as well. However I started by arguing hotly in favour of Leningrad, asking what they could see in the Crimea and saying that all it had to offer them was sun and playing in the sand, whereas in Leningrad they would be able to visit the Putilov Metallurgical and Engineering Works, the Winter Palace. They eagerly joined in the fray. In the end when they put it to the vote they looked at me as they raised their hands. I had played my part well that day. They had played the victors and I the defeated.

Three days later they started saying to each other that I had been "having them on", for I too really wanted to go to the Crimea. Then they appreciated all the play aspect involved and enjoyed it no end.

But then comes the question as to whether a teacher is justified in taking risks. This question is still in need of an answer.

Two years ago a discussion was printed in a teachers' journal on the subject of treatment of children who play up at school. The advice offered was to the effect that the teacher should talk to the child. It was suggested the teacher should talk to him in a calm, even voice without shouting, so that the pupil realised that the teacher was talking to him not because he was annoyed but because he saw it to be his duty....

In the role of ideal teacher one is called upon to speak in a calm voice, but if you do you are bound to achieve little. The boy will leave you just as much of a mischief as he was before.

I used to allow myself to take risks in similar situations and all Macbeth's witches, as it were, would be clustering round me: so you're taking risks, are you, well now we shall see !...

I would raise my voice and say, "Now what is all this?" And I managed to achieve positive results.

In Leningrad when I was talking about risk I received a reproachful note from a teacher relating the case of a boy, who, after being given a bad mark, had hanged himself. He then went on to ask disapprovingly if I insisted that certain "excesses" were still essential.

I was very surprised. That reaction speaks not against me but against the teacher concerned. The boy had not hanged himself because of any risk the teacher had taken. If giving someone a bad mark is a risk, then it would be logical to conclude that all pupils should be given good marks otherwise they might all go and hang themselves. A teacher can be timid about giving bad marks, because there is a certain risk involved, yet this should after all be no more than a trifling matter.

Giving a pupil a bad mark is not an action involving risk. Patting a pupil on the head or speaking to him in a calm voice does not mean taking risks either!...

Perhaps the boy had been spoilt by constant treatment of this sort designed to avoid risks and developed a suicidal tendency in him. Any person, if he is addressed in nothing but a calm even voice for several years at a stretch, would develop an urge to hang himself. If all teachers talked to children in calm voices, I dread to think what state they would drive a child to.

However, fortunately, not everyone speaks in a calm voice. Some teachers take risks, make demands, give bad marks, the most important of all being the demands they make. Only thanks to teachers like this can a school atmosphere be enlivened.

This subject of risk should be discussed in the context of teaching practice.

When in the classroom, I laugh, openly show pleasure and anger and make jokes with little inhibition. If I feel like joking I do so. If I feel like giving someone a gentle prod I do so. Such

risks are far from terrible. I have had to take more risks in my time than the average teacher.

For example sometimes the general meeting would make a resolution to expel someone from the commune. However hard I struggled, and whatever threats I made they would look at me, look at me hard and then vote for expulsion once again. In eight years I had to expel ten people. That meant opening the door and saying: Off you go into the big wide world wherever you please, follow your nose.

That was a terrible risk to have to take, yet thanks to those risks I achieved a constant, truly exacting atmosphere at the commune, and everyone knew that that was the atmosphere he was up against from the very first day and so there would be no surprises on that count.

What was really surprising was that all those who were expelled wrote me letters. Recently I received a letter from a boy whom I had expelled six years previously and whom I had lost sight of. He wrote saying that he was a lieutenant, had distinguished himself in battles at Lake Hasan and on this occasion had decided to write me a letter. "If you only knew how glad I was that you expelled me that time," he wrote. He recalled what a nuisance he was and how nasty he was to everybody in the commune. After he had been expelled this had made him think about whether he really was such a bad lot after all, whom 500 people were unwilling to have living in their midst. At first he had felt like coming to ask to be taken back, but then he had decided that he should try and make his own way in life. "Now," he wrote proudly, "I am a lieuten-

ant and have distinguished myself in battle and consider it my duty to inform you of all this, so that you should have no qualms about having expelled me in the past."

That letter was to reassure me after a space of six years. I had lost touch with the boy and then here he was writing to me again, and precisely at the moment when he had distinguished himself in the victory of Lake Hasan; at that hour he had thought back to me as one of the sources of that glory.

This story emphasises once again how there is no knowing what a particular action will lead to. The question of risk should be considered with a good deal of careful attention, for so-called tact is starting to become the plague not just of teachers, but pupils as well.

At the time when I was in the midst of a dispute with the Commissariat for Education of the Ukraine I was asked at a teachers' conference if I knew what tact was. After replying in the affirmative I was asked to define it.

"Let us imagine that you are lunching with someone and he spits in your plate. One could ask what he thought he was doing and protest that he was being tactless, or equally well, one could pick up a plate and break it over his head. There would be no risk involved at all. Sometimes the odd plate should be broken over someone's head to take someone's action to its logical conclusion rather than just pasting over the cracks."

Surely there are cases when tact appears a deviation from responsibility.

I find myself face to face with a boy or girl whom I have to punish, but I do not wish to come to

grips with the problem, am afraid of taking risks and start behaving "tactfully". I start tactfully going off at a tangent from the situation in hand and hide myself in a hole.

Perhaps I am mistaken but the results I achieved were good ones.

In my own personal experience I have not come across any relapses except in the case of one girl whom I married off, and who resorted to prostitution.

I am sure that in my experience I have lighted on some sort of true path, just as you will have done.

I maintain that the underlying principle in our work with children, whether it be in school, out of school, or pre-school should be our respect for our fellow human beings. I even used to call eight-year-old boys Comrade so-and-so. They would be Petya, Vasya and so on when I spoke to them individually, but in the midst of the collective I would refer to them as Comrade Komarov, etc.

It is vital to show our charges as much respect as possible and at the same time to make firm, clear, unabashed demands on them, that they behave in such and such a way. These "wonders" are within anybody's grasp.

Parents used to descend on me in crowds, maintaining that I was working "wonders". A mother and father would drive up to the commune and say: "We cannot live under the same roof with him any longer; he uses bad language, keeps demanding things, nagging us for money, tickets for entertainments, refuses to tidy up after himself, etc. Take him in, for Heaven's sake!" Then I

would look at the boy and see a perfectly normal face, showing not the slightest trace of backwardness, a boy in good health and on a level with his mates at school. Well, what can I do?

Then I would agree that he stay on with us, but on condition that the parents did not set foot inside the commune for two years, that I did not catch the faintest whiff of the petrol of their car.

The main complaints would be that boys from these backgrounds were unwilling to keep their clothes in proper order, to make their beds and do shopping. However after the commanders had rubbed a few corners off them, they would start to mend their ways. After six months we used to let them go home for their first holiday.

The parents would say that we were working miracles. Yet there were no miracles or miracle-workers involved at all. When demands are made of children they should be made in such a way that they do not doubt the authority of those making the demands. Then a boy will find pleasure in complying with a demand. He is happy to be able to show his parents that he too is capable of work. It is essential that a teacher work with conviction. If he does, then he will be able to demand the skies and a child will carry out all that is required of him.

Again I would ask you to forgive me if there has been anything smacking of the mentor in my talk. I make no claims to the role of mentor and set out simply to tell you things I have witnessed.

EXPERIENCE GLEANED FROM MY WORK*

Comrades, I think tonight's meeting should take the form of a dialogue, for my experience—and I am taking this as the basis for what I have to say—will be different from yours. Yet I too am a teacher, a teacher from a railway school and the son of a railway worker, so that my approach to teaching should have a good deal in common with yours, although I have probably been more fortunate than you.

In 1920 the Soviet government entrusted to my care a colony for delinquent minors. I took up the appointment but not in the least because I thought of myself as an exceedingly competent teacher. After the revolution I had been working in a Poltava school and I had been invited to go and work in the building that belonged to the gubernia economic department. On arrival I would always find dirty office tables there, cigarette

*This talk was delivered by Makarenko at a meeting for teachers employed by the Yaroslavl Railway Line in Moscow, on March 29, 1939.

ends on the floor and as a rule the air seemed to consist mainly of nicotine and smoke. It was very difficult to work with children in these conditions and of course I would have been ready to move anywhere. That was how I came to go and work in the colony. My work in the Gorky Colony and later with the same children in the Dzerzhinsky Commune lasted for sixteen years and this is where I was lucky. There are few people who have had the good fortune to work with one and the same collective for sixteen years.

In 1935 this experience came to an end not because I wished it, not through any fault of mine.*

All those years I worked with one and the same collective in which admittedly people changed but the changes were gradual and the traditions lived on, passing down from one generation to the next. Work in that collective led me to certain ideas which I should be inclined to regard as relevant to ordinary schools as well. Why did I approach the subject of ordinary school education in this way? This is possible since during the last eight years of my work the Dzerzhinsky Commune affiliated to the Ukrainian Ministry of the Interior differed little from a community of children to be found at any ordinary school.

In the commune there was a complete secondary school and the children adjusted as normal children very quickly, within about three to four months, even super-normal if we take normal

* In July 1935 Makarenko was appointed deputy inspector for the production colonies' department at the Ministry of the Interior of the Ukraine, in Kiev.

as meaning characteristic of the average schoolchild in this country. Thus I have no reason to assume that I had a particularly difficult group of children to cope with. Indeed the pupils in our commune were easier to work with than those in many schools. I was able to allow myself such free scope of action that, for example, from the third year onwards I was able to do without any staff engaged exclusively in child care and supervision. Special supervision was no longer necessary in the day-to-day lives of my charges.

School-work for me was more difficult than in your case, for the children sent to me were of the more or less backward variety: at the age of ten to twelve they could just about read and write, but sometimes they were quite incapable of writing. It was therefore more difficult for me to take them through the ten-year secondary curriculum by eighteen.

There used to be a preconception among the old intelligentsia to the effect that the homeless child was always clever, a regular genius, while in actual fact he is usually less proficient than a normal child, less well prepared for systematic school work. This meant it was more difficult for him to complete secondary school, however there is one trait to be found in such children which made it possible for them and for me to overcome these difficulties. They were unable to rely on help from their parents and had to rely entirely on themselves. This they were well aware of and soon they also started to appreciate that school was the stepping-stone to university. This was something they realised particularly clearly, when, for the first time, members

of the commune were matriculated, and then these students visited the commune.

Then the other children at the commune realised that the road to university was the richest, most interesting road they could tread. They were also attracted by the fact that as students they would be entitled to hostel accommodation and grants.

Among my youngsters this thirst for knowledge was stronger than in the case of the average schoolboy. This thirst helped them to overcome any laziness and all the problems that might lie on their road.

My opportunities for education and upbringing in the commune were wider than yours, because the children there were under my supervision twenty-four hours a day over a period of five, six or seven years. In your work two terms can often be heard; educational means and non-educational means. Moreover an educational means is not something that leads to a specific end but something which makes it easier to avoid fuss, shouting and keeps everyone happy. The results which this means can lead to are not examined, no particular importance is attached to them.

Yet I regarded as an educational means precisely such as lead to a specific goal ... even if this involved shouting, fuss, indeed as much fuss as anyone likes.... I was in a more advantageous position and was quick off the mark. Finally this task was facilitated by yet another factor: the production work in the commune.

At one time I had been an advocate of "work processes". We all used to hold that a child finds

an outlet for his industrious instincts in work processes. I also used to think that a work process was necessary to give a child a sense of a work atmosphere. Later I came to realise that a child must learn to take part in some production work and learn specific skills.

When it came to theory, we teachers had soared to lofty heights, whereas in practice things were at a very low ebb. We used to think that we were giving our children useful skills, while in actual fact we were only teaching them enough for them to be able to make makeshift stools and our seamstresses were unable to sew anything but underpants. I remember even feeling somewhat elated when my shoes were efficiently repaired, a pair of pants was sewn for me and a makeshift stool put together. Later I put aside this teacher's weakness. You remember, I expect, that the work process was meant to be "integrated" with the learning process. How we racked our brains for ways to achieve that elusive goal. The children would be making stools and we would be worrying about how to tie that in with geography and mathematics. I remember feeling most despondent when a commission visited the commune and failed to find any link between stools and the Russian language. Then I decided to give it all up as a bad job and started professing that there should not be any link-up.

Now I can back up my instinctive assumptions of those days, since in the meantime a first-class factory has been set up at the commune, a factory that we built and which produced "Leica" cameras. It is a thriving factory. A "Leica" camera consists of three hundred parts and re-

quires precision down to a thousandth part of a millimetre. This work is really precision optics involving most complex processes unknown in pre-revolutionary Russia.

After I had watched the work going at this factory—a factory which involved precise planning, output norms, standard ratings, when a factory is seen to involve the work of tens of engineers, a design office, etc.—only then did I realise what such production could mean. How pitiful all that talk of school curricula integrating work processes seemed by comparison. It emerged that the teaching process in school and industrial production went a long way to moulding character, because they did away with that dividing line between manual and brain work and that together they produced highly skilled men and women.

In Kharkov I met a girl who was completing her university course, yet at the same time she was a highly qualified lense-polisher. She was studying at university yet these skills had not deserted her, she still remembered everything she had learnt. When young boys and girls left the commune after completing their secondary education and attaining high-grade industrial skills I could see quite clearly that their schooling had been of great benefit. Production conditions of a serious type were precisely those conditions which facilitated our work as teachers. I shall now go all out to see that production work is included in the curriculum of our Soviet schools. I shall strive in particular because children's work in production provides rich opportunities for character-building.

Finally we come to another side of this work—one that should not be given little attention—the profitability of such enterprises. The Dzerzhinsky Commune turned down an offer of state subsidies and switched over to production on a self-supporting basis. Recently it has not merely been able to finance the maintenance of the factory and the accommodation, food, clothes and schooling facilities but has also been able to hand over to the state five million rubles net profit a year. This is purely because the commune has been run on a self-supporting basis.

Imagine the incentives we teachers had at our disposal in this situation. We could decide that 500 of us would steam down the Volga or go to the Caucasus. For that we would need 200 thousand rubles and so a resolution would be passed to the effect that for a month everyone would work an extra half-hour which would produce an extra 200 thousand.

We were able to fit the boys out with a new set of suits and the girls with silk and woollen dresses. We were able to spend forty thousand rubles on theatre tickets. When such things are accomplished in a framework of labour discipline, as children set out to produce riches with their own hands, when a whole collective is aspiring after one and the same end, what incentives could possibly be more powerful in a teacher's work?

I shall not go into all the other, lesser advantages of this particular system. When it comes to wages, it should be pointed out that wages are not a positive factor in that they put money into a child's hands, but because they oblige him to work out his own budget, and they encourage

thrift and level-headedness. By the time he left the commune each member had saved up two thousand rubles.

I am quite sure that education in this country is not just called upon to mould creators, the socially committed capable of energetic participation in the building of our new state. We must also educate men with an obligation to be happy. In the Soviet Union money can be a splendid influence and character-builder. I can talk of problems of education drawing on my own experience which is of a richer diversity than yours.

I maintain now and shall continue to do so that production activity of this type should be introduced in our schools. At first glance it may appear a terrible idea, yet in reality there is nothing so terrible about it all. If I were to be given a school now, I would have outlined at a staff meeting what ideas I planned to implement, while at the same time wondering to myself where the means to do so should be mustered. In the Dzerzhinsky Commune I started out by looking for somebody who was a past master at buying and selling anything he laid his hand on, and was a real Jack of all trades. I soon found him. He said: "Well we have two hundred pairs of willing hands, what are you worried about?" In reply to my question as to what we do next he said that we should make thread. When I objected that we had nothing to finance such an operation with, my financial expert remonstrated that no financing was required for we would just sign a contract and buysome equipment. That was what we did and then started making thread. A mere six years afterwards we had set up the

finest optical works in the Soviet Union, which was worth several millions.

We started out from thread and stools. How should stools be made though? It is said that in order to make a chair, one pupil should make all the parts and then he will learn to be a good craftsman. Others maintain that each pupil should make one specific part and there is good reason for this. When a "sensitive" teacher saw this work divided into separate operations he went pale and swooned.... How could we possibly mock at a boy in that way confining him to one simple operation, it was quite terrible! Yes, a boy would only be carrying out one particular operation, but he would be cutting off two hundred of the pieces needed in a matter of minutes, he would be furthering the collective's interests.

Division of labour is quite essential. Nowadays it is not so important to have an artisan who can make a whole chair, as it is to have a carpenter who can work with milling machines and lathes. This was my experience in the collective and in production.

What I am saying to you now is by no means meant to imply that all I am interested in is economics. No. I was always first and foremost a teacher concerned with questions of upbringing and I reached certain conclusions which perhaps conflict with current theoretical ideas. I always opposed the view that education theory should be based on study of the child or certain education methods viewed in isolation and conceived in the abstract. I hold that methods of upbringing reflect the political creed of the teacher and his knowledge is secondary. Pump into me all

the methods you please, I should still be incapable of producing a Whiteguard. Nor would you be able to either. Only a man whose innermost convictions were of that slant could succeed in doing so.

Teaching skill can be taken to a high degree of perfection, almost to an infallible technique. I have long believed this and all my life have been seeking for means of demonstrating this belief to be correct. I insist that education problems and methods should not be restricted to teaching methods, and still more so do I believe that characters are forged not only in the classroom, but literally in every square yard of a child's world. It is vital that teachers should have at their disposal means of influence which could be so universal and effective that whenever our pupils encounter harmful influences, even the most powerful, these should be cancelled out and erased once and for all by your influence. This means that no one should ever entertain the idea that education work is effected only in the classroom. This work guides the pupil's entire life.

A second point on which I insist is that education should be of the active variety. In other words I am anxious to educate a man with specific qualities and go out of my way to direct all my mental and physical faculties to achieving that end. I must find means for achieving it and must always see that end before me, that model or ideal to which I am aspiring. Do not worry at the prospect that "personality suffers", let it, I shall still go on striving towards my goal. This does not in the least imply that I am an advocate of suffering; on the contrary, I am con-

vinced that many shortcomings, particularly with regard to discipline, tone and style stem from the fact that we do not attach sufficient importance to this highly significant factor. Working with homeless children enabled me to gain a more balanced view of this question ... it was all a matter of children's shattered nerves. I thought at first that the children I was working with were disruptive elements, thieves, idlers, while in most cases they were just children with strained nerves. They would resist every word, every movement, their nerves would be all keyed up as you approached. Sometimes even the most sophisticated manoeuvres our education theories could devise would aggravate nervous strain.

It is said that a child should be allowed to let off steam shouting after a lesson (in your schools this is not practised), sometimes a child has an urge to break windows, sometimes people say that a child's nature demands it. Such people believe that a child needs to be distracted with something else to stop him breaking the glass, so as to arouse interest in something else. He should be encouraged to sing, dance, or have the radio turned on for him.

I have visited many schools in my time, my nerves are well trained, they are real nerves of iron, yet when I go into a really noisy school based on the above-outlined principles my head starts going round in circles. And children have to stay in that kind of atmosphere for ten years.

However our teaching skills should enable us not to show our feelings. Sometimes our lips may quiver, we may go without sleep at night, or we may give vent to pent-up tension on our

family at home. At one time some circles were even profoundly convinced that teaching involves nervous strain and that all teachers would as a matter of course be hysterical.

I have long been pondering over this problem. Eventually I was to appreciate what a boon real order is: no shouting, no rush. If children want to run about there is the yard outside and if they want to shout—nothing of the kind! We teachers should also be looked after, for, when all is said and done, we are part of the state's wealth and the children should take care of us.

When it comes to windows only one line can be taken. Children should be told they should never break windows: they will not be having the wireless or gramophone put on for them and they will not be allowed to break government property. I shall not be distracting their attention and they had better not break windows.

When a collective takes this order seriously then it can achieve the peace, strict regularity, precise dividing lines and definitions as to where it is and is not permissible to run wild, all of which are vital to ensure relaxed, balanced nerves. It took a long time for me to come round to this idea. You could go and visit the commune at any time and you would never see the children there pushing each other around or breaking windowpanes, etc. The collective was lively and cheerful and none of the children indulged in striking each other. I am profoundly convinced that a child's urge to run wild and shout can very well be switched over to an inner peace. Very often we have a mistaken view of what teacher's wisdom really is, and are given to believe

something open to doubt. We do not know whether it is teacher's wisdom or wisdom in general.

Another important question is the need for high standards being demanded of children. I am grateful to the members of the commune, they were aware of the importance of these standards and educated me to a large extent on this point.

If we take the subject of competition for instance.... I demanded a good deal and so did the collective as a whole. Competition was instituted not on a basis of agreement between two parties, but was a regular practice in all classes and detachments for all aspects of the children's day-to-day lives—manners, good behaviour, etc.... I kept a card index and records and the best detachment each month was awarded a prize consisting of six theatre tickets to be shared out in the 30-strong detachment, and also the right to clean the toilets.

The fact of the matter is that as the logic of the pattern of demands developed it led to certain highly unusual practices: the most unpleasant tasks were made the responsibility of those who distinguished themselves, a special honour, so to speak. We used to have a splendid fourth detachment, to whose lot it fell to clean out the lavatories for a whole month. They had to wash out the lavatories with an antiseptic solution and then eau de cologne. Everyone knew how they used to work in those lavatories and the cleanliness they achieved. The detachment came first for its cleaning work. A month later the detachment announced it would continue to take responsibility for cleaning out the lavatories. The month after that it took on the job once more.

Then finally the third detachment came first for its cleaning work and its commander announced that now his detachment had come first and it was his lads' turn to clean out the lavatories.

Now this sounds comic when I recall this incident. Initially lots were drawn for lavatory-cleaning like all other cleaning jobs but later it was a question of deserts.

Comrades, this logic is no fabrication of mine but natural logic stemming from high standards.

No demands can be made until there exists a united, truly close-knit collective. If I was now to be put in charge of a school the first thing I should do would be as follows: I should assemble all the teachers and tell them as one friend to another that I planned to forge such a collective. If some of the teachers did not agree to this plan I would say to them regardless of the nature of their qualifications that they should go to another school. To a young woman teacher, even if she were only eighteen, provided that she was in agreement with me, I should say: "You are not yet experienced but by your eyes I can see that you are eager to work, so do stay on and work and I shall show you how."

A real collective is a most difficult thing to create, because rights and wrongs should be worked out not for the sake of one's own ego or for other selfish motives, but in the interests of the collective. Truly disciplined behaviour means constant observance of disciplinary norms and willingness to carry out even unpleasant work, which however still has to be done.

I consider that the teachers in a school should be on good terms with each other not only at

school, but that they should be friends outside it as well.

The last part of my talk is concerned with parents. Here my early experience in the railway school supplements my work in the commune. In my last five years in the commune I was sent schoolchildren whose teachers had given them up as disruptive elements.

These children were of course more difficult to help than homeless orphans. A homeless child's life is centred round the commune, me and the other teachers. Children of former category have parents. Sometimes a car-owning father complete with a high army rank, a comfortable home and plenty of money. Remoulding a character taken out of that kind of home is an uphill task. Work with such children convinced me of the need for close contacts with parents.

The old, habitual way of talking to parents in such cases would be the hackneyed approach of summoning the parents and telling them their boy had been doing this, that and the other. The teacher on such occasions would look parents in the eye and wonder to himself what the parents would do with their child. At the same time he would maintain a friendly expression on his face and say that the parents should of course refrain from beating their child. The father would then take his leave and you would not say anything to anyone yet in your heart of hearts, without even telling your wife about it, you would think to yourself it would not be at all a bad idea if he were to give that boy a beating. Such an approach in our society is quite intolerable, just as any other form of hypocrisy.

Then there is another way of communicating with parents. It is quite clear to the form-master and the head that a particular family is incapable of bringing up a child properly. What then do the form-master and the head do in such cases? Usually although they are convinced that the parents are not in a position to bring the child up properly, they go to the child's home and start instructing the parents as to how they should bring up their child. The parents who had been spoiling their child as a rule do not understand the advice they are given. Re-education is a very difficult undertaking, and if parents in such families are urged to take corrective action, it can lead to more harm than good.

This however does not in the least imply that no influence should be brought to bear on parents. When all is said and done it is our duty to help them. The best way to exert influence over them is through their children....

Influence on parents via pupils could well be stepped up. At the Kryukov railway school where I started my teaching career the pupils lived with their parents. I organised teams of pupils on a territorial basis. All the team leaders each morning had to report on what was happening in the area where they lived and how the pupils and team members were behaving. I occasionally gave orders for a team inspection to be held, at which not only I assisted but the class monitors as well. As I came out into the courtyard the team would be lined up for inspection and together with the team members I would go on a tour of the flats where the pupils from my school lived.

Teams such as these, accountable through their leaders to the head and obliged to report on their work at general meetings, have a most positive influence on pupils' families. I suggest that ways for bringing this influence to bear on families should be approached according to the following logic: school is a state organisation, while the family is the home organisation, and therefore the best way of influencing families is through the children.

The work of the well-known Soviet educator and writer Anton Makarenko is universally acknowledged in the Soviet Union and has aroused widespread interest abroad.

His demanding love of children, his subtle knowledge of their psychology and his concern for their future have enabled Anton Makarenko to become an outstanding educator. The fruit of his research is a comprehensive system for bringing up children within a collective.

The upbringing of the individual is the principal theme of Anton Makarenko's literary works. The English reader will be familiar with Makarenko's *The Road to Life*, *Learning to Live* and *Book for Parents* which have been published in Moscow in English.

The aim of this book is to continue to acquaint the reader with Anton Makarenko and to throw further light on the life and work of this remarkable educator.